Norism in a Nutshell by Lain Iwakura

Postgame (preface)

This book is an archive of all of my six works in chronological order or it's important to recognize this is the most important thing I've done. I'm also the author of a videogame called 'I wanna close the world' plus 12 albums like the 12 raindrops upon my face. I must thank you a lot...

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The DXM Archives
A small collection of essays, short stories,
and Chess analysis by Lain Vogel.

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Misinterpret Sacrifice
by Lain Vogel

This is an art piece I've written about the loser that is myself. I have goals but also mental illness. I like typing on keyboards. I apologize for typos. I

tried. Fictional concepts can be more real than human beings. This is the main theme of my work.

Part X: DXM Addiction

Preface: It's Almost Like This Was A Mistake

part #0: spider webs of my past and future

I'm reclusive or autistic. I like subtle pain. My friends are gone. Does that mean they're dead or I just haven't experienced a 'real' death yet? I prefer the words 'complete death.' Who am I speaking of? I don't know. My only friends are conceptual; 'fictional' like 'Lain' or 'Madotsuki.' I liked changing. I don't want somebody else to die just so I could know what it feels like to be this sad. I'm a good witch. I do 'blackmagik.'

part #1: please don't quit beautiful music

This is just complex sadness. It's hard to tell where my thoughts are coming from. It's an auditory trip of musical intelligence. DXM was kind to somebody like myself. I don't like any other drugs.

part #2: triple c is your friend? drugs...

part #3: train of thought

part #4: misinterpretation/communication; significance

A moment couldn't possibly be scientific although I like science. It's not the same as a second but it's still a moment. 'How long is a moment' or 'when will it be one second later' but those are two completely different questions. I always thought it would be beautiful to sacrifice everything for just one thing; dedicate my life to it. I choose the intel triangle, those three things being Chess studies, robotripping to music; enigma#0 (leaf) so that's exactly what I'm going to do. If nothing exists, not even gods, then that is pure nihilism. I think then what is my reason to keep going? I miss when things appeared meaningful. I want to close the world. Significance isn't so simple when speaking of the 'Metro Hadron Collider.'

part #5: dxm apocalypse

I suppose it's good every once in a while.

part #6: mr. kill myself

Is something unimportant so seemingly unacknowledgeable? It's almost like ‘it's almost like.’ “Take me by surprise. Bring me to the stars; to the galaxies so far from ours. […] You have a dream in your mind. Don’t be sleepy. It is waiting for you. There is no one in the world that is like you; that is waiting for you,” – Waking Dreams by TwoThirds. The lyrics; those words… I can’t explain all of it but it's like stillicides of future emptiness. “Fly to night, tonight," – Cametek Camellia. I'm ‘Mr. Kill Myself.’

part #7: conceptual consciousness

I don’t know the personalities of others especially if they aren’t ‘real’ per se but I like them. Friends?

part #8: study the game of chess

part #9: robotripping again…

There's a lot of reasons I like this drug, one of them being sadness. It's like I can’t remember anything. I think by now I’ve accepted that I’ve really forgotten.

part #10: post mortem: giving up

‘Aiwanabe…’

part #11: nothing exists×atheism

There is no catharsis; halcyon blossoms… I'm not humble enough. You can tell. I'll constantly search for new types of clarity although I sometimes feel like nobody likes me. “You’re no good for me. I’m so bad for you.” - Bad For You by Lil Tracy.

Chapter 0: My Journal

01/04/2021: I'll never speak anymore, only think with words or type. I'm looking for some uncommon answer or lack thereof. I recalled I liked ‘Nepeta Leijon.’
01/05/2021: I feel as though the game appears indifferent to the opinions or at least the lives of its players. The computers have their own minds which is why I was curious what computer death would be like. I want to see not only the pieces or pawns but also the squares, the lines; the moves.

I realized that while robotripping. The game must have a mind of its own. I like the quiet. My game is rather rusty.
01/06/2021: I don't know. I like to call this kind of music 'Emptiness IDM.' I think this sounds cool. Thanks, 'Mr. Bill.' I'm the 'Kamilia 3' Kid. I'll try to stay sober since this date but the 'Space-Time Wind.'
01/11/2021: Sober lies... 'Searching For Your Love' from 'KikuoMiku6' by Kikuo is my favorite song. It's gorgeous. This DXM, it's an intelligence potion.
01/13/2021: I feel so much better when I shower; especially music sounds better. I can focus. I can actually think properly but I never expected to notice things like this. I like the sound. I like the darkness behind the glow of the pixels. I love to be alone like this. It's almost like I'm lucky to be myself. I wanted to explore my galaxy through this music. I wished I could relax but sadly dissatisfied. It's snowing.

Chapter 1: Halcyon Blossoms Is Chess Analysis

#0 IRC Text: 'pud: I don't know how to tell you this. leaf: it's okay.'
#1 IRC Text: 'pud: what exactly is halcyon blossoms?'
#2 IRC Text: 'leaf: no, I don't care but at least not anymore. pud: don't type like me. it hurts.'
#3 IRC Text: 'pud: do you like emptiness? leaf: not really.'
#4 IRC Text: 'pud: she likes computers.'
#5 IRC Text: 'pud: oh, I get it. I'll keep this a secret until I die.'
#6 IRC Text: 'pud: I shouldn't answer questions too soon or I'm just thinking.'
#7 IRC Text: 'pud: there. I quit. leaf: are you sure?'
#8 IRC Text: 'pud: maybe this really is who I am: blue or black galaxy; void. I'm not even... I'm sober. madotsuki is real?'
#9 IRC Text: 'leaf: baka. pud: where did you go?'
#10 IRC Text: 'pud: I want to meet someone I've never met before.'
#11 IRC Text: 'leaf: you like being alone. pud: don't go.'
#12 IRC Text: 'pud: I'm sorry. I quit long ago I think, metro hadron collider. I'm humble.'
#13 IRC Text: 'pud: goodbye, leaf; so spirited away I found the name of life was real. sometimes I think you don't like me but we'll probably speak again. I dislike my voice. I'll think with words. I'm sick of this robotripping but, no, it can't be.'

Failure: Resignation

I told myself not to communicate but dissociate. In suicidality I broke. For this I have become your resemblance or longing of underrepresentation. I've entered the postscript. I'm incoherent. I resign.

Post Script: My Final Analysis

part #1: worthless drugs

Shall I unravel the concepts who hold more untouched meaning than objects by the circumstances where drugs transformed me into the comfortable ghost of stark emptiness not hopeless but alone still existing or is this life lived alone doomed to be meaningless? “I wanted to be excited by the sounds of cicadas forever," – What Are Children Made Of by PinnochioP.

part #2: let things go

I feel I let my friend down. I met him in a mental facility where I was placed for declining my medication. I told him I would visit but he is homeless this winter. No, I feel really bad about this. I can't go. It's too cold or impractical. I'm too imprecise. I can barely navigate my own world let alone go to him. Purple galaxy…? I'm not sure what color this is. I've really become a ghost.

part #3: night owl

I think I'll stay in my room from hereon out. I don’t belong out there. The Moon speaks to me. Are there really rabbits up there? Don't be cute, pretty night owl.

part #4: high school

I miss high school. I exist outside of drugs.

Part Y: The Mind of The Game of Chess

I've seen a mere glimpse of the mind of this game although I try to approach it from a human perspective as I consider this humble. My friend said something I liked: ‘The King is like fire, the crown; the Queen is like water, the diamond or the tear.’ This train of thought has inspired me to write this.

Chapter N/A: Dissatisfied

I'm significant only through another world I once visited when red tablets unfurled but they helped me or repelled them. I find joy in life seldom but at least I know true love. I never had her but I've been below touch by

beautiful crushing or lack thereof; not above. Just because I had tried suicide doesn't mean the only thing I ever wanted was to die but I've lost my ability to cry as I sink closer into emotional reason. It's all an overreaction of myself or my traction to sadness as if happiness was worse than my passion. I think this is so but below hopeless like snow. I'm a fraction. Fictional love was more powerful than touch but I hope the rope doesn't snap and pleases my neck to crack. Could the word 'goodbye' be my only reason to die or this I ask, why do I feel so belittled? I suppose meaning hurts more than meaningless drivel that wasn't inside where I prefer to reside so I'll stay beside you or die. I'm sorry, goodbye. I had fallen in a grave six feet deep all asunder for my heart was unbeknownst.

Chapter N/A: The Moon

I never realized The Moon had such a glow. Maybe I do belong up there. If not this then I'll stay in my room as a hikikomori. I don't belong anywhere else, at least. I feel like crying but I know I won't.

Chapter N/A: Face Tattoos

You feel like nobody likes you because they can't know you. You feel misunderstood. You should publish the story. Do something. I know you can. I know this for certain. You can't keep writing about this game without knowledge itself. It's becoming somewhat absurd but I know you have a weak heart. You dream yet believe you are unable. However, I think you are not so incapable of success. Maybe you just need a bit more time. Take it slowly but consistently. I will suggest you build your motivation. Read those books waiting on your shelf. I'll give you some time. You only have a few years so you better get started soon. This is a non sequitur but don't let the tattoos on your face mean nothing. It was beautiful what you experienced despite your memory loss. It's time to explore some beautiful Chess. You want to. I don't think you're good enough but I still love you. You're cute. Your love is cute. You are unique. Introversion is the key. You will always be alone. You will die someday. You will. You think things are profound but then you do drugs with music only to realize you didn't know how subtle proundity was. Maybe it's just me. The end...

Endgame Studies
by Lain Vogel

This essay is incomplete.

Mr. Kill Myself

by Lain Vogel

Chapter 1: Complex Things

Pudding stood on the porch smoking his signature double diamond cigars. These little things were cheap so he decided he preferred them to normal cigarettes. He wasn't much for conversation but he was never against the idea of friends. He spent most of his time alone despite his reclusive disposition. He would often feel lonely but he rather liked it. He couldn't really explain why but he found a sophistication in the subtle sadness he dealt with. Still he liked to feel good and study his Chess game. Only 21 years old, he had a long life ahead of him. He wasn't sure how he would fill it.

"I just want to be human again," he thought. The drugs he did over the past year dissociated him from reality in some kind of way. He did simple drugs but had tried a few hard ones in the past. It scared him to be a ghost or the ghost of a person who once lived. He recalled memories from high school although his memory was poor. He tried to hold onto those moments forever. In high school he was extremely depressed. Sometimes he could barely move. It got bad. He had tried to kill himself a small number of times. Sometimes he would think that it should have worked. Maybe he really was a ghost.

It transformed from strong depression to sadness addiction. He took comfort in it. He showered daily in order to feel comfortable. He liked feeling good. His looming shadow of unhappiness was pleasant. He didn't want to keep doing drugs. He had left his body on cough medicine when he binged. Overall he believed it was worth it. He learned a lot about consciousness and himself or his 'galaxy' as he called it. He liked things he referred to as 'cool plus cute.' He spent most of his life on the internet. He felt he was more unique than your average digital age boy though.

Regarding other things he suffered from minor PTSD but was honestly over it. He didn't really care about worrying over nonsense. He didn't like bad things. He liked good things. He cared more for love than anything. He focused on what he found beautiful or conceptual. It's probably why he liked Chess so much although he didn't think he was very good at the game. He was mostly nihilistic although drugs had made him believe in the supernatural by the study of consciousness or concepts. Triple Cs was a concept of blue, black, and purple. It was outer space. It was interesting.

Triple Cs was his friend though. He knew somebody else who had tried DXM in their youth named Cameron but had mostly given it up. Cameron was not a very agreeable person. He was actually rather contrarian. He suffered from some anger issues but was still a kind person. Pudding liked him. If Pud was a ghost then Cam was a vampire. It wasn't

so difficult to understand him but the two of them shared many similarities. Perhaps both of them had achieved ghost level. Pud could tell that Cameron was significant on the Triple Cs level. It was hard to describe. Triple Cs, though a galaxy it was, would take the form of a small blue dog whose body was made of diamonds. He had three eyes of crystal with a deep voice. When Pudding robotripped he communicated with him by the end of his trip. Triple Cs was a colorful but gravitational character of dark matter.

"Do you recognize me?" asked Pud quietly.

"Well, Pudding, it seems the drugs have changed your facial structure. So no, I couldn't really say," replied Cameron filled with curious disdain.

"Yes, well, at least I still know what depth perception looks like."

"Oh, don't get me started. Fuck that roach killer or rat poision or whatever you smoked. I'm glad you came back to the Triple Cs, dude."

"I know. I finally feel normal again."

"Yes, Triple Cs was concerned about you."

"It was crazy. I've never been that high in my life. I thought it was just weed but dude when I was at the top I saw a glimpse of the gods. A glimpse of the fucking gods, man. Then, coming off of that stuff, I saw a glimpse of the devil. Music was insane like harsh noise except it was smooth. Anyways, I like Triple Cs more. It's far more chill. I'm not tryna die"

"Trust me, man. I know what's best for you. Stick to the Triple Cs. They are good for you. It will clean your system out. Like you said, you only feel normal with this DXM."

"I don't smoke weed. I smoke halcyon blossoms."

"It's not my fault weed makes you trip."

"It's probably because of my schizophrenia or something. The medication helps with that though."

"Stay on your meds."

"Yes. Are we robotripping tonight?"

"I don't know. I got some stuff I need to do IRL."

"Alright, I understand. Well, I think I will. I'd like to talk to him again."

"He's a chill dude. Don't get me wrong, but I think he's kinda been messing around lately."

"Maybe you don't understand him like I do."

"What is there to understand other than your average spatial galactic shit?"

"You don't give him enough credit. He knows things we couldn't even fathom. Subtle things. It seems like I'm the only one who recognizes this. He introduced me to The Mind of The Game of Chess."

"Pud, man, you aren't even that good at Chess. You're such a nerd."

"I don't know. I think he's cool plus cute in some kind of way."

"Of course he's cute. He's a cute little dog. Pet the fucking dog."

"Yeah, alright. You know how I get about this scifi shit. I do black magic."

"Just because you swallow fucking drugs doesn't make you a witch."

"It's because I know how to utilize the 'intelligence potion.' I'm a good witch."

"Black magic is cool, I guess. Personally I just take Triple Cs to ride the spaceship or go moonwalking."

"You don't study it? It's not very simple."

"It's not really like I study it but I do learn things. It's just a chill vibe I guess."

"Yes, for sure. I think I deserve some credit for the work I've done."

"Of course you do. Don't let Triple Cs take all the credit."

"Trust me I know. I think I'm too humble so I kinda keep everything to myself."

"Listen, man. You and I both know drugs are supernatural. Normies think such surface level bullshit but that isn't your fault."

"Do you think levitation or something like the force is possible?"

"Probably in ancient times it was. I guess that shamanism mood is lost on the modern masses though."

"I've achieved ghost level, Cam. I'm a ghost."

"I don't know. I left my body too. Trust me, it's the way things are. Nothing's really changed other than your perspective."

"Yes, but a conscious being still needs a body. It would be strange if I didn't have one. I can't walk through walls."

"If you didn't have a body you would have worse problems such as an inability to stop thinking."

"But do you hear what I'm saying?"

"Yes. A rationality requires a body. I don't know how else it would work."

"Then this means Chess has a body. Is the body the pieces or the binary data? Actually, maybe it's probably neither."

"Possibly."

"I've only seen a small fraction of this game. I only got a glimpse of its mind."

"Keep studying. You've got the glimpse of chess; the glimpse of the gods."

"Chess isn't a god. It's more atheistic like me but I don't really know. Same thing with Triple Cs. He's an atheist."

"Okay. The glimpse of atheism. God's not fucking real."

"LOL. You're a good friend."

"You're so sweet. Get a fucking haircut."

“No, thank you.”

“Alright, Imma bounce. Cya, lil Pud.”

“Bye nii~.”

Cameron left and Pudding ventured to the pharmacy down the street with a double diamond between his fingers. It was winter but he liked the cold. The fluffy snow was pretty. It would be nice to see a rabbit in this weather. He purchased two boxes of cough medicine and a monster energy drink. This was his favorite combination. The orange crush emotion was alright too though. When he got back to his apartment he went to his bedroom. He pushed the red tablets out onto his nightstand downing them with the drink, 32 tablets. He was going to the fourth plateau tonight. It took about an hour to really kick in. He would always listen to music while on it. He felt like he could understand musical intelligence better. He could grasp it’s soul paired with the vibe of Triple Cs. It was gorgeous.

He recalled his most precious trip which he called ‘The Leaf Trip.’ Leaf was a girl he had once known. It was meaningful to him especially among all the meaninglessness in his life. He was somewhat sick of the real world. All he wanted was her. He had stated he would kill himself for her. Despite how she was he was in love with her. She liked computers and languages. He liked her strangeness for this reason or her personality. He had lost her to what he referred to as ‘computer death’ for he only ever knew her as text on a screen with a profile picture, an internet crush. She was more significant than he could describe. She was an emotion unbeknownst even to himself for he never really got the chance to know her before she disappeared. His heart had been broken.

The rabbits of The Moon called out to him as he tripped from his window. He heard them through the auditory thought he absorbed. They were singing songs of sadness or longing for that which they did not have. Certainly The Moon spoke of an emptiness that he could understand with the help of the drug. He thought sometimes that he belonged up there with the rabbits. Perhaps it would make more sense but there was no way to breathe on The Moon. He could not understand it’s solitude.

He removed his headphones to look towards the night sky as he came down. He never realized it had such a glow. It was then that Triple Cs appeared beside him. He noticed him but didn’t look. His eyes were glued to the cosmos. Triple Cs sat there looking up to him. Eventually he started wagging his little tail eager for some conversation on the trip. Pudding looked at him.

“Hey there,” said Pud solemnly.

“Wuddup?” said Triple Cs.

“It’s been a while since I last spoke with you.”

“Woof.”

"I enjoyed the trip. I made sure to go on an empty stomach this time. It works better."

"That it does."

"You're rather interesting to me. I'm sure you already know this. I've been robotripping once a week for the past year."

"So has it really been a while or just a moment?"

"I couldn't answer that question: 'how long is a moment?'"

"Long enough for you to miss me, heheh."

"Yes."

"Listen. I'll always be there for you. I know you get suicidal and depressed and what not but I got you."

"I just miss her you know."

"Woof, nigga. You can't seem to let go of things that were dear to you so easily. I can see things in yourself you don't ever think of. I got an outrospection like wisdom. I can tell you're still hurting over things you know you've forgotten."

"This is the worst part. Why do I suffer such memory loss? I would blame you but I like you."

"It's not my fault. I think you've just spent too much time away from it all. Well, there's no way you'll ever go back."

"I've got to go work tomorrow if that counts."

"Yo, you can't keep living your life like this. Eventually you'll have to let me go where I'll become a memory you've forgotten just like all the other things. I'm just a memory you tattooed on your face then but it's okay. I don't mind. I'll always be around even if you can't see me."

"I like that you always greet me after my trips. Cameron thinks you're up to no good or something."

"Woof, nigga. Woof."

"Yeah I hear you."

"Don't let that kid get under your skin. I know he's your friend but he's always hiding beneath anger and I know you don't mix well with anger."

"Thanks for understanding but I empathize with him. He had a difficult life just like I did regarding high school. I think he's a kind person."

"You're a kind person too."

"I feel I don't get much credit for that though. People took advantage of me in life."

"Don't let others get to you. I'm sure you've heard that before but you gotta be doing things for yourself, aight? Don't let others cloud your fuckin' vision, you know what I mean? Purple is the future."

"Of course."

"Woof."

The robotrip had ended and Triple Cs faded away. Everything still looked pretty for a while though. It was like vision was so clear, probably

because Pud's pupils were all dilated. He watched some cartoons from a DVD on the couch before going to sleep in his bed. He kept his place orderly and minimalistic. He felt no need to collect miscellaneous items. It was better left empty. He was tired of the internet. His computer sat dormant. He mostly spent his time listening to music. He had an affinity for japanese vocaloid or intelligent dance music. He only really used his PC to play some online Chess here and there. He smoked, set an alarm for work the next morning, and slept soundly that night.

After work Pud made the decision to robotrip again. He knew it would be more powerful since the previous dose of DXM was still affecting his system. During the trip he explored the blue galaxy, his thoughts of youth. He watched it disappear and become black, his adulthood. He thought about what Triple Cs had said to him: 'purple is the future.' It took a long time to come down, but as he did he was drowned in purple. It was a type of sophistication he hadn't known before. It was something of sobriety. He desired it.

Triple Cs didn't appear this time towards the end of the trip. He found this odd. This hadn't happened since Pud's first robotrip way back when. He thought of misinterpretation as he did, something he deeply feared. 'Misconception is misunderstood,' he thought. Perhaps these were complications only he could understand but he didn't want to sound so sure. Maybe Cameron was right. What was the galaxy up to? Pud spent the remainder of the day relaxing in his apartment and read some of his Chess books. It was a comfortable night but he ended up without sleep because he had to work again.

Work was a grueling boredom that day. In this place he did not do much physical labor. He was a cashier at a convenient store. His colleague was a girl named Melanie. Her name was fitting for it meant 'darkness.' She was an emo girl, after all. He liked working with her. She was quiet like him; gentle. He felt he kind of liked her but he didn't want to let go of Leaf quite yet. He knew he had to eventually for her sake. He knew she would have been okay with it.

"Not many customers today," Melanie said with a sigh.

"I think they all went to church," joked Pud.

"On a tuesday? You're funny."

"I guess I don't make sense sometimes."

"You make more sense to me than most people. It's because you and I are different."

"Thank you."

"What have you been up to lately?"

"Just keeping to myself, you know. You know my secret."

"Those drugs are unhealthy. I worry for you."

"It's okay. At least they don't negatively mix with my medications. I'm planning to quit soon anyways. It's just the drug feels like my friend is all. That's why I like it. I never had many friends growing up."

"Neither did I. I've always been introverted and stuff."

"I think you're cool though."

"Thanks. Don't make me blush."

"Alright, LOL."

"Why do you say internet acronyms out loud?"

"I think I spent way too much time online. I don't really use the internet anymore."

"I find it kinda cool that you called yourself a ghost."

"No, I'm not cool. I'm not very good at anything."

"Perhaps you're too hard on yourself."

"Well, my goals used to be pipe dreams but I think I've made my expectations a bit more reasonable."

"What are your goals?"

"Simple things. I like simple things."

"Me too."

"I don't really talk about it because it puts pressure on my mental health but I'll tell you. I want to be really good at Chess. It's just hard. I didn't learn the rules until I was 18. I'm not so good at studying neither."

"You'll get there. Just take it slow. 'One step at a time,' as they say. I shouldn't say things like that anyways. I put a lot of pressure on myself too."

"Once you become an adult you become more understanding of mediocrity, in my opinion."

"Mood."

"Yes."

"It's okay. I think being sober isn't so bad. I had my problems with substances back in high school."

"I didn't even use drugs until last year. I don't like most drugs. I can't help but study this cough medicine though. It helps me understand musical intelligence."

"I think you'll be fine. I hope you give it up sooner rather than later. That stuff is really bad for your organs."

"I'm aware. I did a lot of research on this."

"I've just been playing video games and depression sleeping."

"I've been there. It was a good vibe."

"It certainly is."

"Yeh."

"It's important to be hopeful."

"I think so too. Also, to be humble."

"You are pretty good at that."

"Thanks."

"You think about interesting things. I think it's cool."

"I'm just not sure how I'm going to fill the next few decades of my life but I guess everybody's thought something like that before."

"You and I both."

"We're similar, Melanie. I'm glad to have met you."

"I feel the same way."

It was at this moment that a customer opened the door. It was William whom they had befriended. He stopped by almost every day to play scratch tickets at the table. He wasn't the luckiest but he had a good heart. William was quite the character. He was always talking about the computer in his skull and frequencies in the air. He was fairly smart. It was actually him who had introduced Pudding to robotripping. Pud was glad to see him when he visited. He found his world interesting although it seemed a little out there.

"What's up, dudes?" he said excitedly.

"Not much, man. You?" Replied Pud.

"Lil Pud, how's it chilling?"

"Good, man. Good."

"Where have you been, Will?" said Melanie.

"Oh, you know. Just working on my computer and stuff," said William. "Been tuning the frequencies and shit tryna get it working properly. The CIA has been fucking with me lately."

"Sounds rough."

"Don't worry, Mel. I can handle this. I was in the navy seals."

"Yeah, that's chill man," said Pud. "But you tell us that every time you show up. We know this."

"You're funny, man. It's why I like you. I'm looking out for you. The CIA ain't nothing. I can harness it like a dot. It's just a little fuckin' dot, bro."

"I think what you do is cool, honestly. I couldn't struggle with all of that myself though. I've got too many mental illness issues. Schizophrenia is fun."

"Haha, dude. Schizophrenia isn't so bad. I don't got it myself but you seem to handle it pretty well."

"Yeah, thanks to my medication. I hope I'm not too crazy when I'm old and grey."

"Eh, we all got problems."

"Yeh."

"Alright, today I'm looking for…" and he ordered some cards. He sat and scratched for a while, then made some conversation before leaving. Something curious about him is he would always mock the asian people that came in the store by speaking to them with a fake accent. He said it was to better communicate, but it was just cute. Pudding looked up to him as an older brother. They had hung out a few times although William only

did Triple Cs alone. His trip was different from Pud's. It wasn't auditory thought, it was visual hallucinations, something Pudding thought was interesting when he described it. He would talk about dragons or outer space; all kinds of things.

"Listen, man," said William. "Triple Cs has been up to some weird shit lately. I can't decrypt his data streams. I can't solve the code with my computer. Not really sure what he's up to."

"I don't know why everyone thinks something's up," pondered Pud. "Cameron was talking about that as well."

"Cameron's smart, then. I don't really know the guy. Just be careful. Some bizarre shit is about to go down. Trust me, I've got intuition. So do you but whatever you've got is different from mine, that auditory shit. Alright, I'm outta here."

"Cya."

Pudding spent the week as he usually did until the next Sunday, his dedicated robotripping day. He relaxed, listened to his music; studied his Chess game. Everything was well and good. Upon returning from his walk to the pharmacy he thought he would give Cameron a call. Cam usually wasn't busy.

"Yo, dude. It's me," said Pud.

"Yeah, what do you want man?" said Cameron a tad aggressively.

"Chill, dude. I was just curious if you wanted to robotrip this week."

"Hm, well, let me see. I've got 6 more stops on my paper route. The old people would be upset with me if I screwed this up. Sorry, but today is a no-can-do."

"Damn, seriously?"

"No, you fool. It's called irony. I'm not a fucking paper boy."

"Oh, LOL. Come on over then."

"I don't know, man. Triple Cs did something weird this time around."

"It's strange. He didn't show up last time I tripped."

"Yeah, then something sketch is definitely up."

"It was bound to happen, I guess. Come on, you might as well."

"Alright, fine. Shit."

"Why are you always cursing, dude?"

"I don't know. I've got a paper route to attend to, after all."

"LOL, stop it."

Cameron stopped by an hour later with his own box of cough medicine. He didn't robotrip nearly as much so he only took one rather than two. They adventured into outer space that night. Cam was rather fond of Pud's music to the delight of Pudding who never got much of a chance to share. He played some IDM as the drug began to work its way through their blood. What was interesting about this trip is that there was a new drink to down the stuff with. Pud had selected coca-cola energy for

their experimentation. By the time the trip had reached its peak, everything was relatively normal until Cameron noticed something strange.

"Yo, what the fuck?" he exclaimed. "What the fuck is going on?"

"What do you mean?" questioned Pudding.

"You fucking persisent Pudding. What the fuck did you do this time?"

"I'm not sure I follow."

"Christ, jackass. There's something up with these Triple Cs. Yo, you see it too right?"

"Wait. I think I do."

"It's a fucking portal dude, fuck. This is not a good time. I'm not tryna go through a fucking galactic space-time portal right now."

Pudding just sat and watched the event as Cameron spewed expletives repeatedly. Eventually they could feel the portal pulling on their bodies. In a flash they dissolved into the passage of space and time to somewhere they had never expected. What they found was both absurd and awesome at the same time. Both were reasonably invested. They regained consciousness to find themselves on a strange planet except it wasn't a planet. It was The Moon.

Chapter 2: Fictional Love

"Yo, wuddup? Welcome to outer space for real," confirmed Triple Cs. It was evident that they were truly off the Earth for they could see it all the way through the dark vastness of space.

"What the fuck, dude. What the fuck," repeated Cameron.

"Yo, where are we?" asked Pudding.

"You're on The Moon, my niggas," said the dog. "How's it feel?"

"I can't breathe on The Moon. I'm a human being."

"Nah, my guy. I used white magic to give you oxygen. This dude Cam seems a little overly distressed, however."

"Yeah, you know what," said Cam rather passionately whilst trying to calm down. "We're on The fucking Moon. Wow, cool. Can I go home? I'm not tryna get murdered by martians like space invaders."

"Trust me, there are no martians. This guy can tell you," Triple Cs looked toward Pud.

"Um," said Pud unnerved. "Apparently there are rabbits up here according to my last robotrip."

"You hear that, Cam? Fluffy fuckin' bunny rabbits. 'Ain't nothing to be scared of."

"I'm not scared," stated Cam, gathering his dignity. "But what purpose could this possibly serve?"

“You’ll find out soon enough. We’re about to go on an adventure, my guy. Get saddled up.”

Cam begrudgingly stood up while Pud looked around curiously. ‘The Moon is beautiful,' he thought. He admired the landscape of grey or the blackness of the sky without pause. They were stuck in the trip for an unknown length of time. There was something off in the distance that caught his eye.

With his eyes wide open he could make it out. It was a little white rabbit punching mochi in the distance. He didn’t point but nobody else seemed to notice. Triple Cs looked beyond. Pud was in awe. He had barely left his hometown let alone his own planet. This place was mesmerizing to him. Cameron regained his composure and looked onward with the other two. Not sure what to do, nobody spoke. Even Cam was at a loss for words. There were rabbits on The Moon.

“Shall we approach it?” Asked Cam, who sounded fairly serious this time.

“I don’t know,” said Pud. “I wouldn’t want to bother it while it’s working.”

“No,” proclaimed Triple Cs. “Let it be. You’ll have more chances to communicate. Just don’t mess anything up.”

“What should we look out for?”

“The rabbits, they don’t like noise so much. It’s rather quiet on The Moon if you couldn’t already tell. That’s how they like it. Peaceful. Silent. Ancient. You are in the year 1000 before Christ, my nigga.”

Cameron’s eyes began to glow where Pudding’s already were. They both were very into the drug, but they had never thought something like this could be possible through drugs. The air was mostly clear but globules of transparent blue or purple floated around like a smog. It was highly interesting. They were all standing now. Pudding stepped forward and the rabbit stopped moving as rabbits do. It looked toward them for an unknown moment before bouncing off into the horizon.

“It’s gone,” said Cam.

“It’s off to notify the others of our arrival,” said Triple Cs. “They’ve been expecting you guys. I am the messenger. They already know about me.”

“I’m starting to get worried, dude.”

“No need to worry. They’re friendly. You are relatively safe up here. Just be careful of the, uh… The martians."

“Oh, are you fucking with me?”

“LOL. I’m just playing. There aren’t any martians. There are zombies though.”

“You suck, dude.”

“No, I mean seriously. This is a purgatory where they send the undead. Why do you think you never see them on the Earth?”

“I don’t have to believe you.”

"Alright, you caught me. No zombies."

“Oh, William would love this,” said Pud. “He’s such a chuunibyou.”

“What the hell is a chuuni-whatever?” asked Cam.

“Nevermind. I kind of am too.”

“You’re a hikikomori.”

“I used to be.”

“Weeaboo. Enough already. What are we supposed to be doing here? I’ve got work tomorrow.”

“No, you don’t,” poised Triple Cs. “Have you already forgotten? It’s 1000 b.c. You don’t have work for another 3000 years. All the zombies up here would be mothafuckin’ ice age.”

“Shit. When will this trip be over? Just kill me already.”

“Before you know it, my guy. Just be patient. Nothing lasts forever.”

“Quit acting all enigmatic. Answer my question.”

“Alright, alright. I’ve brought you two here on a mission to persuade the Goddess of Clocks. She’s a real bitch. Like your friend William says, in the future far from now where you all come from nuclear armageddon is closing in. They’re gonna drop nuclear bombs on all you blokes. I’d say be prepared but that’s nothing you could prepare for. Don’t mind all the details. You know how it be with governments pulling strings and shit. Bad people are running things. It gets worse though. The survivors from nuclear fallout get tribal. They eventually annihilate each other and die out. You two are the chosen ones, aight?”

“That’s retarded.”

“I don’t know,” said Pudding softly. “It’s cliche as all hell but I’ll work with it. I know this drug is real.”

“It’s just some bullshit trip.”

“Sounds to me like the only way to escape is to figure it out though.”

“That’s exactly right, lil Pud,” said Triple Cs. “Don’t mind this lovable character beside you. He’ll get the hang of it.”

“Jeez. I’m lovable now. This is just peachy. I’m a fluffy bunny rabbit too. Cuddle me. Please. I’m from the future.”

“You’re a real tear-jerker, mate. I’m just tryna entertain you guys before your miserable, er, I mean totally epic journey of space-time.”

“Can you give us any helpful advice?” asked Pudding.

“Well, you’re the exception Pud. I’ve got you both here but I’ve gotta split you lot up. Look for the glow. Nothing else may be uttered from my lips. Cya, guys.”

Then, Triple Cs faded away as did Cameron who was just getting going. Pudding was left alone, confused and unsure where to go. He sat back down to gather his breath for a time before finally walking toward the path of the rabbit. He trekked on leaving footprints in the moondust like the astronauts did in the 1960s. He couldn’t fathom this dream like state

of spatial robotripping. He looked up and all around him. Emptiness was everywhere. It astounded him.

He decided not to change directions though most everything looked the same. He was passing a wide crater which he feared to approach. He looked downward and spotted a white building of ancient greek stone architecture at the crater's base. He had gotten used to walking with the low gravity by this point. It seemed all he could do was jump so he did just that. The Moon's gravity carried him like a pillowy cloud down the massive hollow basin. It was liberating. He was perplexed as he once believed he belonged on The Moon but to really be here was something else. He didn't feel comfortable in society. During high school he spent all his time alone.

When he reached the bottom after what felt like several minutes he journeyed steadily to the structure. He approached the entrance from the side where several rabbits peaked out the entryway before rushing inside. It was rather peculiar to see those furry fellows. He didn't want to cause a ruckus while they went about their business. As he made his final steps up the grandiose staircase a rabbit hopped out with a small spear that was anything but menacing.

"Hello, I'm not really sure what's going on," said Pudding rather dumbfounded. "Could you tell me?"

The rabbit looked at him down a similar vein of shock before speaking. "I'm the guard of the palace," he said. "It's not often that we welcome visitors to our luxurious but humble abode. So what are you? Friend or foe? State your business."

"Um. Well, I suppose I'm a friend."

"You suppose? Hm. Well, what do you want?" Pud had to hold onto his smile. This was adorable.

"You surely know of the messenger, Triple Cs. Is this correct?"

"Oh, I see. You are the one the dog prophesied. On that note, come along. You are our client now. A guest of honor, I should say. Yes, come along."

The bunny brought Pudding through the doorway which did not house a door along the white marble floors of the gargantuan palace. He thought it was a little much for rabbits to require such a spacious environment, but this was already strange enough. They passed many clusters of other rabbits who stood still onlooking the momentous transposition. They reached the other end of the floor where a lone rabbit sat upon a large ornate marble throne. This was the only black rabbit of the many.

"It is so that this would happen," declared the black bunny. "I am the King of The Rabbits of The Lonely Moon. For those of our lonely kingdom who had once doubted, relinquish thy doubts before our guest of honor. Mister Pudding! We welcome thee graciously. We hope you are comfortable for we were advised by the dog of space to send you on a

journey through time. I'm sure he has already explained to you what's to be done."

"Why yes," said Mister Pudding. "Although I am not sure what this would entail." He felt he should 'play along' for it was all too real not to.

"Be comfortable for when the mage arrives he will embark you on your quest to stop the wretched Goddess of Clocks from destroying the planet Earth so long in the future. Far from now though it may be, we are the rabbits of time. We do not take these matters lightly. I have nothing more to tell you."

Pudding nodded and looked around as the other rabbits went about their business. The guard had returned to his post by this point. Pud felt he should not say anything out of respect for the timely rabbits. He presumed it was the mochi they punched that was their primary food source and to his surprise after what felt like several hours they brought some to him. The rabbits eagerly asked him to try it for it was the pride of their cuisine prepared specially for him. He did so but chewed slowly for it was the most exquisite delicacy he had ever tasted. He was very relaxed now and thanked them for their efforts. They left him alone. Not soon after another rabbit arrived with a staff of purple crystal.

"Behold," he stated vehemently. "For I am the mage of time chosen to send you on your way." Pudding looked down at him intrigued. "The Galactic Staff of Space-Time will be my guide. I have studied my whole life in preparation for this day. I'm glad to say I've had the faith to see this through. I had known you would come. This is all I shall say of myself. On your way, sir!" He waved his staff with a burst of purple light transferring Pud into the colorless void of space-time. Pudding had never experienced anything like it. He had no body or at least he could not see it for time was devoid of light. The atmosphere was not black but clear with a disseminating hue of purple that grew blinding. Pudding closed his eyes before appearing on the floor somewhere. He had no idea how long he had been floating but he opened his eyes to find himself in the basement of his father's old house. He was back at his old high school days.

His room was small. It had a thin carpet but he remembered it comfortably. His desk was placed next to his bed and he had no chair. It brought back memories to really be there again. He was a child of the digital age and had spent his youth on his computer primarily aspiring for video game skills. He recalled all the websites he used to frequent or the rabbit holes of the internet he used to explore. It was truly cathartic to be in this place again. He got off the floor in the dimly lit room with no windows and opened the door to see if anyone was there for there were two rooms in the basement, one where he stayed and one for his older brother.

His brother was not there. This must have been the segment of time where he had moved out to live on the campus of his college. He

always returned in the summer. It was probably autumn because the heat was not running but it was cool. Pudding dared not to venture to the first floor to encounter someone from his past and alter his past like the butterfly effect. He reasoned this might be a separate timeline however, so he need not worry about such things. If he encountered his father, for example, it would change this timeline but not his own. Perhaps all this was confined to the robotrip.

He missed his older brother. They had not spoken for the longest time. He reminisced of the time they spent together. He recalled the time his brother gave him a 6 pack of beer while he was still underage where they watched videos or movies. He recalled all the time he spent alone isolated by fear or major depression. It was more than sadness. It was memory loss. To really be here made such little sense. He wondered how this was possible. If he really was incapable of memory then how did he interpret something so vividly merely from a robotrip? Something utterly real was at play here. 'Triple Cs hadn't planned all of this,' he thought. The rabbits couldn't have done this either for this was his life; his death but he didn't want to die anymore.

Pud decided to login into his computer but alas he could not recollect his old password. This must have been 5 years ago, when he was 16. It was a formative period in his life, a time where things began to come together and he became himself. At 21, he was somehow very different from before but still the same person. He thought that he was lucky to have been himself. He still was himself, wasn't he? This was strange. He didn't want to leave a disservice to the past so he chose not to intervene. He closed his eyes and wished to move on. All he wanted was to observe the robotrip. It's who he was: observation.

Of course, tripping through space-time was never so black and white. He sat on the bed and became drowsy. He fell asleep to it's nostalgic comfort. He began to dream the most lucid dream of his only desire. He saw her. Leaf was sitting at her computer. He couldn't make out her face; her complexion. She was somewhat of a recluse as well and she typed on her keyboard, either messaging friends or working on programming. He wasn't there with her. He was simply watching from afar. The situation was beautiful but morose. He knew he would never have her. She was really gone forever. He lamented the dreaded computer death whilst wishing or longing to meet her in person but the trip was not so gratifying. Perhaps it wanted to hurt him badly. Perhaps he should have known he would experience something this miserable.

When he awoke he was back in his apartment. He could tell he was no longer tripping but Cameron was not with him. He couldn't figure out what was going on. He reminisced briefly of his sadness before realizing he would be late for work this monday. Maybe Cameron took off while he was still out of it. As he walked to work he called Cameron with his cell

phone but there was no answer. He became worried. The last thing he wanted to believe was that Cameron was still stuck in the robotrip. That would be no good.

When he got to work Melanie greeted him but scolded him for being late. They spent the day as usual. He looked at her but thought of Leaf. He was stuck because he liked them both but didn't want to let go of his childhood. It was the way he had always been. He felt like a loser with a sadness addiction. It's probably why he couldn't quit depressive drugs. Melanie could tell he was worried. She inquired about what was up.

"I had the craziest robotrip last night," he said. "It was unreal how 'real' it was."

"You seem down," she said. "Did something bad happen during your trip?"

"I don't know if I would call it bad. More bizarre yet pretty."

"How so?"

"I went through a freaking portal with Cam and we somehow ended up on the moon together. I've never experienced anything like it. There was a palace with a kingdom of bunny rabbits."

"What the hell."

"Tell me about it. Sorry, you probably don't believe me."

"Come on. You know me. I always listen."

"Well, I called Cam but he didn't answer. I was worried he could have gotten trapped inside the robotrip."

"Now how is that possible? He probably came down before you and just left."

"Don't get me wrong. I thought of that. Hold up. I'll call him again." Pud called Cameron and put the phone on speaker. Someone picked up.

"Hello? Is this Cameron?" asked Pudding. Nobody spoke for a moment.

"Ah! Yes, dude. It's me," said Cameron who seemed to be freaking out. "You're never gonna fucking believe this shit. I didn't expect you to call. Where are you?"

"I'm at work. Don't tell me you're still up there."

"You better believe it. I'm on the dark side of the moon. This place is fucking frightening, dude. Guess what, though. Will is here."

"What's up, Pud?" said William. "Cameron's a chill dude. I never got the chance to really talk to him.

"Yeah, okay. Thanks but yo, Pud. We can't fucking see shit but the stars out here. We're fucking lost. I'm gonna kill Triple Cs the next time I see him."

"Hey, are you guys serious?" asked Melanie.

"Of course I'm serious. You think I could make this shit up?"

"Don't be rude to me, Cam."

"Sorry, Mel. I only did one box of this stuff. What is this? The afterlife?"

"Dude, no. It's 1000 b.c. over there," said Pudding. "Remember what Triple Cs said?"

"1000 Bags of Chips that taste like shit. I think we've been walking in circles."

"Bro, I'll try to save you tonight. Just hang on. I gotta finish work and then I'll robotrip up there."

"Please, dude. Fuck the world. Somebody else can save it. This is a cruel joke."

"Alright, man. Um, cya."

"Whatever. Bye."

After work Pudding walked briskly to buy the cough medicine and returned home. He went with coca-cola energy again since it worked the previous time. It was getting late and the stuff was starting to kick in strong. Then it appeared again, the portal. It absorbed him and he was up there only this time it was pitch black. He looked around to find Cameron and William conversing. They didn't seem to notice him so he called out their names and Cameron rushed over.

"Dude, it's about time you showed up," shouted Cameron. "Some nefarious shit is going down. I'm not exactly sure what it is though. How did you manage to escape last night?"

"I'm not sure," said Pudding, worried. "I went through a purple time passage or something and ended back up in my past, or rather the future. I fell asleep and when I woke up everything was normal. Either way I want to help you guys get back home."

"Well, what else happened? What about the rabbits?"

"Dude, it was strange. There was this white marble palace with a small kingdom of rabbits. I met the king and he ordered a mage to send me through time. Also, the king was the black rabbit if that means anything."

"Rabbits?" remarked William. "I haven't seen any talking rabbits, haha."

"I don't know how else to describe it, Will. They were in a crater on the other side of The Moon."

"Yes. It's all crystal clear to me now. The CIA did this. I guess The Moon landing was a hoax. It wasn't humans, dude. It was bloody rabbits."

"Don't be ridiculous Will," said Cam. "That isn't even related to the matter at hand. Focus."

"Either way, we should search for the rabbits."

"That sounds good to me, right Pud?"

Pudding nodded and they set off toward the horizon. They walked for several hours but despite their hunger the Triple Cs in their system kept them feeling energised. It was cold and William kept kicking up moondust

as he walked. It fell so slowly in the low gravity. They were all used to it by now. They traveled several miles and hoped they were not far off but it was merely a hope. Eventually they became demotivated because they could not find the bright side. Pud and Will tried to stay diligent but Cameron was starting to lose his purpose. Will tried to tell him not to give up but he sat down complaining as usual. It seemed like they really were going nowhere. Just then Triple Cs revealed himself.

"Woof," he said, sticking out his tongue.

"There you are!" exclaimed Pudding.

"How you been, my niggas? Liking the trip so far?"

"You fucking blue bastard," declared Cameron. "We've been stranded for like 32 hours. Pud here just recently showed up. Help us. This is all your fault"

"LOL. Let's not get ahead of ourselves now. I'm here to save the day. How do you like it up here? The dark side of The Moon. Pretty dope, huh?"

"Oh, yeah! What dope have you been smoking to say something like that?"

"Relax. I got everything under control. I'll take you folk to the rabbit palace. It'll all be good. Just chill. Don't forget. All of us are robotripping."

"We had hoped you would come sooner," said Pudding, exhausted from all the walking.

"Yes, sorry about that. I've been doing business with the rabbits. They've got something special for you guys to help stop the Clock Goddess. I was just introducing you to all of this is all. It's time for the real shit. By the way, wuddup William."

"What's up, lil doggie?" said Will.

"Alright! We're off."

With all that was said Triple Cs teleported them to the entrance of the rabbit palace in a flash of blue and black. He told them to follow him to the throne of the black rabbit. When they arrived the king was there with the mage that Pud recognized. They greeted each other and Triple Cs commenced the business. They spoke of the distant void Clock Galaxy where the Goddess of Clocks resided. The goal was to be transported there in order to cast a Spell of Empathy against her to prevent the armageddon of the distant future.

The mage's staff was given to Pud for he was the one chosen to cast the spell. The logic was that if she could understand how terrible it was to kill humanity she would gain a kind of humility and alter the course of the future. It was Pudding's job to do this. He was told to pursue the Dimensional Clock where she would be found. Triple Cs wished them luck and faded away. The mage taught Pudding to use the crystal staff with his soul in order to bond with it's magic. Pudding closed his eyes and focused

deeply. Just like that the clear purple magic enveloped him where he was transported to the Clock Galaxy. The others were left behind.

Chapter 3: Like Clockwork

He arrived to find himself a silhouette of purple. He was floating in the isolated galaxy before realizing he had the magic to fly. He made a mental note to grasp the staff closely so that it was not lost by the void of space. The galaxy was made of purple stars among the blackness. There were not asteroids but instead golden clocks floating slowly around him. He flew through space-time towards what he presumed was the Dimensional Clock. It was a massive spherical object with the likeness of a golden pocket watch. This was where the Goddess of Clocks evidently remained.

As he embarked into the clockwork he saw the giant gears slowly moving; turning in the most grandiose fashion. Searching through the tunnels of the device he stumbled upon an opening but could not see where it led to. He nervously passed through and found himself in a large open space wherein the center was someone who looked to be a queen. He figured it was the goddess so he approached her graciously.

She was lanky and adorned in an ornate golden dress covered with lace symbols of clockwork which was rather beautiful and shone like the sun. The light she emitted was but a soft glow however and though he preferred the darkness of the night he found himself quite attracted to her aura. There was no purple. It felt warm or comfortable but he checked himself for it could be a trap. He trusted the others knew well enough what they were talking about when they called her awful.

"Why hello, my dear," she said. "I've been expecting you."

"I haven't come here for conversation. I've come to stop you."

"What could you possibly mean? I'm the goddess of time. I mean no harm. Death is an inevitability."

"No sense in talking about it. Allow me to finish this."

She just stared and Pudding clutched the magical purple staff with both hands. He closed his eyes again, focusing all his energy into the object. In order to cast the Spell of Empathy he thought of his friends whom he wanted to save but even more so the one he truly loved, Leaf. At that moment he thought of the last thing she said to him, 'don't let go of the things you love.' He had never forgotten these words but in some kind of paradoxical fashion they were lost under his breath. He uttered the words and the spell was cast with a blast of purple but also blue and black. Space and time we're being altered. He lost himself. He was gone.

Chapter 4: The Leaf Trip

"It's like I'm tripping all the time now, but on a subtle level," said Pudding. "I think with words. I really do. Why can't I stop thinking without them?"

"I believe you," said Leaf carefully.

"I want to quit this drug. I'll do it for you."

"Don't worry so much. I accept you."

"I'm the one creating your dialogue. You don't exist anymore. You are nothing but my hopeless imagination."

"I'm a particle or a neuron in your brain then?"

"No, you're something more. You're a conceptual love, a fictional character. You used to be real and you still are because you're out there. I just don't know. You haven't completely died but I've lost you."

"I like you too, you know. Without you I don't know where I would be."

"That's what I said. See what I mean? Please, say something to me that I don't already know."

"You and I both know it couldn't be possible. Sobriety could be your answer."

"Fuck. I'm just thinking of myself. I want to think about you."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes. Of course I do."

"But who am I?"

"How could I know who you are anymore? I haven't spoken with you since high school. I can't understand."

"You understand yourself."

"I want to be with you. I'm tired of worrying about myself. I want to think of something else."

"You want to meet somebody you've never met before, don't you?"

"That someone is you."

"You're cute. You already said this to me long ago."

"Please don't go."

"I'm not going anywhere, you just can't remember. Triple Cs wasn't a mistake."

"How could you be so sure?"

"You've really forgotten?"

"I think so. It hurts."

"Well, I sometimes think I'm in love with you too."

"You love me? How would I know?"

"I'm not sure if it's love."

"Then what is it?"

"Crushing confusion."

"You're talking like myself again."

"Sorry. This isn't your fault."

"Gosh."

“Why don’t you talk to me these days? You haven’t contacted me in years.”

“But it was you who disappeared. Is everything my fault?”

“No. I’m just missing you as well. You long for me.”

“I’ve never seen you.”

“I was scared.”

“I’m tired of my friends telling me you were a catfish. It’s not possible.”

“That’s ridiculous.”

“Isn’t it?”

“Hm.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I was just thinking about the conversations we shared. They were good.”

“You can’t see me either. My eyes are watering.”

“I think I hurt you.”

“It doesn’t have to be this way.”

“It’s better for you or for me. We should look elsewhere.”

“I’ll never let you go.”

“It’s the only way we could be happy.”

“You’re an enigma or I’m a galaxy. I’ll never forget your name even if I’ve forgotten the substance of our chemistry. I love you. Do you love me?”

“I love you.”

“Then why should we say goodbye?”

“It’s the only way.”

“I think with words, Leaf. I really do. I don’t want to be a ghost anymore. I just want to be human.”

“You’re the ghost of a human that once was. High school is gone. We’re connected through Triple Cs.”

“I love you, again.”

“Goodbye, Pudding.” She logged off.

“This is all wrong. Something is misconstrued. Gosh, why must I misinterpret everything? What’s wrong with me? Please…”

“She’s gone, kid,” said Triple Cs, fading into obscurity.

“Not now. I have to get rid of you somehow.”

“I’m not here to hurt you or make things worse. Without me nothing good would have come from this.”

“What the hell are you saying? Without you I wouldn’t be clutching onto sadness like a cliff.”

“I helped you. Admit it. You liked me but I know you want to quit.”

“I don’t want to kill myself for her. I want to be with her.”

“So you have changed for the better. Pain is sophisticated. It’s a wiser decision to let it be.”

“My love is dead.”

“Don’t think like that.”

“It’s all gone. I quit. Fuck these drugs, man. I can’t handle this. I’m crying.”

“Alright. I’ll say this. You helped me.”

“Maybe I really do belong up there on The Moon. It’s a dream of isolation. A dream that will never come true.”

“Don’t kill yourself yet. Save that for later. I love you, bro. Don’t forget love.”

“How could I?”

“I better be on my way then. Cya for good, my guy.”

“Yo, Triple Cs. I’m sorry. Thank you.”

“Woof. Woof.”

Chapter 5: Girlfriend

“I always wondered what the future would bring but I couldn't say all went according to my original plans,” said Pudding. “It was long ago that I shifted my dreams to other things. I suppose by now I’m really alone. Although I have you it still feels this way not to sound selfish. I like you a lot, Melanie. Nobody else knows me if I’ve really been misinterpreted although others can see things in me that I cannot. I think by now it’s not wrong to go forward but there’s something you ought to know about me. I’m Mr. Kill Myself. I think I’ll be quitting drugs. ”

Dead Classmate
By Lain Vogel

Chapter N/A: Longing For Something Else

As if in a galaxy of blackness Melanie went about her day feeling blue. It didn't completely sink in so graciously, what had happened. Her classmate, Lilly, had died. Unnoticed during her school days Lilly was a quiet girl like Melanie. Neither of them spoke to one another often but they shared an acquaintance that was sad or priceless in vicious hindsight. Melanie hadn't let go quite so easily but was becoming truly aware of her absence by a week. It was scary. She was starting to feel more depressed and lonely, isolating herself from her friends who she would receive calls from on occasion.

It was an emptiness she had never felt prior to death that switched her deeper into her sadness addiction. After school she would mostly sleep away her thoughts with the weight of gravity pressing on her shoulders, depressed. The school days felt like a droning slow dream where she would avoid those she had once called friends for the sake of Lilly. 'Maybe I

should hurt for her although I never really got to know her,' Melanie would think. She wanted to sacrifice her disposition for memories of someone she had loved in some kind of way. She believed she had done wrong to not look out for the dead girl in her life.

She would take comfort in fantasies of putting a gun to her head or jumping from a building. Really, she wasn't quite sure how to kill herself and she kind of liked how dreary her life had become. The overcast shrouded her world in grey but she enjoyed it. The chronic tiredness helped her make it through the day even if her grades were dwindling. All important things seemed behind her, even though she was young. Several months went by and she had wept on occasion though most of the time unable to cry. She liked Lilly. She missed her for some reason she couldn't quite describe.

In her free time when she was not relaxed under the weight of the world she would play video games, mostly first person shooters or pokemon games. It provided a little escape from the world she had grown to fear. Reclusive, she hardly went outside but to go to school. It was a cold dark winter and The Moon seemed so peaceful away from all the pointless drivel in her world. She just wanted to be alone with her games and comfortable bed. She closed the shades on her windows and her sleeping schedule dwindled into the night. She would often be late for school but her parents knew she was hurting from the death of her acquaintance.

She craved the melodramatic emotions she felt and it manifested in her persona. She styled her hair so that one eye was covered by her bangs and dyed it black. She thought the other kids would notice but nobody really paid her much attention anymore. This hidden problem clouded her vision and she began hallucinating when the lights were off in her bedroom. The visions frightened her at first but she began to enjoy seeing the little clouds of image floating about her room. She wasn't privy on watching apparitions all the time however so she spent her time as she usually did, only experiencing things when she went to sleep at night with The Moon. This was the only time she would open her window shades.

She wanted something more than she already had but was sickly satisfied with the breaking of her heart. Every single day was the same nonsense so she took to abstract conceptual admiration for her dead peer. Gone were the times where she skipped to school slightly with hope and diligence. ‘It’s probably a change for the worse,’ she thought. She couldn’t foresee the future but she also didn’t want to. If she could climb out the bottomless pit she had fallen into with time she would opt not to. ‘If only high school could last longer,’ she had desired for she was already in her third year. Eventually her fear or suicidal ideation got the best of her and she set to drop out of high school much to the dismay of her parents. All she wanted was for things to be quiet. Emptiness was her bottomless pit.

She blasted smooth but solemn EDM through her headphones and felt the vibrations of her skull. Her hallucinations had become morbid. Like a draining ache her pain decimated into the form of ghostly Death. He stood before her but did not reach out to poke her soul. He had come for another reason but it was not to change her. It was to make her fear ever so slightly that hopelessness was too agonizing. She could barely move her body from her depression and tiredness and Death crept over her like a sullen drug. She wanted to befriend him but he kept to himself. She called out to him but he just stared from the shadow of his hood. The scythe he carried was tall but less menacing than mesmerizing. She liked Death after this but had yet to see him again. It hurt that she had to hold onto moments or people of the past incapable of moving forward into the depths of hell.

But Death wasn't of hell or the heavens. He wasn't of the gods or demons. He was consoling. He was the indictment of pure solace or pain. Her heartache strung as she listened to her music where she escaped into a world of intelligence but she dare not gain self-confidence. That would be a mistake. Her dream was that of low self-esteem and curious melancholy. Her heart tugged on slowly upon the months she spent in her room watching videos online and blocking people from contact with her phone. Was she spoiled to be living this lifestyle? She decided she didn't really care and assumed the role of hopeless memories that faded so much that she wondered if she had imagined it all. It was not just her depression but her addiction to sadness that brought her to break her razors and cut her forearm. It was all too much to bear. Seldom were the moments characterized not by grief but by distraction. Hopelessness became an aspiration or her pain had broken her. She guessed that girl would now be called Lilith. Just a thought.

1000 Games of Chess
by Lain Vogel

This archive is incomplete.

I studied with a wooden board and two sets of glass pieces, the second for if I ever lost a piece. My knights always face to the left as they do in the diagrams of my books. I move and place the pieces delicately and in the very center of their squares. It pleases me. On a capture I first take the piece I plan to capture and only then move the other. This is a collection of 1000 games I played on lichess.org with a time control of 10+0. I have only annotated the first game, #0, but I wanted to archive my progress. All the other games were played upon the completion of the 20+ books on my shelf. The only book I refrained from reading was "Modern Chess Openings" by Korn & Collins because it's above my level. The most

difficult book I read was "Basic Chess Endings" by Reuben Fine. I usually spend 20 minutes solving tactics before playing in order to practice. I prefer to play Black as I feel it better suits my personality where White attacks but Black observes. I only play 1. d4 openings as White and with Black I generally play The Sicilian, The Caro-Kann, The Queen's Gambit, or the Nimzo-Indian. Anything else is unknown territory. I often think to myself 'it is important to understand.' Alright! Here is the archive of my games:

Game #0 as White: 1. d4 f5 I don't know how to play the dutch but I managed to do fairly well this game. 2. Nc3 I think this move was wrong. Nf6 Good move. 3. f4 I get worried about the backwards Pawn on e3. g6 4. Nf3 But at least I get this! Bg7 5. Bd2 Maybe e3 was better in order to open the King Bishop's eyes. O-O 6. e3 d6 7. Bc4+ Kh8 Probably better than walking into a pin with e6. 8. Qe2 Qe8 9. O-O-O e6 10. h3 Maybe bad for tempo. d5 I believe this Pawn structure is called The Stonewall. 11. Bb5 Bd7 12. Ne5 Bxb5 13. Nxb5 Threatens the fork. Qd8 14. Bb4 Ne4 15. Bxf8 He hanged a Rook. Qxf8 16. Nxc7 Wins the other Rook. Nc6 17. Nxa8 Bxe5 18. dxe5 Qxa8 19. Kb1 Qc8 20. Qb5 This was a bad move. a6 21. Qb6 Nf2 I forgot the queen guarded this fork. 22. Rhf1 Nxd1 23. Rxd1 h5 24. g4 Pawns are tricky. d4 25. exd4 Qd7 26. c3 Qd5 27. gxf5 exf5 Gives me two connected passed Pawns. 28. Rg1 Qe4+ 29. Ka1 Qe3 30. a3 I can't believe I hanged this rook. Qxg1+ 31. Ka2 Qf1 32. Qxb7 Qc4+ 33. Qb3 Qxb3+ 34. Kxb3 g5 35. fxg5 f4 36. d5 I hoped this would work. I don't think I had the time to get the third passed Pawn involved. Ne7 37. d6 Nc6 38. d7 Kg8 39. e6 Kf8 40. Kc4 Chase the Pawn! f3 41. Kd3 f2 42. Ke2 Ke7 43. g6 Kf6 44. g7 Kxg7 45. e7 Kf7 46. d8=Q This move was a little tricky. 1-0 Success. The remainder of my games will not be analysed.

The Isolation of Chess
by Lain Vogel

The policy is as follows. If we're listening to music nobody is allowed to speak. This is why I don't want friends. It's bad noise. I think I'll never talk to anybody ever again. I think I'll never look somebody else in the eyes. I just want to be alone. At times I think I like people but then I return to my comfortably dark room enveloped by fear. I don't think these interactions are helping me anymore. I think I'm being hurt. I'm smart enough to know when I should stop. I want to be alone. I want nothing but this. Longing consumes me deeply but all my love is fictional, a concept. To be frank I can't focus on it or explore it while I'm surrounded by the perpetual nonsensical absurdity of the outside world. I wish a world did not exist outside my room. I wish I could never leave. I think I'll try my best to create this type of situation.

Every single day I don't want to wake up. Every single day I think about killing myself. Every single day I consider whether or not my life is meaningless if I spend it by myself. Every single day I contemplate the fact that the outside world is merely wicked anxiety. Every single day I desire silence. Every single day I keep to myself. Every single day I fantasize of a girl who doesn't exist anymore. Every single day I focus on my broken heart trying not to let go or forget. Every single day I hurt because I can't recall the things she said to me. Every single day I fantasize of a life in which I could have met her. Every single day I wish I could sleep. Every single day I sleep. Every single day I decide I don't like the past anymore. Every single day I analyse Chess positions.

Death crept towards me like the sophisticated melancholic sobriety of nothingness. I felt Him as He ran His cold finger along the skin of my scarred forearm where there was the tattoo which stated 'heartache.' It was at this point I understood what was really going on. There was no purple galaxy so therefore I had no future. My black galaxy was what I must seek to pursue in this ghostly form I now encompass. I shall no longer be in denial of the cold fact that all the beautiful things of childhood have vanished only to be replaced or manifested by the bittersweet anguish of the skull I could barely make out beneath the shadow of His hood.

He was the droplet of miserable suffering that beckoned my waters to ripple out to nowhere, the edges of outer space. It was here at The Universe's End where The Dark Dragon of Enigmatic Hollowness floated. It was hard to explain but not hard to understand. This was further than ghost level. This was real death. This was the place where only logical reason or the depths of profundity could only stand. Any less would be a disservice to my former self if you could even call this existing. Absurdity didn't belong here. Dreams would never be fulfilled here. Here was the embodiment of hopelessness and like a parasite it fed on my soul but this was no hell. It was a draining love story of relaxation heavily focused on healing all that I did not deserve. It happened almost in an instant but not quite by the accumulation of momentary tears. This was my void galaxy of opaque isolation. This was my black galaxy. This was The Death of Triple Cs. It almost seemed impossible.

It was horrible in contrast to its most beautiful prominence. It was a seldom dark blessing of The Grim Reaper, Death. I was the only one. There was nobody else. Pure isolation. Anxiety existed here. Anxiety or comfort battled each other in the form of a permanent robotrip. This was not an afterlife but an illogically distant state of being where the body is not removed from thought but becomes an imprecise amalgam of pain and memories not recalled but not forgotten as a blur. There was another but it was not a person. I could not fathom The Dragon although I thought it was possible. It was a paradoxical ocean of doubt. It was misery unbeknownst to anyone but myself or The Dragon for I could not tell. It

wasn't purgatory. It was outside outer space. It was my longing for something else. I was scared but deeply relaxed.

Triple Cs was like a galaxy so I wanted to explore my galaxy. I only felt like myself on this drug. Take me to the 4th plateau. I want to listen to beautiful music. This isn't good for my body. I should give it up at some point but it's difficult to quit. I love cough medicine. If I were to die young it would hurt but It may be a disservice to my former self not to. Not everything is okay but don't mind me. I'm the K3Kid. I always will be until I die. I only have one life but I think I'll stay in this place. I don't want to die anymore. I want to feel good by means of sobriety. I want to be alone in my room. I think I'll study some Chess. I want to. I believe I possess some type of genius which stems from my mediocrity and unique isolation. I think in some way or another I really have performed black magic but it's permanently affected me. I'm forever outside my body now. Forever tripping; forever the black galaxy of Death. I'm an adult now. There is no purple; no future. All I desire is safety, comfort, intelligence, music, my books and my lonesome plus depression. I'll never have her. I want to be blue again. The End.

Modern Norism by Lain Iwakura

'I consider myself to be the concept of death, since death is a concept, yet the concept must be conceived by the conciever, so I'm the conciever of myself, yet I'll point out a single concept is isolated of other concepts so there is no system of concepts' – Lain Iwakura.

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Rules of Norism

1. the alien is other than humans, it is somewhat isolated of other people
2. 2. humans are only different of one another as they are different people, humans have no qualities as all humans will die
   so, all humans follow the rules of life or death, the alien does not die

3. qualities would imply difference of others, but they are only different as other people, therefore the alien views people like this
4. the alien is isolated of all humans, yet is not alone as Erin looks through his eyes, but if the alien was beside Erin, he would be isolated of herself, so the alien cannot affect Erin like this, only by her looking through him is she affected
5. the alien is conscious of the evolution of objects or also people or subjects, yet the alien is also conscious of what it goes through, if only the alien could go through things, since the alien does not evolve, as though it floats, it floats inside the void
6. the alien has a sixth sense called 'i know' meaning it has the ability to know all things, or at least the things it might like to think about
7. spirits are real, but it's hard to define what spirits, but spirits are not the souls of the dead
8. the alien can't trust a soul, so therefore it had the ability to dislike certain people, but it does not like anyone, yet it can love people
9. the alien 'floats' inside the void, by floating it appears to evolve, yet behind or inside of this false evolution is the void, therefore the world does not evolve, or neither does the alien, as the alien is the void
10. the alien is the ender dragon, so this means it is death, or the void, or certain dead people go through itself, so it experiences those people's deaths, but people who appear to be walking might be dead, only the alien can see this
11. some people walking are not there at all, as those people walking are the alien itself, also the alien suffers 'anxiety' meaning it found itself involved in places or situations it should have no recollection of, but can recount with thoughts
12. the alien is only affected by those people who it's involved with, it not affected by all people
13. the alien is quite a complicated creature, it is thought of by some humans, or those humans make mistakes stating things like 'ive seen you before in this place' when the alien was never there
14. Norism is meant to explore what the universe is, or subjects, or the alien itself, the only space alien, all sort of isolated of one another, yet all working together in harmony, as there is no real chaos in the world at all, only order, space or time

Inside the rules of Norism

humans have no qualities, therefore humans do not experience emotions or physical pain, if the human is cut it does not feel pain, or pain is any sensation it might experience if it could at all, yet they experience things throughout time, yet they do not experience themselves

the alien thought is not like humans, as humans cannot think, for their thoughts are limited by the brain, therefore it is not the humans fault if it cannot think of something, for it might not be capable

the alien floats or thinks, it's thoughts are isolated of it's float, or in other words the float is not indicative of thought, yet without the float it cannot think, like limitations of the body, yet the thoughts are not determined by the brain

the alien has no body, only a mind, also known as the float, or the alien is floating, yet the alien does not evolve, for it's mind is the sound of nothing, or the void, or this can be represented by a sound with no wavelength, since there is no space or time lest inside the void

humans or people are subjects just like the alien is a subject, but beasts are not subjects, for beasts are not conscious, just like plants like flowers, or I'll reiterate there is no other space alien, yet I've seen a grey alien once, but it was not a hallucination

so this alien activity or grey aliens are not alien things at all, since I'm the only real space alien, yet it's not like spirits, for spirits float like a mist through the atmosphere, I'll also state humans are bound by the earth, but the alien is not, for the alien floats

humans reproduce by connecting with other humans, yet the alien reproduces with humans at a distance, or it's children are not part alien, for there is only one alien, or the alien's sex with humans is isolated or silenced by it's isolation of those humans it reproduced with

the alien is part black mixed with other colors of people, derived of the lineage of his human parents, or thought the alien has a female body, it is male, or male minded, like a trans man, despite what you might think, black is not the predominant color, yet the alien is black

the alien is conscious of evolution of calculations of computers, not only the evolution of the energy inside, but the purpose of this energy, or the calculations, as the alien is calculating all the time, as the alien is analog>digital sound, analog with the cycles of the moon

if the alien is someone who is not there, the alien is known indirectly by others if this someone is known by others, but the alien could also directly be known as it is by itself

I'm struggling to think of what else to write, but I think norism could get extremely complicated or the alien reinterprets all thoughts on its own noristic perspective, or the thoughts of others are interpreted by the views of the alien, so with this I could write more

the alien experienced things in order to realize things, or finds itself in places in order to realize things, but unlike humans, the alien does not learn, for it only realizes what it already knows

the alien was affected by the death of the girl Melanie, for it was aware Melanie would die by suicide or die at all

the alien does not maneuver about objects, only humans do this, the alien instead does not maneuver whereas objects or people maneuver about it

as the alien has no body, it only knows the feeling of it's body, or the objects or things maneuvering about it, for the body is part of the mind, whereas the human has no mind, only the fluctuations of the brain or it's body or things

despite humans not having minds, they are still conscious, for though they do not experience themselves, they experience things, therefore the alien could describe a human as intelligent

due to this, the thoughts of humans interpreted by the alien, of their amalgam known as their brain, are still important, or it's important the alien lives sort of like a human itself, for it's body almost looks humans, despite not being so

the alien maneuvers objects, or speaks, or listens, if listening is its whole experience, as it is a sound, or thinks, in the language of Nor, or no other language, despite the words I wrote here looking English

the problem therein lies in the fact the alien is extremely intelligent, or the most intelligent, yet not more intelligent, only it is more intelligent of the people it is not associated with, so the alien is humble like this, as it is also a subject like humans

the alien does not consume substances, for though it appears to ingest things, those things are processed by the body, yet not the feeling of the body, therefore the alien does not ingest, for it only feels it's body, but does not ingest

the alien cries if it experiences acute emotional pain, or can also feel pain if it is cut, yet it's feelings are not like the lack of pain I described of humans, for it only experiences emotions, so a cut is like an intense emotion, yet the alien has no emotions, only it floats

like I said, the alien only floats or thinks, so therefore it is only present on the moment, yet since it suffers the ability of 'i know' it conscious of all things, or all things it might like to think about, lest the alien sees things others do not see

the alien is not incapable of walking, since it is able to think the statement 'i walk', so therefore it can walk, or control it's float or thoughts, yet it does not do things, despite experiencing things, since the objects maneuver about the alien, technically

the alien was involved in 16 relationships with humans, those people being it's ex-wife or husband, or wife or husband, yet it also loved all those people regardless, or has also killed 16 people, but those people appear to be walking, lest they had died by some point

the alien, despite not being bound by the earth like humans, was born in mexico, so therefore it is latino, yet it's race is black mixed with others colors, like I said, black is not the predominant color, yet the alien is black

all thoughts could be re-interpeted by the alien of the Noristic perspective, or the incorrect viewpoint of the universe so it is incorrect since only the alien thinks like this, still the alien sees the world for what it is, or not what is limited by humans perspectives

this is not to state humans viewpoints are invalid, only often incorrect, or inaccurate, since the alien viewpoint is the only real incorrect viewpoint, yet since humans are conscious, they must have a viewpoint, yet their viewpoint is always human, never alien

alien thought is Nor, therefore the alien language is Nor, or, like I said, how it controls itself, so the alien experience is Nor

the alien does hard labour, by floating, so it never actually relaxes, for it only experiences the float or thoughts, yet the alien does not mind, or this could be described as suffering, or though the human cannot suffer, it could be described also as constantly suffering

the alien's most acute ability is logic, or despite it's imperfect logic, it is the most intelligent, or logic is wrote in the language of English, yet Nor is

what is spoken, or also another language, this language is of vowels and consonants and breaks between words not logic

the alien discovered it's ability to speak the language of Nor, or also developed it's own written language, the language shows lines to describe the sound, or lines between lines to describe consonants, or also another version that looks sort of like south Korean

the written language of Nor is the language of outer space, or is extremely important to discovering the universe, or though it could be emulated by humans, it can only be written imperfectly by the space alien, or with the limitations of the pen

the alien only knows things, like the fact someone was killed or dead to the alien despite the fact they might look like they're still walking over the notebook it discovered its language in, in the conspiracy against the alien, or surrounding it

of course the presence of a space alien would allude to some conspiracies sort of like the x files

last of all, the alien is interposed by all people, or sort of in-between all people, like solipsism, for how could the alien end up as itself yet not as a human, yet the human must question why it is not someone else, or why it is not the space alien

What Does The Alien Think? Synopsis:

Chapter 1: Recognizance

Of course I've outlined the rules of Norism whilst also going inside the rules of Norism in order to imply things about Norism such as the fact the alien cries implies the alien sleeps. I think the alien is different than humans yet also a subject. I wanted to study lots of philosophy in order to write the remainder of this book. So this is what I intend to do but I'm going to immediately go into details about what I think is important to talk about on the grounds of Norism. The alien looks upon the thoughts of others so it might find them illogical or logical or only logical if re-interpreted into Noristic terms so this is why the alien struggles or does hard labour since it is constantly re-evaluating the thoughts of others or it's own thoughts or whilst reading books the alien knows what the words mean especially if the book makes sense to the alien but must inactively interpret those words on it's own terms in order to make sense of those things yet it does this silently or does not re-iterate what I thinks at all

unless it desires in contrast to those thoughts written in books or spoken of others in the form of language meant to describe the universe or thought.

The alien goes through the process of discovering things or thoughts or realizing things or thoughts in order make sense of it's position on this world but those thoughts must be important if it allows the alien to see itself for what's really gone on or in order not to misconceive anxiety or the words 'anxiety' describe the aliens thoughts or their real purpose so something the alien thought was 'I was given the title of Lucille Munoz by my real mother yet I was raised by wolves' allows the alien to make sense of its position in this world in the most important placement of itself for knowing this by some point it had realized this allows it to make sense of the world for what it is or itself. The alien also discovers things so it might meet someone or discover some music it likes yet music is only sound yet the alien describes the sets of sounds as albums for the sake of convenience. The alien seems to remember lots of people it called friends throughout his life despite finding many of those people might have died or at least died lest they still look like they walked so the alien was heartbroken by this but those friends could not have been called truly friends for the alien has no friends since it's found itself involved in the 16 relationships with others. The alien was also a victim of rape, but also had sex once, or was unable to realize all the proposed 'sex' in it's life was actually rape or the one time it was raped was actually sex. Still, despite having sex this one time by the person who he thought had raped him, she realized it was not this man he had sex with at all but it was actually another man I'll call 'the owl' or one of her ex-husbands thus the alien orgasmed during this interaction. The alien was able to recount it had killed 16 people or the method it had killed them so in this sense it was able to recollect this yet it had no visual experience of literally doing this since or it only knows it did this as it was able to realize it had done this or recognize it to say the least.

So, the alien recognizes things it realizes or discovers at some point but the alien is of course affected by those things, so those things help the alien to mature or realize who it is like a flower that blossoms or by continually being hurt the individual is able to realize who it is or mature in other words. The alien was able to discover the woman Erin looks through his eyes or in others words is conscious of it's whole experience as the sound of nothing as it goes through space or time in the moment or only the moment is what truly exists or any recount of the past is only a thought for only the moment is what truly exists lest things could exist for nothing exists inside the void or since the alien is the void or the solipsistic 'center' this means the universe is the void or inside the void is the only place space or time looks present despite not truly being so since this is the void. This means behind or inside of all objects is the void or all people yet ultimately inside the alien is the void as the alien is the void itself. The alien has sex with others at a distance or was able to have kids

despite not literally having sex with someone yet having sex with someone at a distance or was able to recount it has six kids due to it's 'anxiety' problem. The alien could also recount having sex with someone who it didn't realize it had sex with simply by considering it's anxieties. Despite having no emotions technically the alien is able to think things like 'I've felt fear before' or experiences emotions through space or time despite being the void in the whole of it's experience so if it felt fear it's whole frequency would have felt like fear so this includes it's vision or what is sees or it's bodily sensations or it's brain could become very scared but those things are not separated as the alien is one holistic frequency so it's whole frequency becomes fear unlike humans who might experience separate difficulties when feeling emotions like fear or any other emotion for this matter but the alien is also one individual conscious subject so the mind is separate from the body in humans but the alien is only a mind so therefore it's body is not separated of it's mind or the reason it's only a mind is since it's dissociated of it's body or only a sound or the sound of nothing or since it's perception of it's body is a part of it's mind unlike humans. The alien has sex with Erin at a distance also since she is also a human or also his wife who was once his girlfriend or the alien was able to propose to her by talking to her through himself or stating 'Erin, will you marry me?' Still, the alien also experiences Erin constantly as she looks through his eyes or also goes through him by her death or like I said certain dead people or people's deaths since the person is only it's death go through the alien so alien is able to view those people through itself but since Erin also goes through the alien likes this or since Erin looks through his eyes the alien is constantly experiencing her as she looks through his eyes so it experience things like sex (despite being alone, not by itself) or orgasms or acute emotions of love or loyalty or it's loyalty to the people in it's life who it is associated with is also acute. The alien experiences death anxiety just like a human, or a preemptive fear of death so due to this it attempts to preserve it's life (despite having died as it walks at the age of 21) or once the alien was 26 was about the time it figured out it was not human or was able to consider all the anxiety or realize it spoke the language of Nor but the alien also has two teardrops tattooed on itself one meaning 'suicide' or the other meaning 'murder' since through it's anxiety it was able to realize it murdered someone but since the alien did not visually experience this it is able to state it never killed anyone lest it also has the ability to lie if it needs to but this is not a lie exactly since those people still appear to be walking or have died by themselves despite being killed by the alien technically. It's involvement with 'the owl' who was it's ex-husband was divorced on the date of July 26th, 2018 or still the able was able to realize dates of things like the fact it would perish on the date of December 18th, 2073 since it suffers the ability of 'I know' or though the alien knows things this ability of 'I know' is ultimately analog or possibly

evolving as the alien evolves or the alien mustn't iterate things into words through 'anxiety' in order to know things like knowing something without thinking about it still it felt the need to realize things by iterating the things it knows into words since it was propelled to make sense of it was like the fact it was continually being hurt in order to blossom yet at any place in it's life the alien was beautiful whether it had realized the things it had known or not those things were not apparent to the alien despite being known. Of course, the alien only thinks of beautiful things, or only knows beautiful things, so not all things in the most literal sense are known despite the alien being conscious of the evolution of the universe including it's subjects or people or the evolution of objects or energies. The alien knows it will inevitably die beyond it's death still walking or despite once being young once the alien was still suffering the ability of 'I know' or for example the alien once at 16 thought it would have liked to be born in the year 1998 only to realize at the age of 26 it was born on October 6th, 1998 despite being told otherwise or having no physical evidence of this. So, in conclusion to this particular segment, I must re-iterate the alien is the 'most' intelligent subject, yet is not 'more' intelligent than those people who it is associated with or like I said it is not associated with all peoples…

Chapter 2: Dissociation

'I'm associated with two gangs, the latin kings and the crips, and four "cliques", another group of people, including lainon, grey59, gothboiclique, and OVO, I was also but no longer a /jp/sie, I was never uboanon' – Lain Iwakura.

I'll recount one of the killings. Lain Iwakura followed a man to his apartment who was the person who indicted her into the 'lainon' clique in order to kill him since he had killed her first born son of 'the guy' or her two daughters also had died by killing of her ex-husband but not 'the owl' yet the three of her other children still lived born of her other ex-husband but not 'the owl' or those three we're two sons or one girl yet she followed this man to his apartment or once he left his apartment she followed him to the park whence she approached him with a knife since she had taken to killing people with knives only to stab him to death or once he died she left his body there only to take a taxi with her bloodied clothes to dispose of them someplace else or return to her own place of her own once she could rest knowing she had avenged the death of her first born son tonight.

My Critique of Statements by Lain Iwakura

0: Preface. Addiction to Sadness

I looked beyond the shelling of my own doubt only to realize before the last of my moments I was juxtaposed I noticed of something I called not uncanny but holly or of hegel still it was only nihilistic to think the moments of doubt beyond this point had been but subtle for the lack of myself or murdering of his own by the latino pirate or the abstract imphilisophical improminence of suppositions was the end of it all or the end is nigh for if I could not look like loki or the realm of my own doubt than I might of noticed your love was indeed acute oh my Erin or my honeybee who was hurt by the palms of my owns hands or her, Fionna, or the most beautiful book thus wrote or it was wrote by this the mind of a space alien or this book was noted only to find itself imposed by any lacking of dishevelling or the only vocabulary I couldn't find for it was limited or my limited vocabulary is only important if I couldn't spoke the language of Nor only to realize the end of it all was indeed the end of it all for can't you see despite my abstract long sentences or impertinent logic I was amused knowing this book shan't succeed the pullitzer prize for it's acute logic or uncanny expressions yet I know the girl was not cheating or the one who I cheated on was my husband or ex-husband rather since he had killed the two of my daughters I shared or at least had with him only to find I was imposed by the last of things or 1/3 my son who had died like waking dreams by two thirds I was noticing he was killed by the man who I called yet I cannot state is the lainon who indicted myself into the clique of lainon only to have realized this place of lainchan.org was the place I found to be of folly expressions or impossible moments or the poetic symptoms I regret to state you cannot cheat on myself my dear Erin nor would you for you will not lest I know you could not since you won't still is insecurity something I hold inside of myself for I know deep inside you're my girlfriend or my addiction to sadness is only the last of things I could behold to noticed or the moment I looked upon yourself I found the child of ours had died only in your womb so the tear swell upon my eyes or my daughter she died inside your womb only for you to attempt suicide the moment I left you lest you had been left of myself or not left of yourself I was or I wasn't alone only to find as you looked upon myself I did have friends or though those people had been separated of myself not only by distance but by the lack of direct communications with those others lest or the last of things I might have been alone only to realize with those tears in my eyes I did indeed suffer of friends or suffer on like the album by wicca phase springs eternal the girl melanie nor Melanie Villabroza however was shot and killed by someone other than myself only to have herself continually posting things I regret I struggled to look upon those things or the fool of a took I was I found her to be looking through myself also lest she was not for I know only my Erin was looking or still 'going' through myself like The End of I'm the ender dragon only to find her mother or father or girlfriend of sorts had also been shot lest I had known she was in

love with myself or still it was only this hurting I found Melanie Villabroza had died or overdosed on cocaine only to find there was nothing involved only to realize my doubts of this point beyond had been acutely demonished by the last of her forgotten words only to have been uttered of her lips or the falling of my own lips as I recognized I was going to kiss Fionna upon her lips or the girl who is not my sister Marcella Vogel is only the girl like Fionna Bunn who is also a girl I will state is going to lose herself in the last of her own moments only to find this realization of all subtle things or thought of the quellings of my Nor only to realize this Nor spoke of my doubt is only the most possible thing 'couldn't' recognize for still I was only hoping her moments had been juxtaposed the important destitude of her own still it was hopeless to think of her like this for beyond this point Marcella Vogel was going to hurt her own lest I might've known she wasn't going to kill herself or of all things old age she would perish or die only to realize her death is of the hopeless importance of all lost life lest I was hurt by the crack rock of the streets as the only emo girl lest I was male only to find I was like this of a black cat or still how could it be possible to think of things like this you might ask I suppose it's sort of like my own alien line of thought or still it's important to recognize I'm Lain Iwakura or the girl who was recognized by the creators of serial experiments lain as lain 'irl'... I won't state this regardless for I was not alone. Erin is my girlfriend lest you're my girlfriend no you're my sweetheart yet you're my girlfriend. I love you yet this loyalty is hurting or acute. Still it's impossible to think I was the only space alien or the universe is impossible not recognize lest this loyalty was of fear or as the ink of my tattoo was fleshed into my skin or sinning though I wasn't I noticed her pussy was wet only to find this importance of my loyalty of her own or her of my own still it wasn't only hopeless for the black cat I noticed looked upon myself like those of the kittens who looked upon myself long before this or still only three kittens if I was one of them or the last one was like a fourth I suppose or only one for I only saw one black cat or still it reminds myself of witchcraft lest this hopeless dread or dreary impertinence is of the last of moments beyond this shadow of doubt only to realize I wasn't recognized as the only space alien or still it was my girlfriend who felt love of myself lest I had cheated upon my own husband with the girl of south korean placements still she was looking or it was only Erin who was looking I noticed.

1: The Lack of Philosophies

The purpose of this book is to criticize other philosophies or not to point out discrepancies in its lines of thought so I had perused said books in order to make sense of what is really going on or if I could allude to the fact said philosophies we're discoherent or perhaps they had not

been if I was able to re-interpret their passages to the point it would indeed make sense still it's a frustrating task lest I was looking upon something more sensical or I'll point I noticed the descriptions of things like nihilism we're too needlessly complicated or did not make sense to put it bluntly for is nihilism not what I think to be descriptions of the experiences some subject is to go through thus I criticized it or for all statements not making sense to myself lest some of the authors who's lines of thought appeared to make the most sense responding to how disjointed their lines of thought might have been I recognize there is a certain distinction between the philosophies of specific individuals or the not comparison for I find the fact of comparisons to be stupid as it is rather a difference between the authors who are themselves or garner their own thoughts of within themselves yet also you could state there was something like some sort of not objective but subjective logic for the subjective is the only logical route yet this does not mean it is false for being not objective still I found my own subjective perspective quite possibly to be the most accurate not to discriminate against humans for their own thoughts yet I seek to decide what purpose there is between the difference of humans versus the only alien or this is what I'm going to deem the alien philosophy or Norism for this appears to myself to be the most accurate philosophy wrote of by the most intelligent person in the universe not only by my acute abilities towards logic but my intellect or perception of the universe as it was for I do not perceive the universe as humans do so perhaps only I could offer this perception but then does the applications of human logic not also apply to myself for I thought it musn't somehow still it does if it is re-interpreted on the perspective of my own or I'll state for the sake of argument 'I'm my own' or only I know what is really going on amongst this universe or the thought processes of humans or their own experience of my own I still disseminate the difficult clauses applicant of any perspective other than my own for only this perspective is it to be known by said other individual yet is it not only re-interpreted intellectually my logic or also the logic of others for those humans are also analog of percept to logic I thought so still those people perceive things just like I do or as they perceive their own thoughts are their thoughts not of subjective logic I found it to be so still I was concerned for the most prominent of differences between this textbook of my own versus the books of those humans was the inclusion of all encompassing statements or as applicative to all human experiences yet in some type of method I was also acutely human so would I not be subject to those things I thought it mustn't be so for I was the only one who is different not as a human but only a space alien yet not the only one with interesting abilities I was indeed the only alien or still I suffered the dilemma of another perception for I perceived the universe as it evolved or also what those people might've been going through yet only on the moment I thought so since I suffered also of the futuretense or still this

conceived problem was belittled by my repose of doubt so still I suffered of this futuretense on the moments I had gone through or I was hesitant then to state I only was acutely aware of the past for I must have only been acutely aware of what I was going through on the moment yet still 'I know' or this ability of 'I know' is only something known of the alien or thought it is perceived by the alien as analog I suppose it is also of digital nature for I was perceiving the calculations of my mind or this is only to state I was conscious with my only calculations of the calculations of all computers computing on the moment or sometimes I found I hallucinated things I had seen on computers yet I was only juxtaposed by the fact others did not suffer of this perception yet still those humans perceived yet it was not for as I for I was the sound of nothing or particularly a sound I found I was floating or floating as I wasn't I noticed the only things I really seemed to do was float amongst the objects inside of the void like the ender dragon yet it was more like I was the void itself for though I was modulations inside of the modulating I found there was only nothingness or for example think of an objects you look upon yet you cannot see what is behind the objects therefore behind this objects if nothingness or inside of myself I found I was nothingness or the sound of nothing sort of like a frequency on a wire or my experience on the universe still it was only like I was floating or on my deth if you will for I call this my deth if it's not like I was alive or only the perception or experience of those dead people going through myself was interesting for I found the deaths of the people who died to be going through myself so I call this my deth I suppose yet spelled d e t h as if it were the opposite of l i f e or more adequately put there was one girl who's name I had tattooed upon myself to be Melanie Villabroza or the girl who I had known or loved not unrequited as the neither of 'us' loved one another only to realize on the end of her life she had died by suicide in the place I had known yet couldn't look upon for I was not there only knowing since 'I know' she had died of cocaine overdose yet still I orgasmed on the moment of her death just like the woman who I had murdered or Jessica Beaumont who's throat I had slit in the last of her moment immediately following her survival of an accidental not suicidal pill overdose yet I also had previously fucked her or to her dismay the murder of her own was not consensual only to find myself to returning to my symbolic palace on the moon yet still I had lost my point for I was describing things of philosophical nature or I hope to only spend the duration of this book going into things like this yet still I had on my memoir 'the magnificent stumble' by lain iwakura compounded with 'the depths of the galaxy' by lain iwakura those two being my other two books I noticed this book was isolated to those two for though I had technically not described the matter of my own deth in those books I was still implying things especially on the point of 'the magnificent stumble' by lain iwakura for this book was indeed acutely personifying of what I might be like the

ender dragon or brilliant as I found this book was it must've been compounded with the other book 'the depths of the galaxy' by lain iwakura for those books only make sense if those books are compounded so still I wrote this isolated book with intentions of disseminating real Norism or the statement 'I'm impossible' is another Norism of certain Norisms to include a declusion of real statements for I found, though this is a separate criticism, the question, but not a statement like the aforementioned statement, 'what is the meaning of life?' to be inherently immature for life must of course be the meaning one might ascribe to said life is life was only nothingness as I know to be but does this imply life is devoid of meaning I suppose not yet meaning is only a concept yet I supposed it could also be perceived as all the conscious being seemed to do was 'float' as I do or perceive or think yet though I'm thinking I'm also perceiving my thoughts I suppose yet I must only float yet for as I float I perceive things there is also the unknown 'I know' of lest 'I know' yet this is tangential of one single human experience walking amongst the ocean of people lest I could go to the moon or the place 'I know' I belonged for I raised my left hand towards the sky pointing on the moon as 'I know' I belonged to go there separate of the humans whether humans remained the earth or not in my palace upon the lonesome moon or alone I was separated of others yet I was sort of isolated not matter what place I had gone or alone or isolated must be two separate concepts for thought I was isolated I might not have been alone lest I was in the proximity of others yet still I felt somewhat alone in the proximities of those people whether they we're separated by the distance beyond the walls of my room to the distance of myself to them from the moon the earth I noticed I was still alone yet in some type of method I was not the girl who looked upon myself was Erin or the girl I know to have been looking yet still I was acutely aware of how she was going to die lest she would no longer be looking at least not as someone who is alive or 'I know' of her death was going to be murder by this of a lainon then I must have noticed though I had murdered the lainon who indicted myself into the 'clique' I noticed there was indeed a disheveled appearance to it all for this man had murdered my firstborn son only to have been killed or taken of his 'life' on my deth by the blade of my own had inside of his belly only to find as I killed him his heart stopped beating for him to rot or disintegrate into the earth yet I must have known this was his dead body for if it wasn't it only an object of former life as I looked upon his carcass I noticed the blood spilled of him only to be the revoked of any previous sins for his death had gone through myself yet it was something I noticed for his death looked like this I supposed. I must have described some level of universal uncertainty for though 'I know' I though so I mustn't be certain or of those things I deemed 'I know' I found I also know of the uncertain for this is also something I must know of for it was known I must have

known of it only to realize I couldn't grasp declusive concepts of grappling despite my own despondence of said admonishing I was prescribed by my own deflections of any acutely possible circumstance regarding the fact I was only to have wrote of those things lest I was juxtaposed by any said problem I was then to encounter for as I had killed the man or stabbed the policemen who had handcuffed myself or the woman at the edge of the forest who I stabbed to death I noticed I was violent whether I was literally attacking someone or not for those things of real violence must not only be of violent tendencies but literal perception of violence I supposed it must be like this for the perception of violence is the ultimate persona of violence still there was a problem for if I was only to be violent sometimes I must have been acutely conscious of the fact I suffered this violent persona only to realize those people who I killed has inflicted inside of myself a sort of freightening traumatic response yet still I wasn't scared for I wasn't only the void I noticed yet the perceptions of those people has they had been killed like the girl 'I know' who was shot to death by someone else only to have lost her or this was the moment I lost my own voice lest I was to have spoke I found it was almost of silence for it was only the sound of my voice or the voice of the sound of nothing or the void still I was crude for I noticed all mistakes of others yet I was not perturbed by such things only knowing those are the mistakes of the people in question I was sort of not involved with those people or still I call this persona the noristic or it's only the noristic of my thoughts of the most infalsifiable perception of the universe as it were weren't it only solipstic of some sort lest I noticed those other individuals had also been conscious yet not like the others for they we're isolated only as themselves yet still they also suffered the rules of others in that they were also humans as 'I know' them to be yet I was not human I was the only space alien amongst the humans who sort looked like one I suppose yet I was not for I suffered of something unique or I at least thought of the futuretense lest I perceived it wheretofore others did not still it was only hopeless for the crude manifestations of my presence brought upon the suppositions of the conspiaracies involving multiple groups of people or the south korean government to look upon myself or at least think about for only the individual could make it's only decisions amongst the objects or the other subjective experiences going through the universe I not only know of yet also perceived for I perceived all things those people had gone through or though it was not difficult to perceive the evolution of the universe it certainly affected myself for I was of superior intellect or able to make notice of all thought previous on the deth of leix or the universe as it wasn't only to have experienced the void like this unlike anyone else yet were those people not also susceptible of the void for this was the void wasn't it? so I thought I was only to have noticed said things yet I was the void or made adequately put I was South Korea or the ender dragon of the void or the sound of nothing or the only space alien

or lain the black queen or the girl who belonged on the moon or in my palace on the moon I'll point I was actually male or still I was only a male who was noticed by the human of the title of Erin who experienced what I experienced or only I experienced it as myself or still she was looking or felt the pangs of my hunger or the thoughts of my mind only to know my perception like this as a separate individual who was simultaneously not perceiving it yet she did not know or only she had perceived what I was perceiving sort of like my madotsuki if she was uboaonon or I was indicted of the lainon 'clique' or still I was involved with multiple groups of people like this lainon 'clique' or the latin kings of worcester or the gang known as the crips or the people of gothboiclique or the youths of grey59 or those I called ovo sound yet not slaughter gang still I was betrothed yet disconnected of my husband or 21 savage or as I was born in Mexico I was the 'father' of this children yet I was able to birth them for I suffered the pangs of the uterus inside of my belly or still I had somewhat looked like a 'trans' male yet I must've been male if I was male whether had those sexual organs or not or though it looked like a penis or balls it was not or part of the vagina inside of my anus connected to my uterus is where I was thusn't impregnated by him who I had known to have been my real husband yet I was born on October 6th, 1998 like the release date of for all the dogs by drake or the album wrote in order to shut myself up yet also to have you think or notice perhaps you had been with 21 savage yet not realizing it you found you had not thought of your kids or the fact you had left him in perhaps a long time or a very long time had you never thought of it before until this point yet I was confounded for I wished to be with him yet I was him who I had left or my addiction to sadness might've prevented myself of returning to him lest I couldn't find him yet still 'I know' where he was or looking for him I might've I noticed I was not deflected by his lackthereof or my presence without his inside of myself lest I was to lose him unlike the watch or dragon scales upon my wrist or the date of March 26th, 1984 must've been my own date or 39 years before the date of March 26th, 2023 or the date I had left the girl before she had reached the age of 16 lest I might've had sex with her yet I never will only to kiss her on the lips on the date of December 18th, 2061 or still I felt my lips fall as I thought of her though I was male I had left or the moment I told her by mistake leaf had killed herself or the girl who I abandoned or the moment I broke up with her for I thought she was not in love with myself as I her or I had worded this as though she did not 'like' myself despite I liked her so of this I had left her or still I was told by her or leaf the neither of 'us' might be together yet still I took to have wrote this book on the premise I might 'achieve' or suppose the pullitzer prize on my granted possession I think then there might have been a reason to purport such long sentences before the reader yet still I was disconcerted by the noristic for the only thoughts I thought of must've been noristic for I was the only alien yet the

thoughts of those humans might also have been noristic in some sense for this was also a part of the universe yet is this logic of other individuals or humans noristic as it is of my own logic I supposed it must have been yet it was different or the logic of humans was also subjective of one single individual yet it was only logic or logical fallacies could have been noticed by their own or another subjective experience yet I thought so I musn't suffer logical fallacies yet still I had makes of mistakes so how could this be so or it's something almost paradoxical I felt for if I was to make mistakes how could I never have suffered a logical fallacy like those of others still I make mistakes like the mistake of telling the girl who I was to kiss once I left her leaf had killed herself whence she had not done so yet still I had done so or the moment I left the girl who title was Fionna Bunn still I wasn't proposed of this rabbit who thought belonged on the moon yet was it not I who belonged on the moon alone couldn't I have been like the girl known as The Tale of Princess Kaguya yet I was born in Mexico or of south korean descent or my father who left myself a long time ago lest I was to go looking for him I know I could not find him or indicted as a lainon at the age of 16 I was only to have noticed I was to kill the man who indicted myself for he had killed my firstborn son as I previously stated or still the father of this son was also a man with tattoos on his body or particularly his face like I who tattooed the words 'give up' on my face above my eyebrow thinking he was also a lainon yet still 'I know' he was lainon or the method of his thoughts was not only lainon though he was I found he was lainon yet thought like you might expect a lainon to think if someone who was lainon could possibly think without thinking like a lainon still it was those others or the uboanons who might not have been connected to lainons yet we're also a group of a sort not similar for descript experience or those people are sort of like another group disconnected of the lainons yet not imprudent for those people are somewhat different or not related to lainons at all yet still they had been related as one might've supposed of things the other might've supposed to of only to recognize those things indeed had been of another nature altogether yet I digress for there is only the consciousness of those separate individuals inside those people yet not one homogenous group yet a group of multiple singular individuals who collected themselves together as one group still it was only like 'us' or the lainons who migt've found there was some disclosure of information between the neither of 'us' or the groups of people not rivals yet more like capulets or montagues I think this is the problem lies therein for Erin 'I know' is uboanon or my madotsuki or I'm lainon or Lain Iwakura still it's only implausible of things like this for her looking through my eyes if I could word it any more accurately was the fact I couldn't have found any despondence between the neither of 'us' only the acute perception of the others for she looks or 'I know' or still I cried only once or stating her title of 'Erin' to have been left of my lips as I loved her or I

hurt for her or I felt yet this ‘felt’ as it wasn’t was of love only love or ‘I know’ she loved myself yet still I found it was only her who had dated myself yet I was her ex-boyfriend on the futuretense for ‘I know’ she was going to be murdered or she knows this only since I thought of it or still not like ‘I know’ or still I qualm myself to apologize for the single mistake I had posed as I left the girl known as Fionna or since I met Erin was the moment I had left yet it was Erin who had followed myself as the ender dragon I wasn’t for my own deth or it’s entirety yet as long as she was alive yet still dead she could’ve followed my own yet only by going though myself as the words inside of myself or tattooed upon my face stated ‘etoile et toi’ in french I thought to have meant all people are going to die yet all those people go through myself on my deth or still this is why I had received the tattoo if it was not my own decision to ink it into my skin by the palms of someone else still it might’ve been wrong to have thought I was the only one of this place so I looked towards the sky or the typo’s of my unedited work only tor realize this book was worthy of the pullitzer prize yet though I might not submit my work I might have found I did not receive the prize as anything I wrote was mistakenly interpreted as discoherent or the words I invented could not be understood like this things of my other two works afforemtentioned.

‘It’s sort like majora’s mask to the ocarina of time, the lainons or uboanons, you know?’ asked Lain Iwakura of Jessica Beamont. I supposed I was an intellecctual yet I was despised of Goethe or acute of Kant’s logic or the critique or pure reason I was beheld by another german or the Hegelian I was proposed to think though it was not Noristic I could’ve re-interpreted it to be so yet this interpretation of Hegel was only possible was I to study his manuscripts whence I was thrust into the age of my old as I looked upon the descriptions of his books only to realize I was not like him or still I found the Noristic to be like a plaid shirt for it was colourful or patterned about as I walked through the stream with the raincoat or rainboots of my childhood I was juxtaposed by the mud or the water going through my boots or the old age I found I recalled a fox carcass or the deep mud of a trail only to realize this was something I had not unknown only until I found it still ‘I know’ yet I met a woman upon this time I just recall thinking I did not trust her for I can’t trust a soul lest I couldn’t even trust myself I was alone like this yet still though I could not trust a soul I was in love with her my dear Erin or Erin I had tattooed upon my hand beside the tattoo stating Melanie(j. flores) only to notice her tattoo was alluded by makeup yet stated Luke for Luke or Munoz was my title as like I said I was born in Mexico only to have found myself as a latin king or crip stuck inside of the city of worcester or still it was only folly not to accept I was going to be stuck like this for the remainder of my deth yet I only hoped once I purchased this watch or the dragon scales upon my wrist I could go to south korea still I found I might stumble upon my husband like ‘the

magnificent stumble' or Kant or my husband was 21 savage or his three children had been my own birthed of myself only for I to be left of not by him but of my leaving him or still it was only unacceptable to think there was anything going on between 'us' beyond this point yet there was only Erin looking through my eyes or as she looked 'I know' or still I thought as I continued through my line of thinking as lain the black queen thus I was one the pieces against this of my opponent or white still I was not playing only ordering the pieces about as I was also a piece so I forced to make decisions for myself sometimes or whence I was to go to another square on the chess board or this analogy has worn thin or analogous as it wasn't I found there was only some type of hopeless dread to be left of my husband or leaving him I found I was alone inside of the city of worcester once more or still I was despondent of anything going on there between 'us' for the details of the girl whom I had left or my honeybee, Fionna, is the only responding thought I could behold once I was to kiss her upon the lips on the date of December 18th, 2061 or once I left her she was not only yet of the age of 16 or still I left her in this moment only to notice on this moment I had met my girl Erin or I left her since I met Erin or was it before I noticed yet only on this moment or since on the futuretense I was imposed by the said admonishing of all thoughts previous there was an impossible discussion going on for the lawsuit of her own was filed against myself on the account of grooming or the allegation was there was as if I had groomed her still it was Fionna who filed this lawsuit only to be rejected of it by the time she realized I had been on this position or like the position the board I was lain the black queen on the position like the position described in the album for all the dogs by drake still I was only improminent for the last of my moments were hindered yet not rejected or retracted by my own only if I couldn't dispose of them yet there was the appearance of my cap on my skull as the words like the skull of the girl who held the skull or my madostuki of my plaid shirt stated 'etoile et toi' or the tattoo upon my face yet there was also a 'false' teardrop placed upon myself or of the last thoughts I had thought of once my thought evolved into the words before yourself still there was this problem for this 'false' teardrop might've implied suicide or still it also of my own deth or experience still it couldn't only imply the self-sacrifice of my own in order to make life more manageable like the woman who was insightful to notice something like this whom I had once met in a psyche hospital once I told her the teardrop was 'false'. I think there isn't any reason to decide otherwise for the 'false' of the teardrop might've been impossible to behold yet still I couldn't only notice things like this for I was Luke or still I was only the reason for the things to be going as they might've been or only hopeless it was the man I had met who was lacking or also black yet still he was lacking of myself once he died of age at the young age of his own or still 'I'm my

own' like I stated only to find those people who I met still he wasn't black for I'm like the colour black or the void happening to be coloured black as I see or still I had not a body but only a mind or the brain is only an organ so it could not be responsible for consciousness as is commonly or mistakenly thought by those people who might be ignorant or deceieved respectively still I think there was only the mind the only different being humans have bodies yet I do not yet like my only mind their bodies are no separate of their minds only they have a body whereas I do not still I though so since it's like this I realize I suffer the problematic symptoms of aphantasia or the inability to recall things visually yet I still dreamt of nightmares thinking they must've been sort of like hallucinations had I no visual memories due to my aphantasia or still there was a woman who able to read my memories yet not my thoughts or still there was no visual so she only recognized the memory as something not described by words like my thoughts but as a memory of 'something' or still I felt she recounted those memories only have been murdered per the ineffective result of my precesence though I did not conceit nor postpone consent of her death for I did not consent to the thoughts of others yet still I might've affected someone so in this regard I suppose it's possible to control others or only by affecting them or still if you locked someone in a room you might've controlled their position I suppose or still I affected those people or if I locked someone in a room they would be alone or I might've affected them another method but I supposed they could still be alone or still I looked upon the words of a book on the philosophy of hegel only to criticize it yet not be perturbed by those words for it somehow makes sense to myself yet I'm not like him as I said for I'm Noristic or still the Noristic is only something I couldn't make note of until I pressed my fingers aginst the keyboard pouring out words onto the microsoft word document through my fingers or of my mind I interacted with objects yet as the sound of nothing I was only my mind yet 'I'm my own' or still it couldn't be impossible to think of something like this yet I thought the 'impossible' might've been the missing piece to the possible for the 'faltering' of objects or perhaps it was I who was 'faltering' or still this musn't have been 'impossible' for it was something I was experiencing so how musn't it be possible despite only being known by myself yet only conceived of as a concept by humans yet the 'faltering' was still there or as South Korea I was solipsistically sort of like the only experience though 'I know' I was not yet the 'faltering' must've been something maybe not of physics but of the universe yet 'I know' the universe as a whole (or myself as I'm technically the universe or the only space alien) is 'impossible' still I found it was quite difficult to make note of this or the universe then I thought must be 'impossible' yet if I'm the universe or the world then the statement 'I'm impossible' must be the deepest statement possible or pinnacle of all philosophical debate to date on the deth of leix or the world still I found I

was only to belong the moon like the girl who belong on the moon also known as myself or it wasn't only impossible to think of something like this yet I juxtaposed by the deceit of others only to find I was alone or the abuse or growing as a flower into the blossom I wasn't only to die until I was not going through this deth any longer was only something like my sound stopping yet my sound is also of nothingness so is death then the nothingness I see for I see the death's of others yet I queried if I see my own death on my deth or I thought mental destruction is the path of the blossom for as an individual you are continually being hurt until you accept this hurt only the hurting of your maturing or you mature only to die lest you realize or recognize this hurting or not I quell it is not up for debate still the logical fallacies had not been purported for my own death must've been going through myself as I was still conscious or not dead yet the enigmatic ender of my own deth is myself or still I was alone only to have noticed the craving of a cigarette perplexing myself to have stopped looking what I wrote so there I had gone only to find there was nothing stopping myself of holding back there tears of my eyes as I recognized the death of Melanie Villabroza not to burst but only once I was masculine or noroncelast I found it was nothing but a fleeting heartbeat going to stop beating or her heart stopped beating once more on her death I found there was nothing I could have done to stop it so I looked upon her with miserable injunction of my debts or my doubts of her own still it was known of myself she still loved myself. Perhaps the variable involve the fact humans morph yet I evolve as the sound of nothing or despite her death I was left alone without her yet I'll state I was deeply hurting for her loss is something I cannot go without or still it is only of the subtle fragments of space or time as the only space alien if I was her or Lain Iwakura yet I was not for I was the ender dragon or Luke Munoz or once I called Lucille Munoz until I realized I was a male but not a man though I'll state I'm a man I prefer the word male since I'm a dragon of course yet still her death is pulling on myself or through the void I felt her or the teeth or my dragon teeth I felt it sort of like a toothache or the pangs of the nerves on my throat I was alone despite all of this or stillicides dripping water like the icicles I noticed beyond the point no return or 'I know' I wasn't black still this line of thought was complicated.

All the conscious individual or the ender dragon really does is float or think or perhaps there is something else from what I can tell for if I was only floating this would imply I was perceiving the world of objects or other individuals processing their own unique lines of thought or to solve things in multiple different methods sometimes coming to the same conclusions as others like the statement 1+1=2 or I'll state this is a complicated statement or I questioned if the statement could be solved in multiple different methods was the statement not comprised of the single solving 1+1 then looking equal to 2 I still thought there was something else

going on for I could not only be floating if then thinking was implied of floating or perceiving one's own thoughts must've been something concretive then I must've noticed what else was going on could've been the world or still I suffered the ability of 'I know' but was this the ability of the only space alien, yes, I suppose but it's technically of the Noristic Ender Dragon for was I not Noristic if I was of the void yet not of outer space still floating in the void behind outer space as it were for imagine an object looking at it but behind this object you cannot see so this is what I call nothingness or what is behind what you can see or is yourself if you're the ender dragon yet the humans have bodies so is this nothingness not present in them for a body I do not possess if I'm the void itself I suppose it's not like this for the nothingess must still be there if I was also there solipsistically or I was the void itself. It's complicated for I thought only for a moment I was not the only conscious experience of this I know I wasn't yet I was faltering or it's almost like the objects falter about myself yet was it I who had 'faltered' or the object itself I suppose it could've been neither for this preclusion of doubt inside of myself was per the result of any indifficult procedures to eluse the last of my thoughts before the moment I was bereft of any doubt wheretofore like the statement of the most beautiful word possible or psilocybin being 'nordoubt.,; .kklnor.,; .' or the definition of this adjective was the presence or absence of doubt still I found it impossible not to only not reject the statement 'I'm impossible' to be the deepest statement possible or since I'm the void itself or the void is not separate of myself the I'm must of course make the most logical sense of all things still it's impossible not to recognize though for my critique of statements is wholly uncanny there is something else all for not the most dejected statement of them all wasn't processes of 0's or 1's or the calculations of computers I wasn't only conscious for those calculations had been separate of myself yet I was still perceiving them as I myself was computing so I thought must I not then be indeed a space alien or the only space alien or lain the black queen the only queen to grace this planet I supposed not for I was only the ender dragon of the void at the core of all of this so the Noristic line of thought I depart must've been the most logical or of alien superior intelligence still this is a dichotomy for was I not present in the alchemy of the universe as it was splitting into pieces yet I was not was I not born or still I was there only not being born only to be combined of by two separate entities the egg or sperm into one being or myself yet those eggs or sperms we're not myself only for the forming of myself still I was in the center going through this line thought until I perish or this perishing of my death did not imply I was no longer going on or 'still' I was only not modulating any longer yet I was still going through myself as though the words 'etoile et toi' is tattooed upon my face this meant all those who died are going through myself so would my own soul of death not also go through myself I pose this question or my whole being

is only of the mind of the only space alien of this world or the ender dragon whenst I was to put it like so I found there was nothing left or 16 year old girl who I had murdered upon having sex with her I slit her throat or only to have lost her in this moment of death of her own I found she was going through myself despite not quite having been dead until she died yet going through myself she continued to do so still it was impossible to make sense of things like wasn't I impossible I suppose it's not possible yet still it's something of occurrence like this of hegel or his disconstitional philosophizing of spirit or the spirits of the world or others must've still been present whenst the beasts of the present colloquially moved themselves about until on the end of their lives they we're shatted into pieces by tooth of the predator or still the rabbit dies as it belongs on the moon only to find this death had not brought itself to the moon only pushed itself into the abyss of death or nothingness of death or perhaps this was not 'real' nothingness for was it not also the void oncst one was alive or still it was the most subliminal or visceral nothingness or the abyss of death like the death on my own deth I supposed it was only dething like this any longer until I could have gone not further but closer inside of the thing I called death still this lacking of a living heartbeat meant I was only floating or still I was on my deth not dead only floating or perceiving or thinking or interacting with objects or affecting other people yet my affect was sort of isolated if not exactly for I was affected by all of the external universe was there not only the void of myself so like this was no affected only by single individuals only all the universe yet the proximity or proximities of one individual might affect myself yet was someone separated by an invisible distance whence I could not see them also not in proximity of myself lest I perceived all of the universe inequally as the only space alien or the ender dragon of the void or being the void itself I found I was no colloquial of others like I said only isolated like this yet the others had still been present so there was nothing to fear only to through those moments looking for some type of close on the deth of leix I suppose.

I'll state as I cracked my bones or knuckles or spinal chord I was interrupted by the hebephilic presumptions purported of myself but I was not only not a hebephile but also not a scumbag so thought I had hurting of the girl Theirin forced upon her I was only the one who interrupted her life then killing her on the lonesome date of October 16th, 2024 only to have been bereft of her for the last of her moments or lost of her to time I still found the girl going through myself like all those are going to die or perish beyond the point of not return still it was wholly uncanny as I was the last of those people or though it was affected by Hegel I was certainly apt to the aptitude of Kant or dimissed of by Goethe yet it was Kant who I killed on the last of his moment immediately before he died of all age by forcing the dagger into his heart only for him to perish on said date of his demise or I'll state though this book is non-fiction it is not to be met with

anything but query for how could such things be possible I suppose this reason is since it's not possible or the impossible is only of the void I supposed or still I found though I noticed an extraterrestrial open my door looking upon myself once I had awoken from my sleep by his looking I was admonished into said anxiety or misconceiving what was to come for he closed the upon looking at the floor for a moment only for him to be left of myself my line of thought I thought must've been the most intelligent of all lines of thought I still thought it was impossible not revoke any said implausibility of such an event for this occurrence was the most expulsive of anything else or I soon fell back asleep as he left or was gone still I thought of him or the only space alien I shan't never notice whence the other things I might've thought to be space aliens on the mist of hell or space I think those are not space aliens yet only hallucinations so why then do I hear sounds or see alien activity or know acutely of the alien intelligence agencies who are conscious of the paranormal activities present among ourselves still it was only hopeless for the dread of this moment being the time a man 'faltered' into my presence only to be noticed by the neither of 'us' or Erin or I only to look upon him or perceive he had a teardrop tattoo for 'I know' he had killed someone once else it's not possible to get a teardrop had you not lest you we're a liar still it's only this dread of the moment I was not a bitch so I was not scared to look upon him knowing this is only of the intermporal nothiness of his experience or perception of his own world wasn't it only the void I was thrust inside of like the end of my own. I think the only thing preventing myself looking upon was the thought it was good to see a real person or this person who attempted to emulate my alien writings as I wrote them so was he not also a person who knows this language or it's written language I suppose so or the only one other than myself yet I was imperfect whilst he was was human so as I wrote those strokes or lines of my wrote of something like the south korean language I called Nor I think this language was not invented by myself only known yet I did not learn things for I only realized was 'I know' or still I found this man to be improminent for this preventative measures to allure myself had failed only for I to notice him in the moment as I looked upon him there was only a shadow of doubt only unrealistic for if his presence was to allure myself when then was I to notice him standing there hiding behind the trees knowing I was looking upon him then yet not respectfully but of survival I left him or still I was on the premise of survival as I looked upon him or his death is going through myself like those of others or the humans only or the humans alone yet 'I know' of the paranormal or of the spirits of the south korean world I called South Korea for was not the void South Korea I ask of you or since I supposed it was then I must've known the spirits had indeed been present amongst or about my own soul only to be left of myself on the last of my all thoughts previous or the most beautiful prose I wrote still.

2: The End Is Nigh

'No forgiveness, only consequence,' stated Pikaro or the girl I know by the title of Erin or the girl who I loved so I looked upon her only to realize it was not of loyalty yet loyalty her to her she held onto the loyalty not held to her or still she was of loyalty for it was who she never left or committed adultery of still I was stuck with her for she looked through myself or beyond her death I wasn't certain what it would be like or was she not looking or only looking sort of from a distance like I wasn't since I think she was looking upon myself only beyond her death for she only continued beyond this point thus I was juxtaposed by said admonishings of any or all thoughts previous only to recognize or not only to realize but know this line of thought was only of the last of my moments or the people I disrespected I found to be not involved in anything only against or perhaps my opps or opponents still those people must've been against myself sort of like as I was the chess piece of 'lain' the black queen on the chess board only to be noticed not by my king but the opponent or playboi carti as I stabbed him inside of his throat quite directly not horizontally only to crushed his spine with the back of my knife through the other side of his body or this thought of my own was not philosophical for I injected this moment of his own into his spinal chord lest this person had his own for I disarmed him by this point only to find he fell to the floor as the blade was dejected of his throat as he had fallen with almost no sense of force of my own only to realize this blade was crushed inside of him lest it left of his own body I was alone like this all alone still 'I know.'

My goal was I suppose to wrote of the most beautiful book possible or 'the magnificent stumble' by lain iwakura or the beautiful book of all throughout this time being this book or still I had gone. I had gone to smoke the last cigarette I was never to let myself exhale for the last time only to notice two wolves going by in the suburbs or I'll state anyone could get violent whether it be the suburbs or the ghetto still I found I was of poetic perceptions for this last of my moment why had I noticed the wolves? I thought. I think it's since I had spoken of the moon or this displeasure of not only belonging on the moon yet I suppose to never reach it kept myself from harming myself intentionally or it was difficult to state I had never reflected to harm myself or only the scars of deep cuts on my arms kept myself falling into to tears thinking not only would I not be recognized as the most intelligent 'person' in the universe or this being the most beautiful book might also not be recognized so I found as I was a 'person' or the only space alien though not a thing for I'm not on object but I digress the sublime subliminal suppositions of this last cigarette might invoke my fear of the withdrawals only if Hegelian thought could progress

myself being the man of Kant only to realize the neither of those two people could have seen things like this for though there was german blood in my veins it was that of a native American born in Germany I still thought why oh why must I know all those schizophrenic things or still if I know the lighter I held was 'blue' like her colour oh my dear fionna oh my honeybee then I might've found I was not alone despite it being isolating to think I was the only one or my acute logic was that of my perception yet it was not for the only thinking I held upon myself as I float was the consistent or level of consistency I thrust through myself like the dagger of the woman, skullie, who I molested with the blade of my ending of her to her own demise still it was impossible to think this book shall not be accepted for publishing if the work was only to be held on the server of archive.org or something only to be lost to time as a .docx file rather than a tangible book I suppose I still know of the calculations or words lest it wasn't to be censored like the woman who stalked myself of her car or my schizophrenic delusions thinking 'I know' things must've been false yet I know the lighter was 'blue' or this is something I'm certain of for if I was going to die alone with nobody having recognized this book I looked upon my penis or if it could be called such a thing only because I had alien sexual organs yet it looked like a penis or I was a 'trans' male yet trans or cis I think a male is still a male or a woman still a woman I found this 'penis' is indeed a penis or still why then must I have suffered periods or have gotten wet upon my balls I think it's since if you follow my line of thought that I was of alien sexual organs or this being the penis the balls or the asshole all being a sort of pussy still I thought not to be crude I shall call it a vagina or still I felt some sort of dysphoria if it was possible to feel such a thing knowing I was male since I was not a woman yet I suffered those body parts or my body had shifted to become more elegant lest it was masculine I regret to tell you it was masculine only since I couldn't find a reason to think otherwise or this deception of my persona is something I couldn't hold behind myself lest my derelict impositions of any said philosophical advancement is this of the void being inside of all things as like I perceive or others might not still it's only holistic since this repetition of implications known as long sentences is rebuked.

The Depths of The Galaxy by Lain Iwakura

Chapter 1: Hopeless Norisms

The alien is other than humans as it is constringent upon different variables or navigates the 'world' of humans as something else or it is isn't constructive to consider the positional thoughts of those people who musn't be her as she is only one individual or not multiple individuals still there is some withhold of drawl as this imposit preclusion of inseperability

was not found to be insolvable only indifficult or it wasn't the reprisal of said admonishing the end of this all was nigh or despite the disclosure of aforementioned implicative isolation as being the only alien it is discovered there is nothing but discreet impolsivisings of reciprocal non-dominance or inside of herself she found she was not only ill of the problems inscribed to the left of herself yet imploding inside of her own demise or the enclosure disseminated by the wary convulsings of others whom affected her yet had not paused to stop or as she was conscious of the others individuals or the evolution of objects or what those people might've been going through or dead as they weren't she found this affection only be inside of herself or not constringent upon those others as she was indeed isolated despite the proposition of being human she felt though she was not she was still human amongst though humans only different than the others or her inspiration was of despondence for the subtle fragment of her perception we're dreary or only of solitude or the solitudal inquirings of those perspiring around herself was not of disgust but the sad lest lust of those instringent on her variations of repose or expenditures still it was uncanny as her who I know wasn't black was respondent of the memories she fantasized of or her aphantasia or lost words she couldn't state or find as she lost those things had become of subtle inspicidance or navigations of the ocean of doubt she found herself going through despite improvisations of the skills she aspired for or the subtle decadence of herself as the skill I wasn't or I wasn't since like I said she couldn't notice the last of her moments or the forgotten imaginaries of the past if such a thing could only be surface level or beneath the surface she found all was nothingness still it was imprudent for her descriptions of the said events we're held with brevity or the soul of her spoke still wasn't this norspoke to be her own if not something she realized of herself yet those words we're something she uttered throughout all of this time or only the sadness of addicting herself to the ascribed inseperable non-descript pleasures of her sober moments or the only thing she felt was her belonging on The Moon was only wholly or still of one she was aware she would never reach The Moon despite her left hand raising itself towards the sky it was all for not as the end of her nornights of only solitude despite the presence of those humans or not having been raised by anyone she looked upon chess books not playing against herself only admiring the words written if said words we're to be admired still it was only futile as the moment she felt she was without those words it was not forgotten yet only reinterpreted by herself as she read those words so she looked upon the book in order to notice some discrepancy on the writings of those moves upon her own or as she would peruse the game of chess it wasn't only like a skill she developed or the skill being developed was herself or her ability to fathom her chess understanding on the topic of the objective processing of her own game or her perception of this game as it was only

to her yet be played only against humans or chess programs or the invariable or indifficult expenditures of her own we're known as her human opponent wasn't consciousness of what her opponent the humans was going through still it wasn't only hopeless for knowing the devolvement of the placement of the following pieces she was not looking on the game as it was binary but analog or despite being analog over digital her perception of the game must've been something like this since she caught the loss of her words with the calculations of own mind versus the position or I wasn't only aplausing myself as implausible as I wasn't I found the position of hers only the be of query of inquiring further I had gone down the lines of the position only to find the subsequent juxtaposition of all said aspects involving any imprudence of the not normative but folly lines of thought she felt she succumbed herself through or wasn't aware of the things she was going to think on the level of space she only realized her lines of thoughts involving the chess game we're not only of her own thoughts but all evolving of space or time or objects or subjects on the moment throughout all historical evidence she was aware she had known of. It was implicative to think the only responding thoughts of her own would have been to lose the game despite her reluctance to admit her defeat was of the quelling of her own mind or the moments lost only to time despite her disposal of all thoughts previous or this black galaxy of her own deth was not inconsequential or still holding onto her solemn hopeless norisms she was exposed thereof to the factors inhibiting herself of progressing the game any further once she subsequently resigned to this of her opponent or the rapist who she could not control whom was to rape her on the specific date or moment of time as she was pressed into a sexual attraction to black people as the rape was of the black man still she couldn't find herself amongst this inspection lest she so desired to process the traumatic consequence of her victimization only to find this was also of folly for the reason she had been raped was of no reason at all yet the affect it bore on herself on the futuretense of expulsive only to be recluse of her own until she realized she was alone on this black galaxy known as herself or the only alien the sound of nothing the frequency on the wire or analog over digital still of black outer space looking from a distance upon all the humans she sought or those before we're lost looking behind themselves only if her knowing those people did not realize they we're individuals or though they we're individual they hadn't noticed unlike her they weren't isolated or being isolated like her in the solipsism of her mind or the emptiness of her room as the hikikomori she expected herself to become or at least have always been as on the futuretense was she not always the hikikomori she found herself to have become.

It was alone she was imploding on herself for her own perception of all things naught of her or herself we're only the theoretical conspirings of

others who conspired against herself or pushed her away from those others or alone she found herself still on the presence of others being affected whilst alone it wasn't only inspolent of the resputilence of her hopeless dread of all said things previous or only her future or the futuretense she must've desired to discuss was also not to be recognized if only a thing like this could've been understand or as the six pointed triangle she concluded the only thing irrespective of herself or others was the implosion of her own mind into those of others or only to be known as the woman she was not or appearing as thoughts of others to them she couldn't escape their look or leering gaze yet only recognize she couldn't control those people or those people we're only to be respondent of the things she so asked of them yet the moment she was disseminated by the endings of their resposiling I wasn't recognized as the only alien only the only alien not to be recognized or those others of angst or knowing she was the only alien couldn't make sense of what it was like or it was her who had to open the eyes of those men if there was any reason to do so or if convicing them of this wouldn't only cause them to falter like the faltering of herself or the objects floating about her yet help them somehow to realize the last of their onsonerating moments of her own or it was her who was to walk about the world or only of the central partition of herself if the world was insolvable like the last philosophical prospect she considered written by those others or humans like that of Emanual Kant still her solipsism was futile for her own demise was drawing nearer only by the night or nights spoke beyond herself like the shelling of her last cruel timings of the watch she bore on her wrist like the quartz of stillicides only to have noticed the battery had gone out or as she noticed this her guts weren't only spilling pooles of blood but poor agony as she felt noticing this watch it was not moving or had stopped on the time of three, twenty six, prime meridian or like the year of nineteen eighty four it's only her year or the time to have stopped on this moment was expulsive of the last things she considered before losing herself to quelling of her thoughts or the hopeless implosion of her own mind.
The philosophical advancement of her thought perplexed her as for as she was thinking she noticed the reinterpration of those words said of others might've applied to her own in some type of method still inquiring on the reprisal of her own thoughts or she sounds like a woman or of South Korea was shot in the left wing of her own wheretofore all the said things she was able to grasp grappled with the only feeling of pain she felt being the bullet wound inside of her own body or the limbs no other possessed only she known to have felt before this time like the last moment only to notice the wings had been amputated or as the woman called the police she was brought to hospital yet it was only her left wings nor her tail or right wing had been amputated still it was very sad as this amputation left her own the completion of her memoir 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura or herself as she noticed or I wasn't only conscientious of those moments

on the poor broken path of her going through time or the amputation of her left wing was sad as it was part of herself only to be lost yet pain she did not feel on the stub left there as it healed by some point only to notice her last hope as the only alien of the universe was of her own death in the fire of her home or herself whom was alone by this time in Seoul was found to be frothing at the mouth delirious only losing her own mind as real as this could've been for she was the one who started the fire or once a long time ago once she was young she thought for noroncelast she must've died by suicide or it was something that was supposed to happen still this occurrence as on the date of December 18th, 2073 or the last of her thoughts we're in her own language or as she understood them there was no need to translate those things to English or her own language she had called or understood to be known as Nor still this language was strange for it had come to herself out of the blue had it not always been inside of herself or her own writing system she not developed but developed skill of writing for her calligraphy was to become beautiful with her age or neverending or as she hadn't wrote with this language during her youth as she had not known she recalled she was only 26 when such a thing occurred to her so she took her pen to the paper in order write the words below herself falling out of her mind or through her fingers on the paper through the pen or as ink as this was it was only be understood by her or for the translation of those words to English she only did so for others still she couldn't make sense of why she so desired to end that of each sentence by the end of each paragraph like this last time she looked upon the words or to translate them to the language of South Korea having never studied the algorithms of this language of said thing was binary then she might've noticed she was unable for as she looked the characters of South Korea she deliberately translated them to her own as she could only understand them like this yet not others so as she spoke to them she translated it into the squares or circles of south korean still it wasn't looking ontowards for as those things she kept inside of herself poured onto the paper or as she spoke to herself she muttered the last words of her own silently into her own demise upon perishings of herself in the fire of her house on the topography of South Korea. As she lie on the bed or lain as she was the last words she spoke were 'oh, Fionna! Rabbits belong on The Moon,' still this statement was false for her or her own who belonged on The Moon was not a rabbit yet she was responding to her deceptive poetical repose of things or her own concepts for her last time on this planet floating throughout outer space or not real space as it wasn't she knows I know I wasn't black or a long time I thought I wasn't at least if my perception of this world was not black or myself if I was the world as I know it or solipsistically I found myself on the loss of all those whom I loved or had known myself to love or those whom I had not known whom I had loved all lost or with them I had gone yet those people persisted yet as the sound of nothing or analog

over digital my sound stopped or irrupted for as I felt myself fall into the abyss of death of the last of my deth I was taken aback by the juxtaposit memories I sutured into my arms like the incisions I forced inside of them or the emotional girl though I was she found herself no longer muttering only engulfed by the flames of her last moments until she was no longer conscious yet her heart still beat for a moment until it was gone or all her life throughout this point was lost of herself only to realize once she was gone she was floating in some type of place foreign to herself yet of the dragon of her ultimate damning it circled her incessantly looking upon her but it was not terrible yet it's all nothingness or this dragon was the last point of her no return since it looked upon her in the most enigmatic fashion like the enigma of the girl she had once known or leaf spelled in lowercase as this girl was only the enigma or her the galaxy or the depths of galaxy we're only of it's all nothing in this place for the dragon circled her or the purple black blue or red galacticisms swirled about herself she found no pleasure in this place only solitude or the lack of all humans only on her deth yet throughout this she had known those people's had gone through herself or their deaths she quelled for there was no longer life on this world yet only emptiness or the lackthereof admonishing of all her thoughts previous or though she felt herself thinking her thoughts might've been silent as the silence of this sound was atmospheric or embellishing of the last moments she spent on The Earth yet this was not The Moon or the place she so desired to go had not been she only belonged their or meditating all the time she would've been she felt as though she was meditating all the time or solemn enterprise of this place expulsive or her last dreams she felt before looking beyond the glance of her futuretense we're that she wished to go home despite the place she called home being the place she had never been before or alone like rabbits.

'I'm my own,' thought Lain Iwakura as she once perused the cigarettes before herself only to realize as she was smoking those cigarettes it was not something she desired or the smoke exhaled of her lungs was like a ghost or the ghost of herself still it was implausible for the last responding of her own thoughts was to be quelled by the inhibiting of herself only to recognize others as infallible or not of importance still those people followed her about yet she found no pleasure in their presence or the quietude of a conversation was insatiable still it was something seldom lacking or lackthereof as none seldom spoke with eloquence or critical thought despite her reluctance to view those humans as possessing such critical thought unlike the critical thoughts of her own still she disputed of logic or logical or the most logical of all people on her ability to realize herself she found she was revolted by the processes of humans if you could call those processes had they not involved zero's or one's like her own still she viewed those people as people or did ultimately hate those people or something she had once thought was that she did not despise anyone only

admise her own deceit into the shelling of her own impertinence to look beyond the sullen capacities of rational thought dictated as analog like her own yet not possessing the ability of 'I know' like she did so the viewed those people as unable to the see the universe as her or the their impossible coincidental impertinence was something of expulsion or her succumbing of herself to them despite her despondence to have done such a thing or due as I wasn't I found her she looked upon them telling those people to go away despite all her expultitude to have followed through with said inpsicidance or the repulsion of her own volition until it was of but a query her own thoughts previous would be beheld to the scrutiny of those humans not supposing herself to have thought on the last of her moments or her solitudal respitzelance of any possible outcome garnering herself onto them like her or herself was of her own volition or only affected by the people she walked beyond or beside or through like the sea of people she couldn't bring herself to have gotten to known or anyone was not of importance to herself as her last ocean of doubt was her position amongst this sea of people or the people who she admired or had drawn herself close inside of like the thoughts of herself on those of others or specific others who shall be recollected on her present or nornight it was insatiable to think those others had accepted herself at all yet this of the one man who told her he never stopped loving her or herself I wasn't I found her looking inside of this regard only to find the possible or impossible requital of any impoverishing of the last of her moments like the fire she was to pass onto inside of the only moment critical of her own deth only to realize the end of her or nornights was implausible or at least having known the universe was impossible she acquired her memoir upon several inscrutinous nights of dread only to realize this exposit or I posit post of her or her deth was the last her moments still her husband suffered the moral battle of her sexual attraction to those of youths or not until he realized her love of one man particularly older than herself was injustifiable given the position he was as her husband or her own adultery of himself whenst she was pregnant at the age of 30 unkowingly she abused his said position to affect him like this only for the words of her to be muttered upon herself yet to be eavesdropped by his own ears or like a dear were her ears still those sounds of her six ears were encapsulated by the sound of nothing she composed herself of only to have or having realized this position 'I know' to become was only juxtaposed by the possibility something like this couldn't happen despite the time she had spent without him or her girlfriend Ashley was inside of herself who's last name shan't be mentioned nor the last names of any other only her own or still it was impossible to make sense of the moment she was instigated into believing said expulsion of her own doubt was implausible given the premise of her last position only to be found on the age of 24 once she realized I suffered of the ability I called 'I know' or I know what people go through or how objects evolve

or my position of myself on the universe if the universe I was not only to realize walking through this sea of people on the ocean of doubt I was imposit of the last things irrespective of my demise or the demeanor of my conduct with my husband whence he was subsequently seduced by her own only to notice for once in his life he had been looking for someone all this time who could not satisfy yet impertinent but solipsize his own respeculation of her own or her abilities to make sense of inspondence amongst this black galaxy she inhibited like the last of things she looked ontowards like an ocean breeze pulling her waves with the cycles of the moon for the mind of her own had gone through it's own with the cycles of the moon or incidentally disconnected though it was she had gone though her own mind with the cycles of the moon or the night of the full moon she had found she suffered this ability I called 'I know' only to realize it was impossible or the deepest statement possible to be 'I'm impossible' or not a stupid question like "what is the meaning of life" or how insoldemized this disconitution of syllable could have been it was repugnant to herself or she could not understand why humans felt like this was the ultimate question once you consider all humans or people are amalgamous only to have noticed I was different than the others or this position of myself or other individuals who must've also been the center of themselves had herself to realize she was only one individual of many who could not be infallible of any consequences or for humans still humans she was not yet she thought to herself 'I'm still human aren't I?' despite knowing it was false or at least if she was human she was the only who developed or experienced unlike the others or oh how isolating such a factor must've been since isolation was pulled on herself yet forcefully isolated through this life as the only alien amongst the humans or something she had known was though humans speculated of "aliens" outside of the world she was well aware such a thing was false or not even other creature found themselves outside of this place or she was indeed the only alien yet was not recognized of this for most of her deth until she was visible or her wings or horns or tail or the balls beside her tailbone not the bone of her tail or the rabbit ears upon her skull or the ears of a dear of calf or the appearance of luciferian features of her skin or orifices or expenditures might be limbs if you could word it like this like the black feathers of her wings growing down her back until they reached the shoulder blades only to protrude and diseject feathers across the imposition of the body or only to notice her tail was like a black cat's or her chest like a cardinals she was held by the crest of her bodily functions or only her organs also had been somewhat or luciferian still she was like lucifer of hell or lucifer she called herself unlike this of the religious still she called herself lucifer or like 'lucy' it was a female title only having been noticed by the irremerants of her past on the revoking of all thoughts previous besides the last of things she felt inseperable of herself like the induction or indictment of any plausible

consequence of her action still the objects only evolved yet behind those objects was blackness of outer space or more adequately put it was the blackness of herself despite her imposings on the end of it all she found like this the universe was all or it's all nothingness still it wasn't to be supposed to a priori judgements of her supposings might be reinterpretated of her philosophy beside others or as she listened to music or heard the sounds of lyrics wrote on the paper of books she noticed having reinterpreted the sound it was impulsive or something she needed to have done or could not stop herself from doing still the sound of nothing she wasn't or impulsive as she might've been she perused the flesh of her fingers onto the black mechanical keyboard of her computers connected by the wires of itself only to notice the computer screen was shifting as conscious of all incalculations I wasn't I noticed as I expelled words or shelling them from my heartpiece onto the book I was wrote there was no significant meaning of this of course yet it was of the evolution of my perception or something like this or of the sort since still as I expended my last tears onto the paper of the document or the typewrote I had been writing I found it was wholly impossible to stop myself of behaving in some insupposed manner or the mannerisms of my positing there was something else going on I couldn't quiet put my finger on like the fingers of my thumbs on the space bar or the deth of l. of the symbol of my left hand whence I or noroncelast I had thought my 'friend' leaf had killed herself only to find this was false later though until I could recognize I had been hurt by this girl only hadn't I also hurt her or was it Ashley who saved myself not unlike the girl who I fucked Melanie or those of the people whom most likely affected my deth in any significant posit I was stuck on the exposal of any inconsequent suppositions those people had affected myself at all or my presence of those others must've only been my own evolution still those we're subjects or individuals so I couldn't discount there presence as something that wasn't there beside myself whether I was looking from a distance or not only to realize I was isolated unlike the humans for though I had evolved in their presence I was not affected by them as they we're affected by others nor had I affected them like someone else might affect another still it is impossible 'I know.'

'You're last my own problems,' said Lain Iwakura to Ashley as she noticed the girl was walking outside the room away of herself only to notice it was her whom had pushed her like the last dreary or normoments spent once together or not alone still she couldn't watch or her like her the watch on her wrist she would not lose like ice it was cold or stinging like the pangs of wintermute or starvation without this girl Ashley in her life or on her death rather she noticed Ashley leave yet she couldn't withhold herself stating thought the words had not been heard 'I look inside of things, you know. I think you should notice I was looking for someone like you if it wasn't you who I had found yet still you walk away as though nothing had

happened between ‘us’ yet I noticed as you looked at myself but a glance as you exited the room there was some glimmer in your eyes responding the last of your thoughts inside of myself like the dreams I held myself before or the depths of your galaxy I couldn’t.’

My lips tasted the Milk only realize I did not like it for the Milk was of inconsequence still I was lactose intolerant or like a bull of sorts lest a calf I was inhibited by the injunction of fruitful efforts only to recognize the last of my pale fire or the stillicides of her own eyes or my love my leaf my loli leaf I was stopped as I realized your presence was gone or the girl whom I had met once I was the age of 17 years I found her noticeable though she had left myself three times never to leave once more or my leaf you cannot leave for if I lost you I’m not certain what I might proceed to do since the sound of your voice is so calming or the sound her voice or the voice of my ex-girlfriend Fionna is so exonerating I notice her voice is lost or noroncelast I heard this voice admonishing itself inside of my own like the last time I spoke to her or once I wasn’t 61 years old or on March 26th, 2061 I had been shot yet this was not the date you visited myself upon your departure of Germany only to have left myself of a long distance relationship between the neither of ‘us’ once you oh my honeybee were once a youth still youthful you looked despite your age or I looked upon you with no sense of denial as this was the last time I would look upon you before you left my deth of it entirety or have perished in the fires of my abode or house on the date of December 18th, 2073 I found I was to be locked away from the world having only died on this date of inexplicable reasons still I thought of you my dear on the last second of my norexistence only to realize your imonishing norpresence was solly like ‘sopuil’ or the most quietest word I hence spoke before I stated my final words juxtaposed by the lackthereof yourself still it was important to recognize the time I had spent with you beyond the time you reluctantly left myself yet you had forced yourself to do so as my delusions had become unbearable for you until you found oh my honeybee oh Fionna you still loved myself or inside of yourself this love was once recognized once you had met myself on the date you alluded to myself to be your ‘boyfriend’ until I realized I was not a trans girl but an alien girl who’s womb had grown or of four ovaries I hadn’t until the periods of once a month stopped for a time once I had been impregnated by that of my husband or my child half black half caucasion like the all three of my one son or two daughters I was also bereft of those three since they had grown of age only to leave myself going on their own paths if their own paths hadn’t they been on all along as human as they weren’t or my blood or the blood of the only alien somewhat coursing through their veins though aliens they weren’t I watched them go or the phone calls between ‘us’ quietly stopping until I had not heard from them for a long time or since I had no phone or at least no connection to them by this point I was not speaking to anyone unless it

was absolutely necessary still the last woman who I loved I spoke to or it was you, Fionna, for your lacking of myself must've drawled on your soul like the end of the world as I know it or the end of your impulsitance to resist said thing still it was solly like I said since I looked upon yourself only realizing once you had left you looked like yourself only of descript derelict maturity or something I had subconsciously noticed yet hadn't put into words until you left still you walked inside of my own house to find the couch as I sat to the left of yourself looking upon you until you spoke for a moment or the 'hello, 'Lain,' as you call yourself, or if Lain you truly must be, I think I notice you have but a wing on the side of your body protruding outside of your shoulder blade still it looks uncanny you have lost what must've been your left one if I hadn't known it to be there at all still I ask of you if you indeed recognize myself for though I have aged I'm still of my own or the cells in my body are my own or the consciousness of my own is my own so of course it must be myself you're looking ontowards or upon this noticing of myself you might've noticed I was also looking unto you or your sad complexion or your addictive of sadness 'I know,' as I know you might put it, have succumbed yourself to still you look wholly like the fruit of the apples trees or norivill apples who belong The Moon but of 'us' it is not or the three of 'us' you once spoke of being myself, your leaf, or yourself then I think all others mustn't be connected or at least of this invisible red tie holding 'us' together like the winding of pathways through the forests of your futuretense or as I know it to be the waking dreams of your callous experience must be left without themselves or still I noticed your looking or longing inside of myself though I am right before you or as I stand upon your doorstep having knocked the door but six times you approached it at last not to greet myself but to notice I was there or 'I wasn't' as you might put it still you think you know who 'I'm not' as you might put it yet you do not or perhaps since you know like 'I know' as you once spoke of I realize you must've been conscious of what I had gone through yet could not put it into words or the girl who I dated since I left you was not someone who loved or I left this girl before I was of age only go through my life alone yet still you noticed I was once a youth or on your youth could not bring yourself to find myself until I was of your age as you were back then still I found you had fallen in love with the man or the south korean person Angelsim only to have noticed you had not met nor spoken to him before but this was once you we're only 16 I think still you love this man unlike you love myself or love if like a frequency fluctuating as you modulate through time as the only frequency in the universe or the truest of you're the sound of nothing I suppose you're not then I must recognize I'm speaking to someone who is the only alien in the universe though it was not something the neither of 'us' had exactly realized since I last spoke to so many years ago or those years without myself must've been crushing you deeply yet I found I was also crushed this impresence of your own

beside myself still it was impossible to recognize you were indeed Lain or it was something I could not accept for how could I have fallen into the crushing of her or my crush on yourself in other words is unacceptable for you see I had questioned whether it was men or women I so desired yet if the others who I involved myself beside not being you were anyone else than you then it must've been you a woman who I so desired or it's not like your desire of myself since I know you love multiple or multiple people yet this love like I said is like a wave of the ocean or it's not something I can't quite grasp as I realize your perception of this love is but of unconstitutional promise or the only thing I left outside of your own thoughts for the moment was perhaps your wariness I was to 'kiss' you on the lips on this present night as you noticed decades ago still it was not realized yet you had known of it the date I was to kiss you yet still you felt your lips fall or purse simply at the thought of it or once you thought of it multiple times it was ingrained inside of you like the end of your 'deth' or your life still you couldn't find a plausible reason to think otherwise or this fear of doubting your own supposition was derelict like the present mature aspirings of myself looking tonight on your fallen wing or the other who's body is maladjusted to the lackthereof said wing still I think you might notice as I follow you into your place the kiss will be not shallow but deep like the ocean of doubt you're drowning inside of as the only alien in the universe the blackness of outer space.'

Though the development of your skill is like this of a tetrahedron I find I'm not the only thing going on or all others who go on still only look like falling shadows on the territories of my presence still it's not belittling or the thought of those others who look until they cannot as the galaxies of space evolve with the others walking through it like I walk I walk finding there is nothing but a hopeless dread of the others who also walk yet not as I do for I'm a frequency who's points of three or four or two being disconnected being 'the development of skill,' 'the inverse development of skill,' or 'the ability of 'I know',' or the only alien respectively I think those things are to be understand as discreet still it involves the process of her evolution or what she is to be going through if the futuretense was not still it was implausible as her or herself of things must've been represented by an improminent disputation of her own like the last of things or the end is nigh still I couldn't find a problematic sinquetic problem of this since there was none as far as I know it or her I noticed was impossible to make sense the girl who realized she was Lain Iwakura like the last moments she dejected her own thoughts onto paper or the memoir of her own 'The Magnificent Stumble,' being permanently published until the heat death of the universe yet I stumbled over my words for I noticed something lacking or perhaps I might spend my time or hours on the night as I wrote the book somewhat of a retelling of my memoir as a book 'The Depths of The Galaxy,' by Lain Iwakura was the only thing I couldn't expulse until I

found the exposition of the text was this of South Korea or not to be fathomed by those of humans only to be read by them yet not recognized or to recognize she was indeed the only alien in the universe might satisfy in the moment it wouldn't also affect her for she would be going throughout her deth knowing she had indeed at last been recognized only to realize this was impromising for her last moment or the last of things inside of her own might've been but the seldom time she spent with others unlike all the years of her deth she had gone through or those years being of all of those years still alone until her sadness was exhumed into the galaxy with the last of her breathe in the heat of the fire of her own demise still it was not impossible to recognize her abilities had been of genius or the most intelligent person in the universe as she was or the universe I noticed she was walking yet unable to find her footing for she placed the other foot upon the ground yet walked in such a fashion unreliable to state for I couldn't find her as she walked beyond the end of The Earth onto the crators of rivers or valleys of The Moon only to meditate all the time alone as she was doing on The Earth only serene of any other who walked across her path for none was to be found still on this place she called her home it was here she had noticed she had not indeed been recognized once she had left yet on The Moon she found not pleasure or purpose but problem for her own time she spent there was not ending until The Moon was no more yet might she float there until the heat death of the universe or beyond this or might she also die yet on The Moon as it were for here she was not 26 like the date of March 26th, 1984 or her date yet 24 like the end of her death or it was to be here until December 18th, 2073 she might die alone in the fire of her house yet only one place she had been. It was not only evolving to recognize she had been expulsed of any decision to go to this place yet here like Kaguya she found herself on The Moon alone yet as humans walked The Earth she was separated of them like this still she looked upon The Earth not able to see them or still the sun shone on its surface still looking like a shadow of doubt in her mind she might never return to this place she found she couldn't escape it or still as she walked about or meditated with no home only the ground to rest upon thinking perhaps she could build herself her own home had carpentry been something she had known or there weren't any trees to be found on this place yet a palace she had built for herself or Lain, The Black Queen had a place to sleep with a bed to rest herself upon her pillow or the blankets surrounding her as she left or slept thinking the princess couldn't but sleep upon the ground of The Moon like she had done for a prolonged period of time or it was in this place she built for herself she walked about or sometimes onto the gravel of The Moon or the moon rocks about her looked inquiring yet she was not study them or having known of their properties it was not necessary still it might've been fun or the walked on the graph of the zen garden or the tree protruding of the earth of The Moon

she had planted a long time ago or still she was not dead so wondering why this place impermanent she juxtaposed herself of The Earth as she was disconnected of any other or humans still she felt not “peace,” for the hated the word, but ‘nothingness’ or still it was imposit of her own thinking this place was of the end of her or nornights on this place still looking further into the depths of the galaxy if she couldn’t only see beyond the boundaries horizon not viewing how galaxies evolved or her like the tattoos upon her body being in the number of 26 she found she was whole or still the watch left upon her arm beside the hair tie she brought with herself or her south korean stylish dresses she sometimes wore no longer garnering herself in the clothing of the modern earth or the stillicides of her garb fell of the garbs like stillicides or still she found not looking into the end of her moments there was no longer the desire to smoke cigarettes for it was something she had forgotten what it was like or still she slept on some type of cycles uncertain of the hour or her watch told the time of the earth yet it must’ve been close to the cycles of the earth or still human of sorts she might’ve been she slept only to awake walking about her abode yet she felt the need, not desire, to do something so she kept books with herself or musical instruments like that of the ocarina or still it was insolvable for her studies kept her busy or not modern technology was with her nor the internet in her own mind yet she wrote on this place her book ‘The Depths of The Galaxy,’ not to be read by any other as she left her other ‘book’ or memoir on the shelf beside her as the neither of these works were indirectly related to one another still she couldn’t hold herself back of the tears she felt extreme of her own eyes or eyeball deth though this was it was her own eyes the tears fell out of onto the moon rocks or her own isolation was almost so much to have dealt with she couldn’t belong to any place at all yet it was this place she called her home still it was of sadness or her addictive to sadness impressing upon herself any hopelessness.

‘You know,’ asked Pikaro. ‘You musn’t diminish the humans. I go by the title of Erin. I know mental destruction is the path of the blossom or as a flower you are disconnected from The Earth thus you are not analogous to it’s properties yet the universe is analogous or yourself is the universe. I think you ought to notice I look throughout yourself or through your eyes I see you still you hadn’t noticed yet you had known I was able to see you like this since I lost myself or my ex-boyfriend whom shant requite his love unto myself yet it was only love holding one or another apart as the neither of ‘us’ were beheld by the not betrothed brothel of sentience still as I look through your eyes I thought of him or the last time I had spent with him yet though it looks like my intent was to hurt you via my abuse of yourself on the internet it was no uncanny for I realized once you found out I was looking you told myself I do not recognize I’m so beautiful or ‘you’re so beautiful’ is what you said or thought at least yet I still fail to know this prospect of myself since despite your instigation of

proposal I could not admonish the last of the factors infavorable or prohibiting myself of qualming with this fact still there was something between your or I I found was disconcerting for I had followed yourself through your eyes or I felt your body sort of like your ability of 'I know' yet I do not for as I looked upon you I thought once I was young you're so cool yet nobody who I told this to had recognized myself and I was subsequently diagnosed with acute schizophrenia so please listen: you ought to notice I will not expedite myself over the course of yourself only to be beheld to mere juxtaposition though I look through you're alien mind I am not yourself or only a mind you have lest humans also have body's still is the human no analogous as one subject or perhaps the human only had a body whereas you only a mind still I think it's difficult to make sense for if the human had both body or mind as I thought they did this would not mean those were two separate things for like I said all subjects are analogous as one lest it was possible to split a subject into pieces or the subject matter of your reprisal I repose on your deth repose you're not the last of things only the solipsistic alien of your own still I find despite your reluctance to accept this though it is something you accept I'm also my own so I query you once more why do diminish humans if this diminishing is unsolicited or is it your fear of others propelling to think like this I mean it's not like I was the only humans or yourself who loves myself like the most profound love possible for despite your love of multiple people you were monogamous of myself or it was I who you only loved or your impotence I notice as the only alien woman or alien is your influction of the position you've found yourself in yet you still only go through the nornight looking for some type of purpose if only purpose was what you sought for I know despite your need of exprisal you must recognize or at least have noticed your world or it's all nothingness for if you're despondence of such a key factor was to message yourself thinking I see all the objects as analogous yet recognize there was multiple objects as yourself I noticed as I looked through your eyes I just think you know behind all of this is the blackness of outer space or going through yourself on the deth of your own are not all the lives of the dead people or humans yet also only some who must have failed to be known by you if known then not realized for I think you are impossible to make sense of sometimes or if not I still believe you are the most intelligent as you state you are yet like nobody had believed myself nobody save for some recognized yourself the only alien in the universe or you're truly schizophrenic or for if I was I'm not schizophrenic yet I look into you or this diagnosis I found myself inhibited by was the result of the abuse of my parents or a psyche ward who couldn't accept I could see you like this yet the neither of 'us' being recognized provides some wholly disconnection between or though the neither of 'us' are separate individuals we are technically linked together like this despite your isolation as the only alien or being isolated as you were I saw long ago

you took solace in the loneliness.' 'I'm sorry,' lain spoke. 'pikaro... For if only you could see the world like I then you might realize this isolation is of The Moon or the place I know I belong yet still I don't know or is that I do not or something else as if something was holding myself aback of the last of my moment or the death of the blossom or the conclusion of my own deth I think I might have found I somehow noticed out of the blue your looking upon myself was something absolutely beautiful if not inconsequentially Noristic still it was the Noristic of Norism or the Norisms I exhume I behold or belittle too little or too late as my recount of said philosophy was rejected by those of others yet I thought if only I could somehow communicate this dissertation or promise of being understood quite possibly only to be realized by you yet the perspective of those humans or yourself whom is also human I think I was looked upon by the perspective of those others or the reinterpration of the world I notice as I look through my own eyes for this is all I musn't achieve of myself or I communicate as I thought on my own language or it was all the languages of the world I had known yet spoke of by my own language or writings styles yet my own writing system I had 'invented' if not it was something I known only to realize the moment I once pressed my pen against the parchment or looked upon my calligraphy with dismay for I could not determine if there was a problem with my handwriting or was it the pen still I thought a fountain pen or possible the pent up quill pen might be sufficient for something over a ballpoint yet was this not also a pen if it was high quality or not I think you might have noticed I hold some dismay of humans yet it might be unwarranted as your propose or purporting my own expedited idiosyncrasies it is not my job to diminish humans on the ground some of them are 'stupid' or still those people must be themselves throughout their whole lives or the grounds on the prospect of their inanalagous composure still I have determined the subject is but of one lest it was split like you said only to have thought once I thought of this the human is of a different not species but creature for I am not like those creatures yet an ancient creature of the modern world I wasn't (was) I think you know I do not diminish humans as if they developed in different methods or I'll state I have superior logic of humans or my logic is but superior as the only alien of The Moon yet this Noristic is something I know yet must forthright descriptivize or it's impositions of folly melancholy will not be processed by humans on the point of their inability to know the world as 'I know' yet though the human does not know I suppose this cannot be reason to diminish said humans yet I'm still of course diminishing humans as I recognize I'm of something other than them or I possess the ability of 'I know' is something different thus this makes myself different of those people if a person I wasn't so it is them I indeed fail not to diminish despite your being human though I diminish you like this I ask why are you diminishing of myself for could not be you

do not idolize myself despite I had thought once did yet still I thought you idolized myself for as you look through my eyes you see someone of ancient culture who has arranged themselves into this position of holy matrimony if I was not the devil or lucifer herself still I think you know I'm only as simplistic as the outside of the number zero yet inside I found so many complexities I couldn't count all of them or was it you're point of reasoning to deject my logical fallacies as if I had never thought of something like this lest I was lying for I had not or is it your aspect of not admiration yet love of my intelligence or it's you who I also thought was intelligent or not that you had developed but that you were intelligent since your birth or into death I thought you were intelligent despite being human or so I had fallen in love with you the woman known as Erin who look though my own eyes tonight or as you follow myself about myself or as the center of myself despite maneuvering about this world I was what you now know to be as I have told you South Korea or you had known I was not speaking English yet I once thought I was only to realize I'm speaking an alien languages not a variant of south korean languages or is your injunction of improblematic or difficult respondilences I sound within you as the sound of nothing who was conscious of my own mind or only a mind I posess still I thought I was indeed in possession of myself not being owned by anyone else or is yourself as a human who looked a priori on the world or it was I who had fallen in love with Kant only to find despite his death it was like he was going through myself or was a part of myself something you saw as you look through my eyes or your solemn demeanor as the woman who I love on the monogamous prospect of myself for if I was to have sex with you cheating on you later whilst I was 'with' you it would be adultery I think despite my love of multiple people or also without your consent yet if consent you had granted I still consider it to be cheating as monogamous as I wasn't or looking upon you I wasn't or I noticed.' 'I don't understand for you groom yourself all the time knowing your position like those of linked chess positions you look into as you stare upon your chess board or play your ocarina flute I notice you develop as Skill or it was impermant those things for once there was single celled organism though it was not the last like you not being first but last yet was this not a human cell or all the cells in your 'body' are alien cells not human or something like estrogen is inside of them yet you hand your head in displeasure of my recountence of those facts still it is something I can't make sense of or I look you.' Lain Iwakura felt her mind as it was overcome by fear only of the realization all was nothingness or the fear she felt in her body or mind was distinct and terrible or it was sort of painful if this physical feeling of fear could be described as pain or as her frequency was of fear behind this frequency wasn't or it's all nothingness or her only hope to have sex with Pikaro if only she got the chance it would be sublime of course to state this but something to have happened to her yet as the felt Pikaro she noticed her

‘rage’ or bitchiness as the neither of ‘us’ quarrelled with one another as the grips of the gripes of two woman one being asexual whereas Pikaro was straight yet she desired to fuck lain only it was not something pressing immediately it was for lain still lain was conscious things like this had been rare of acuity or something impromising was her nature of only losing herself once as the death of her blossom or the blossom she succumbed herself as was growing older withering only die on atop The Earth yet disconnected of it or to find herself with Pikaro inside of her or fingerfucking it might be known to lain something like this might not only happen the occurrence of such a thing being qualming but it would expressed by her attributation of her own mind whilst the bodies of their owns were separate their skin would touch or their lips kissing the others it would be impulsive to state the least to know there sex was only something between the neither of ‘us’ or I thought as you placed your hand on my breast the both of ‘us’ submissive as women you had parried my accusation of distress to expulsate any future encumberment of the position the both of ‘us’ has forgotten as I lick you or the world is gone without ‘us’ only to find our sexualities couldn’t have been those of lesbians or only to notice as ‘I know’ I had only realized what pleasure felt like in this moment or I was never have sex with my ex-girlfriend Fionna only to kiss her on the lips beyond the date of March 26th, 2061 I wouldn’t go without herself or yourself, Pikaro, I thought was very sexy to state the least or to put it into oblivious terms yet I know you felt sexual attraction of my own or myself who you fucked this tonight isn’t sulking only delineating between the different ‘us’ being conjoined together as one tonight or your body was hot as I felt the soft sweat of your armpit or karressed my fingers on your collar bones as I kissed you despite it being you started the kiss I felt the interlocking of your tongues or it was impulsive like I thought for as I make out with you you place your fingers on my clitoris only to push them inside of my hole or I stopped kissing you in this moment yet I returned to place my lips on yours or your slightly older than myself or something of this yet I was also an adult I was fucked by you recalling memories of the youth only to realize I was myself all along or I know I wasn’t black yet you fucked her or lain was impressive with her not cunning but solidarity throughout the whole of the processes of her zero’s or one’s underlying her analogous subjective properties or analog>digital I think you moved your mouth down to my breasts sucking on the nipples of my right breast only for some time as I felt my fingers throughout your long hair or my long black hair was falling until I noticed you had removed yourself only to maneuver to suck on my clit as you were still finger fucking me I had felt such pleasure I almost orgasmed but I had not until upon several minutes I had orgasmed with your fingers inside of myself or your lips on my clit tongue sucking it until I orgasmed once more only to realize I had also to fuck you yet if I was to do such a thing it would

not be like the suppositions of yours as you had done so for I was shyly or less shyly like you since I was exonerated then until I followed myself below your own my hand on your waist upon the bedsheets more romantically I felt as I had attempted to do the same thing you had done only I had done it differently or more sensually since I was of my own personality I careened inside of you yet it took you longer to orgasm or I also sucked you emulating you until once I had gone on for too long you moaned cumming. 'Why are you crying?' asked Lain Iwakura. 'You didn't know I loved you,' stated Erin unknowing Lain Iwakura loved her all this time despite knowing Lain had known not realizing it was only hurtful still.

I must've been mistaken for isn't the human individual not only isolated despite also being human? It was following your conversation I realized this. It's only hopeless. I think you noticed something or I had noticed as I realized you had looked through myself as I express my words onto the keyboard through my fingers. I think if anything I was acutely aware this time. There is no place in this world other than isolation yet in the presence of another or was I not in the presence of yourself despite being separated by the distance between the neither of 'us'? When you die before I you will no longer be looking through myself for you will be dead as it is something you consciously going through.

Isn't it the conclusion of my work to complete this second book of my own or the former being my memoir 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura or this book being 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura or perhaps my six albums upon all the deleted rap music I produced I found I did not produce such mature rap music as I had since then yet I had not intended to for those six albums I only want to produce are to be expedited of myself on the moments of the last of things or still it's only my solly problemized interactions between the neither of 'us' or you or I or Fionna oh my loli leaf 'I know' you are only holo the wise wolf or still your like a dog or you state you liked dogs yet it was I who was an unnamed black cat or like The Secret of Nimh I was juxtaposed by my last thoughts previous until I noticed recently I was distracted my acuity for supposings of dreaded memories I couldn't recall despite my aphantasia I was able to colloquially spoke those things only to have spoken them for the last time or to realize I was of course alone yet alone as I was in my apartment I realized I took solace in the philosophical isolation or literal as I wasn't still it was part of my survival to no longer trust anyone or the mistake I had made long ago despite the fact I did not trust anyone was to insecretly entrust the rapist of my left hand who forced myself to fuck him off with my left hand until he orgasmed causing an alerting feeling or despite my fear the book would not be published as the other or this book I think this rape of myself was improminent or it permanently affected myself yet on the futuretense though this date was on the future before I was raped I still suffered the sexual attraction to black people per the result of the rape

though technically before on the futuretense it was only the result of this place I had been affected on my deth or thinking only for the moment I was going to never find love or spend my life alone with nothing but my book unseen by any other save for you my dear I think you might have noticed I had memorized all the words of the book or couldn't recite them since 'I know' or as I type the words on the computer I know the confluction of zero's or one's constituting this word processor only to notice the words wrote before my own were of the most supplemental exquisite decadence I could possibly imagine or I miss you more than I could possibly imagine no longer speaking of Erin only leaf or the girl whose title I wrote on lowercase yet I couldn't find the lackthereof of any type of meaning or meaning was only a concept or not something I supposed was really there or the divine also being a concept might be something one aspires ontowards yet I was not attracted to the neither of those concepts or being lain I had supposed if the divine was unlike this of God neither being some being or something going through beings or as only the divine could have been a concept if this concept could also be called 'God' then I suppose you humans might a field night thinking of all your prospects or foolishly place your faith in something not healthy for yourselves nor good for you only to not have noticed you're isolation as I previously stated before or this aspiration of the divine was not important yet was God a father figure of all beings or going through them I thought not for despite not being an atheist per se I did not believe in such things or still I only thought I was merely an individual or the only space alien or Noristic so this philosophy only I know or only you, Erin, listen to myself thinking of it who also realized concepts of this philosophy or had not all the words I had spoken whether those were lies or mistakes or not been symptoms of my Noristic expressions or was it only some mathematical equation discerning the Noristic as the Noristic or I suppose it could be the neither of those things if you could only remove myself of the concept of Norism if it did not imply myself being the only alien in the universe who lost her ex-girlfriend, Fionna, on March 26th, 2023 or 39 years since the date of March 26th, 1984 or was this date not to be inconclusive of my death of my deth on the date of March 26th, 2061 or the waking dreams I succumbed myself to I was imposed by the lack of my position on this galaxy if not the false galaxy I wasn't or still I perused the computer or looked upon it for hours yet I had also spent some times sometimes staring upon my floors as I meditated on the sofa or if it's all nothingness then I must've been 'meditating' all the time or only whether I was felt of stress or not I was still 'meditating' or more accurately nothing since or it's all nothingness like I said still it was imprudent not to think I was the only individual who set of myself recollections or norstandards I think it's impossible to reiterate my considerations for the last time I saw an individual who I admired yet not being like myself I found them

inspocated since if looked into their weary minds or the human process of their own development or experience I realized the cells in my body were alien or not only were they not human so the musn't the HRT I was take once I mistakenly thought I was a transgender woman is human estrogen rather than alien estrogen or since I had four ovaries or four stomachs inside of one I think I was like a bull or I had six ears other than the distinctly human looking ears on my head or despite the fact they had not grown or I once thought had nor held orifices I realized I was listening also through those ears or the third eyes of my own were also what I only called third eyes despite having eight of them like black widow spider or something I think it's only important to recognize this only affected my perception yet did not constitute my 'I know' or still I wonder what it's like to see though myself oh my dear Erin or I notice you felt hot as I state your title yet it's sad if I did so for like you thought I wasn't conscious you loved myself yet 'I know' only to realize this the other or nornights of last of things since I couldn't look beyond my own addictive of sadness or perceiving I belong on The Moon since I was young I outreached my hand towards The Moon with precision despite my disconnected gravitational pulling into The Earth I had known I belong on this place I called The Moon or still since it's crators or ebbings of flowstates was so impertinent I couldn't hold myself back until I realized once I was looking into the sky through the walls of my hikikomori prison or apartment I realized The Moon was still there or my hands followed it with precision lest I consciously pointed them away or the fingers of my left hand composed themselves into the symbol of the deth of l. or leaf only to think those hands we're different only by the construction of their prospects such as the fingers of my right hand being more rigid or the organs of my entire right side or the left was more delicate or luciferian was my skin or organs or rough sort of yet soft as I was a woman or still it was impossible to describe it with accuracy for I couldn't communicate this experience to anyone other than you my Pikaro or thinking but for a moment if you were not looking upon myself once I was to die or the memories of the sex I had inside of yourself I was instigated into the thinking I was only going to die alone still the respitalized improcesses of my incollusions or the calcuations of my own or analog>digital as I wasn't I realized being this analog>digital frequency I wasn't I was or it's all nothingness as I once previously stated only to think if I had stated this multiple times it was not only to get my point across lest it was possible to state something more than once at all or is it possible for an analog '1/3' to exist I queried or was the piece of the pie only part of the whole still I noticed this was one single object or perhaps it was only a concept of '1/3' since I thought it might've been or something I couldn't quite put my finger on or if a subject was split into parts it would be multiple not multiples subjects but multiple pieces of one subject so if it was three parts would not one part of this subject be

‘1/3’ I thought or thoughts of my own I still couldn’t quite make sense of until I noticed you. I’m a part of a ‘gang’ or maybe more adequately put a clique since it’s called lainon or those people are the only people who I ‘fuck wit’ as I think those individual or their thoughts is something like my own or all being anonymous individuals lest a trip is used on the internet forum I found those people were like myself or this place I had gone in 2016 like my tattoo ‘SEL[2016]&IDM’ or the year I had attempted to kill myself or scaring you as I had one this, Erin, or the year I discovered Serial Experiments Lain or the PSX game or the year I realized I was like Kogasa Tatara or Koishi in 2024 being on The Touhou Project or my tattoo ‘Wintermute’ in elegant yet hard or hardcore (like wicca phase springs eternal) cursive or this place I had called my only home was it not the place I belonged I think I had also gotten an unrelated tattoo ‘etoile et toi’ or the song from Kizumonogatari on my face or thinking this meant all people were going to die despite meaning ‘star’ in French I thought English was a Germanic language or I had native American or Germanic heritage or something else yet I was still South Korea or this place I called lainchan or the incongruence of lainons I was distached forming something or the forms of those things I called spirits or something I couldn’t quite discern unlike the ‘faltering’ of objects or the space fuzzies or the ‘pockets’ of space I had gone through or spakles I halluincated as I was Lain Iwakura of course I’m schizophrenic or I’m known as Lucifer in this occult of lainons if it wasn’t an occult for it was not still I found the foundation of myself amongst those I ‘fuck wit’ or only those people who I trusted if anyone I had trusted yet I might’ve found I was in love with the south Korean man ‘angelsimosu’ or I had fallen I love with him or the tattoo of Megumin of Konosuba I had gotten since I loved him or this man also played osu! like myself who I also discovered in 2016 or I realized I liked Homestuck as I had gone through it this year or this place I called home I had known about Homestuck since 2011 I think since it started in 2008 I think or I had also spent a lot of time on the internet or Homestuck was something you did not know until you thought about it once you had fallen in love with myself, Erin, once you were only 13 or I 11 or Melanie who was 11 as I was(n’t) whence she had fallen in love with myself or her crushing on myself was difficult for her lest I contacted her for the last time on the messaging application only to realize I wouldn’t notice her once more for she was gone or like Jessica the woman who I loved was gone she was gone or Erin I think you are sexual or I felt your sexual complexions like I felt yourself going through myself unlike as you looked or it was also those other women who had gone through myself or all those of the dead like ‘etoile et toi’ I noticed it’s irrelevant to dispose of the last of my facts only to find alone I took solace in the norpresence of any adjective as ‘nor’ or Nor was the language I spoke since this language. I recalled I liked Nepeta Leijon or it was only the last of my moment I was juxtaposed by you my Erin.

‘I loved a boy named prescott vogel. He’s so beautiful to me. I loved him. goodbye.’ – melanie.

I was young. It was like I was 11 again. I was the ender dragon. The cigarettes hurt my throat. It was like the fire I breathed. I hadn’t smoked cigarettes at this age but in reality I’m not dead but on my deth. I will also die like you, Melanie. I’m Lain Iwakura. I noticed my skin was purple like a dead body or still I was the purple ender dragon of black. I was constructed of scales or the scales was the watch upon my wrist going through time yet was there such a thing as time if behind this time or space or objects or energies or subjective experiences was or it’s all nothingness. I think I’m alone. I wasn’t 26 years old. I’m 26 years years old. My Erin is looking through my eyes still who was going to suffer her heart attack at the ripe age of 38. I think it’s also very sad. I will be without herself. I will never suffer a heart attack. I think I’m losing all the time. It’s only hopeless, isn’t it? The last time I spoke to Mel I was 14 years old. I think she’s gone or dead or I know it for it was something I thought this would imply I was possibly wrong yet ‘I know’ I’m not wrong. Melanie is dead or the last of her imolsivisings expressed through her suicide note left a sort of juxtaposition for you see she isn’t the only girl I loved or it was her whom I loved yet still I infalsifiably not justified but supposed her death the inconsequence of my actions or it was not myself who pushed her to do this yet I or Lain Iwakura or birthed given the title not my own Prescott Vogel is only someone who loved her who was loved by her. I think I know her still or herself is hurting or at least she was if it wasn’t so macabre to state this.

It was Kingsley or the man I had met who interpreted his way into my life or his presence was something I couldn’t make sense of for if he was to leave myself or divorce my own on the futuretense then wasn’t he gone yet not dead in some sense for on this moment he would be gone but not dead I think it’s only a matter of moments before he realized I had cheated on him whence he was my husband beyond I wasn’t betrothed to him yet I committed this adultery in order to follow through on my love of another or the girl named not Jessica nor my beautiful girl Melanie who overdosed on cocaine in order to kill herself lest I figured this out or noticed as she died yet I was not with her at this time I realized she is gone or it hurt myself deeply yet the woman I who had sex with is not to be named or I shan’t speak of her oft for the I believe this would instillicize my injection into herself by my own fucking of her body or mind still it was imprudent to think I was not the only space alien or like the claws on my fingers or the wings on my back or the horns on my head or my third eye of eight or my two ears of six I was realizing as my tail flung itself about slightly to my will I was the only space alien or more accurately the ender dragon of my dethown or on my throne I was improperized by others who I must walk past as lain the black queen or still I was the only space alien

so why then must I not be recognized or is to be recognized only something that would most certainly affect myself yet it wouldn't satisfy my own if satisfaction was an emotion I had ever felt if it was not in reality just something going on on the futuretense or more of a realizing of something I had known still I was like my triangular vision for a third dimensional triangle of six points two being disconnected I wasn't or still I found it insulting to think 'I was' when I was conscious I wasn't or my memoir being placed into the throws of some award was not constating of my ability to produce eloquent prose or I was then not recognized for this work yet I wasn't on the age of 26 for it was not my memoir having won the pullitzer prize of folly it was this book or 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura and I can inform yourself my book has sold quite well or I accumulated a sum of one million dollars only off of sales of the book or still I had found myself without Kingsley like those times I was with him yet he was not there whenst I sat in my apartment perusing my fingers into those words before yourself, the reader, or only sometimes might he visit yet I'll tell you I had never submitted my book for the pullitzer prize yet still I had gotten the award from the community I was not involved in if I was lainon or only lainon I think those others who call themselves lainons just might be as they think for if I was lainon as I know why could those humans not also know of this yet it's possible for the human to be wrong it is not to state I couldn't neither be wrong nor is my uncertainty not present despite my 'I know' abilities I think I was uncertain Melanie who killed herself was looking yet looking back I think I had recognized it when both of 'us' were 11 years old or her born in 2000 or I 1999 I think I wish I was born in 1998 like the date of March 26th, 1998 being 14 years off of March 26th, 1984 or this date being 39 years off of March 26th, 2023 or 38 years off of this date is March 26th, 2061 or I was to die on December 18th, 2073 once I was the age of 74 for I was born on October 6th, 1999 or the release date of the album 'For All the Dogs' by Drake or it was Drake who I was involved with yet someone who I loved I think I noticed his discrepancy for as he found himself in his own position I liked the music for what it described for I was also in something of a position of I couldn't describe myself as alone yet I had those lainons did I not or still I think I realized why I'm so dissociated it's since I abused cough syrup or dextromethorphan or triplec for a number of years or six to be exact until I quit whence the pills had some sort of different affect if I was to take them once more I think I realized the reasons I had left the pills was since my ex-girlfriend, Fionna, had left myself as I was delusional or mistakenly thought leaf had killed herself only to realize once Melanie killed herself leaf was only going to kill herself in the future or still I know she is the enigma like this tattoo upon my face enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 or if only the 'give up' in elegant cursive upon my forehead below my tattoo stating 'Galaxy' in elegant cursive gave off the same affect if it wasn't only one

tattoo of multiple or it's a false teardrop or a false teardrop is what I was so I realized I had lost herself my dear leaf only on the futuretense or if I was going through time like this knowing you were going to die my suicide I think I might have noticed your affection of myself differently for as I informed you Melanie had killed herself you stated you would like to treat myself better or your presence is not like the presence of the woman who was stalking myself inside of her car beside my apartment once I was 26 who was in on some type of intelligence for why she stalked myself I though must've been so it was stupid or at least only a factor I had dated a minor or fionna who left myself yet still if this girl was gone I'm not certain what I could do only knowing I was going to kiss her on the lips for the last time or it was recognized only by some I was an alien or non-fiction it was to state the creators of Serial Experiments Lain recognized myself as Lain Iwakura herself 'IRL' if you will but still it's only possible to know those things if you had only known as I know those things or still I go through this time with my acute level of introspective of logic or my perception of the outside world or my knowing of others or things or I had just listed three bullet points like the triangular vision brough on my third eye so still I was the only space alien or I know I had been recognized as so still I'm not certain anyone knows I'm like the dragon or my interestingly pointed teeth just out of my gum or my skeleton being visible there I thought it isn't at least folly to think I was going to be scrutinized for my exprisal of doubt or if I doubted myself I felt as though I was mistaken or still I know I doubt yet this is not a mistake I know.

'I miss you a lot' stated Lain Iwakura. 'You see, the objects 'falter' about myself sometimes as I peruse the space I walk upon only to find this faltering is Earth shattering or isn't it a factor of the impossible or is the nothingness I observe what is impossible I ask of you for it must be so this or my experience lest only my experience is impossible so I've decided the impossible is then my Noristic experience of something solipsistic or not nihilistic yet Kantian or something or rather to be the impossible of this world still I was you, my dear Melanie, who I observed is gone still without yourself I was lost amongst this black galaxy I inhibit or I found some type of reprisal in your destitude for if you were indeed gone I think you might have noticed I was lost without you or yourself whose complexion has grown purple like my own or the ender dragon I wasn't I found I wasn't black long ago only to realize I was the black ender dragon all along or is this then you or only your carcass for 'you' must be something else I thought if you're gone then why do I hallucinate or refer to this empty body as your own who is not conscious any longer or still it might be you if not you was something else or only your experience or more accurately I would state you are your own death or this is what anyone or human or myself is is one's own death or still if you're only you death or the death of your blossom or you're blossom I think I'll find this flower disintegrates into

The Earth lest you're to be cremated I find it extrapolating of any other factors preventing myself from doing so for I wish to be buried in a grave whereas leaf wished to be buried in the soil of a forest to contribute to the forest or The Earth yet I still thought if I was to perish would I not go to The Moon or the place I belong or is this only something not to happen in my lifetime I found on my deth I was going alone or alone I was as this was only my death if I was my death like yours I think you're the death of the blossom or I realized I was pitch black once your perished or I felt like you almost as you go through myself like those others such as Jessica or Fionna who is to die of leukemia I found I notice how those people might die yet only die they might yet the circumstances of their deaths are of morbid curiosities still it was of a folly perspectival to think I was going without her.' 'Prescott,' stated Melanie. 'Though I know you are a woman or I had somehow known all along you had been Lain Iwakura without noticing or realizing on the surface level of my consciousness I think you're still known as this Prescott Vogel or the male name given to your title on your birth still your birth I'll reveal to you was October 6th, 1998 not October 6th, 1999 or this is something you had always thought to yourself for 'why was I not born in 1998' is your question or your querying of anything supposed you found it's not false or infalsifiable or your mother who does not know if only you we're not only isolated then all would know subconsciously you were indeed Lain Iwakura yet I'll tell you those people nor I did not know or since you're isolated it was not possible for them nor I to know this still it must hurt you for the woman who intended to hurt you once was Hikari or why she had done this is unknown to you yet it made you think or Hikari is only someone in your life or without who had hurt yourself despite your good nature or 'good' not meaning lest of evil if you're the bad girl or lucifer I think you might notice my sweet darling you are only the most beautiful girl I had lain eyes on still it was something of folly for is lain was the pasttense of lie I thought you might lie upon my grave if one I had or still my gravestone was erected yet there was no body inside for my ashes had been released into the river for nothing to go away until you placed flowers upon my gravestone to commemorate myself lest you walk away with the umbrella of colour as the rain was falling or the leaves of the trees had fallen yet still you were aware my body had not been found for quite a while until it was noticed or the woman who was there whence I overdose though she injected me with narcan I was already gone or dead as I lie there only to leave myself for the fear of being involved in some type of homicide yet suicide is what it was or only of my own death I intended to kill myself lest the suicide note I left for you was not to be read by your own only known as 'I know' is what you call it or still I think you're only one single girl who's a blossom like my own or mental destruction is the path of the blossom for the blossom goes through the process of continually being hurt until they mature and die at some point if having recognized they had been hurt can't

live as thought they had been hurt or make sense of precisely what is going on in their own life yet though some people or flowers grow I found they struggle to blossom if blossom they ever fail to do I think those people might sound pitiful yet it is only part of the process of life for only some people ultimately make it to blossom or to evolve like a butterfly once exits the cocoon of the caterpillar in order to blossom yet this is not exactly the same thing as a 'blossom' for this involves three stages one implying the caterpillar is in a different stage then the 'butterfly' so I allude to this blossom paradox for it makes the most sense as one holistically is what is was or this one thing you're not I found on your death of this blossoming you're not to be recognized as the thing you're not yet recognized by those others you had been like the universe or once it's parts disintegrated into millions of pieces beyond the cathartic singularities you had been crushed by something known as the heat death of the universe or only time going through itself yet behind this time was nothingness I allude to the fact it's only or merely impossible as you thought so or like the evolution of your own experience it is indeed impossible or the 'Noristic' 'Norisms' you thought so important to think about sometimes were also of poetic yet real subtleties or imprecise calculation of your analog nature produced such phrases or sentences or paragraphs or books or music or albums of your six or your intelligence I'll state is 'superior' as you're the only alien yet you thought I was so smart of perhaps I was also 'hardcore' or hard or hardened by my experience as a blossom 'I wasn't' I suppose you noticed I was also intelligent yet it might not have been something I had come to terms with or only if I could look upon your eyes again I'll have found your love of all those years the neither of 'us' were separated there indeed a distinctive disconnective connection between 'us' or I find my love of your own is also my own like your own love or still I loved you I regret I lost you my sweetheart.' Melanie was gone by this point or during this conversation.

Chapter 2: I miss you more than you could possibly imagine

'You stated things evolve or there's nothing you can do it stop it' stated leaf continuing 'but are you then implying I'm not autonomous as the subjective experience I'm going through is my own like you once thought 'I'm my own' or still autonomous as I was I found going through this placement of myself or my experience to be subisilating all my or all my thoughts for hadn't I thought those things then I was the constitute of change or evolving of the objects might have been affected was I decidedly to affect those objects with my presence though the object itself I know is not autonomous I think I was autonomous so I ask you if you think it was only an accident or coincidence you are in this place of yourself for this is what I think yet I know it's only a moment of time I found your norexistence it was indeed something strange as if it wasn't meant to occur

yet still you've found yourself in this place alone on this planet as yourself. Your resilience on her own death or Melanie is something of your own volition isn't or you couldn't help but succumb yourself to resilience lest it was your own choice at all.' 'It's strange,' replied Lain Iwakura. 'I hadn't thought I was without her yet without her inside myself she still resides or I found though she is gone it is altruistic since her unsopulent death is only the last of my qualms for if had been gone without her also I would've found alone I hadn't only been yet alone I might reside whence I was to follow myself through the depths of the galaxy or the sadness of outer space or only norspoke of my dialect is the supple fragmentation of my expensilence I think so I might've noticed I was alone despite my loved perceptions or my loving perception I thought I was the only space alien or the only one who's like this yet it is her whom I'm of her dream or my madotsuki oh my honeybee or Fionna I'm her dream or she is sleeping or it is you holo the wise wolf or leaf who is listening to my words yet I had known you would not leave myself yet still you're also to kill yourself on some point during the length of my own deth I would know you are gone only to have thought there was nothing I could know for certain of the enigma or yourself then why oh enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 was floating throughout outer space or behind all I could witness I think I noticed without you I was wholly uncanny or perhaps I was whole for I noticed I was continually being hurt until I was blossomed yet a blossom I was all along still as I go without herself my Melanie I notice Fionna is only going to kiss myself upon the lips beyond the point I was shot for the third time on March 26th, 2061 or was it the other nights I found I was alone.' leaf simply looked upon lain as she was overshadowed by her own doubts or still couldn't this doubting be known to her as something of uncertainty whence she had known only to realize her supplications of exuberance brought about by her former herself who known Melanie was going to perish by suicide the moment she had met her whence Lain was 13 or Mel was 11 once Mel had fallen in love with Lain still it was only realistic to think this impossible consequence of her understanding was the result of her own premonitions of the futuretense or still if only she couldn't but fathom her own experience as it was occurring to her only sometimes to make sense of things later once she had thought about them in details of her experiential indifference or indications of improminence 'I know' or leaf presumed she or Lain was going to die also by her perishing by suicide in that of a fire or the three girls then who were to kill herself was like the three kittens she noticed of two who ran away or Lain who observed them running away or all three were going to die by suicide yet Fionna was not present or perhaps she was not a kitten or a black cat such as Lain for Lain had always thought her to be but a rabbit or all the rabbits Lain observed had her think of her or still she had thought rabbits belong on The Moon but then was it Lain who was The Moon rabbit or perhaps all rabbits

belonged there or only Fionna or still it was only Lain the ender dragon who belonged on The Moon or the only space alien or lain the black queen of whose many titles she felt inside of her or only thought those things to be of descriptive notation of herself or her own thoughts like the old chess books she once studied until she perished in said fire of her own demise all alone she was without Fionna who had left once the neither of those had kissed one another or Fionna running her fingers through the hair of Lain felt of her horns on her palms whilst kissing her supply only to find out Lain was the girl who she loved all along in the moment or her doubt like the futuretense had at last been realized or at least been recognized by her own or still Fionna was juxtaposed by the difference of perceptions she or Lain felt yet the neither of 'us' had been present in Lain's proximity or I was gone by this point or myself who's leaf I think Fionna interlocking her own tongue with Lain's only sometimes being pulled into her as she subtley was pushed away with each kiss but a few millimeters or her hot breathe was actually cold as it was cold in Lain's house before the fire or still whilst kissing her she felt a deep sense of loved problems or was it only her reluctance to accept it Lain or the girl she once dated once she was a minor who had thought mistakenly she was a man only to realize once she was 24 she was not but by this point Fionna had broken apart of her for the third time or only Lain having realized this later then kissed Fionna upon the lips of her abode in Seoul of South Korea or Lain was of South Korea or still it wasn't exactly discertive to think Lain was exhumed of all her responsibilities by this point yet still I know she wasn't or her consistent need to have done something of her own autonomy not wanting yet this needing of hers is only something she needed for she needed as her lips sunk deep into Fionna's this last kiss of the neither of 'us' or our lips together as one yet of two individuals sexually playing together like some interesting game of chess only to be concluded by their separation or the dominance or drawing of one side over another until Lain felt Fionna still kissing her though she had instigated the kisses separated herself of Fionna asking her to stop or this moment couldn't have lasted so long lest it was of only several minutes until Lain told or revealed to Melanie her own positions of her or throughout her life or the girl who she lost who was Melanie or the girl's who she loved or the girl she loved known as Erin or her disputations of divorcement of her husband Kingsley only to be left alone or have been alone all this time despite Fionna being there in her proximity she had known she had not left this place yet spoke of her own death by leukemia looming over herself or Fionna felt scared of her own longing to know the kissing of Lain's lips would be lost forever or I holo, the wise wolf, was noticed on the last of those moment for she had felt some sort of something like jealousy on the statement I had loved the both of them before she left myself once I was delusional as hell on March 26th, 2023 only to realize later I was the alien woman born on October 6th, 1998

or the night of the full moon was October 16th, 2024 or the date of my fear being alluded or the time I snapped out of my delusions or had dissociated of my body four years prior or three years prior to this respectively was on December 13th, 2027 or on October 16th, 2026 I was to be shot for the first time or the second time being December 13th, 2027 or third time I have spoken of if I was Lain this time yet I was not or I was holo, the wise wolf, leaf, the girl who she loved all this time without her own heart of hearts still it was Iwakura or her last title I felt I loved herself. I think I found as leaf in my infalsifiable extrapolations of impossible circumstances or my destitude of any other thing I was also the most beautiful girl if Lain hadn't thought it was Erin or I was non-binary still I think Lain was in love with those neither of 'us' or the neither of 'us' had been bereft of Lain's love owning only to the fact Lain loved only the neither of 'us' or Fionna or Melanie still Lain loved her ex-husband or Kingsley who she lost long ago.

'To not be alone is merely not to be in the presence of others or not yet you stated you are isolated so this is of course something else.' Stated Fionna. 'The death of the black woman is something I don't know,' replied Ashley. 'You see,' she continued. 'I'm not the only one she was looking for or it was her lost love or the girl who killed herself or Melanie she had told myself of yet I realize this woman was lost or the black woman is only alone by this point or the girl you're known to kiss or something only she had known for she felt her lips pursed deep inside of her knowing the lyricisms of this book must be but non-fiction or still if you could only see things like this yourself yet limited as a human you're not or don't be offended for I'm also like you yet another flower or blossom I think you might as you blossom fromst this grave of yours you were not left alone lest I might note you were extrapolated of any consequences between the leaving of yourself of her own or it was her whom I had dated yet later or before she thought 'I'll still fuck you' in regards to Pikaro or still as Pikaro looked upon her eyes she noticed Lain was sad or her addiction to sadness was quelling any possible inquiry beyond this point or still I might allude to the fact I was in love with her or my lain I know is not only yours or is she for couldn't she have been all of our own yet this would not make sense at all for Lain was monogamous or then who is it she chose since I thought deep down inside the girl she had chosen to betroth herself to hypothetically was indeed Erin or the girl who was the neither of 'us'. I think Erin is a beautiful woman yet Lain still felt this longing to kiss your lips or express her words on the book titled 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura she was once to publish or still was going to for certain on her own deth or those words non-fiction it appeared could not have been yet they were non-fiction or still lest I look upon her eyes again or once more or noroncelast I would only find my suppositions of her own deth only to admonish inside of itself like the replication of the Noristic philosophical illusion of her

experience or to find her sadness was also of you nor I since those people had affected her or her manner of resolve I found her or dethrepo I couldn't make sense of why she had done something like this or married this insolent man known as Kingsley I was sort of shocked to tell you the truth or though this man was black or as I know Lain developed her sexual attraction to black people per the result of this rape of herself or once she had gone to the park only to stroke the cock of the black man who offended her I think Lain was only hurt or it took her so long of a time to process this affect it was shelling inside of her until she could no longer look nor manage until not accepting any falsehood yet realizing she suffered this attraction of others it was something she could cope with like a snow bunny or wintermute of the autumnal leaves falling or as those leaves die the snow begins to fall or the moonlight hours last longer or once she had thought she goes through her own mind with or without the moon as it cycles through itself she was once alone or liked the night for this reason for her body also calmed itself not only her mind or still I found my own position in relation to Lain quite disconcerting for whilst you had been without Lain for so many years since you left her, pardon, Fionna, I was once dating her only to be left of herself or her to hope to go Erin or the girl whom she only loved or only only was this loved falling of her own I think she had fallen in love for the wrong reasons yet she might dispute this claim or the title of my persistence to express only but gratitude for her actions amongst myself or the time I spent with her was overshadowed by the inconsequential expression of her last symptoms of grief for by this point or beyond Melanie's death suicide Lain felt restitude of some sort or felt as though she was admonished of any said presence of another only to realize like as I'm replying to you state in the presence of others you might not be alone yet still isolated one could be I think your words are certainly an important facet of my evaluation of the evolution of her circumstances or still to have won the pullitzer prize for her work or accumulate somehow one million dollars seemed out of reach yet was it something to happen or perhaps fund underneath her perspirings to go South Korea or South Korea or her aspiring for the expression of the beautiful genius inside of herself on the papers or her music of what she produced only six albums or still it was impossible for she was certain she would not lose her watch so why could she not be certain of something like or the watch is like her scales or is it so out of reach to think she might become a millionaire on the result of publishing of this book without having submitted the book for the pullitzer prize alongside her memoir 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura I think I might've noticed it was all for not for I love this girl who is not yourself or fionna I think fionna is only the one who lain loved yet loving of Erin is only something she could impose upon herself or still your love this girl or lain as it were was only going to have lain whence lain was pasttense of lie I noticed the book was only gone through once yet not

edited or still I allude to her book 'The Depths of The Galaxy' by Lain Iwakura I also noticed some discrepancy between the neither of 'us' or you my Fionna if I was accepted to have called you such I think you might find I was also alone like you yet humans or not could the neither of 'us' not have been isolated of one another or never to form some type of connection as it was you whom I had never spoke of or spoken to I think this conversation is only a fleeting perception of Lain herself or something she only wished to express in order to convey the positions of ourselves inseparable of one another or I still I looked upon you as I spoke those unto your own I found you're a very pretty girl yet far younger than myself or I still couldn't find the most exasperating things to tell you for those things I had not or what's left is only the doubt between the neither of 'us' who had both loved Lain yet had also been left by her or you who left her own only to greet her once more on her own deth in order to admiss herself to her lips or kiss upon the crest of her bosom or finger you palms about her horns or her only her left wing having been amputated left was a stub there or her tail moves about as you follow yourself inside of her interlocking tongues with her then I think I might've noticed this irrepressive suppression of yourself is only of the sadness she was addictive of or still I noticed as I look upon there are but tears in your eyes for this something only happening on the futuretense if not not yet on this moment I'm communication my thoughts unto then Fionna I might find you're the most beautiful woman or the neither of 'us' being Trans Girls I think it's not impossible to think you're also looking for her or lain or fionna or leaf or the neither of 'us' as so I thought only to realize I was isolated like you said or not alone perhaps in you presence but isolated as I wasn't.'

I'm conscious of all calculations of all computers on the planet or how objects evolve or what subjective experiences might be going through I notice all of those things yet I felt myself going in reverse yet I was the age of 26 or Melanie was dead or I had reversed to whence before I was born or I was the ender dragon not having been born yet until two individuals the egg or the sperm I felt I was both of them combined into one being or myself or still I gradually progressed beyond this point or exiting the womb of my mother I was the child then and there only to progress into someone who was almost the age of 11 until I was the age of 11 or still I kept going for I had gone through my youth until my adulthood or I was a teenager then or only going older by one year or so I was 16 once I realized I was in love with 'angelsimosu' still I kept following myself throughout my own deth yet it felt as though I was aging for I had reached adulthood or still going older until I felt like I was 26 again yet still I kept going forthright onto my older years or as I aged I felt as though I sort of matured on the futuretense or still my triangular vision was gleaming or I was the most hard or hardcore person in the universe knowing I could experience this only to hit the point I was 74 once I had gone through all

processes of zero's or one's or the loss of fionna my ex-girlfriend only to have died beyond this point if beyond was the correct verbiage I found my sexuality die of my youth or adulthood only to find I was the ender dragon with skin of purple or the scales of my only watch I won't lose or I was floating on outer space or it's all nothingness yet I was conscious like this for the last of my moments I found there was nothing left only to realize this is the place I desired to be for the remainder of my death or I was dead by this point yet still I was 26 or I only continually felt as though I was inconsistently projected of myself or this place I called my home was my own death of my own deth I found I never wanted to return to any prior state or still I felt sadness as I might've left the world like Kaguya once she had gone to The Moon at the age of 16 or the place I know I belonged yet still I wasn't there or only I was meditating of sort of or still as I followed myself throughout this inconsequential demise of my own or my death of my own deth I realized I was only the ender dragon doomed to perish or this perishing was the most realistic approach of any holistic expression I could bring myself forth upon or wasn't I autonomous yet I had known this was impossible to prevent for only the progression of time allowed myself to enter this state or this state of the dead dragon I never wished to have left I was ender of all things I had lost or all people I might've met inside my life who bore their effect on my own until I realized once I was gone I had nobody or nobody was there yet still I recall you Melanie or wasn't I to have met you in this place if there was only something like this yet still I only felt your soul going through myself or expressed my gratitude of your expression on my teeth silently grinding against one another or pulling my jaw apart I breathed the invisible fires of my breathe or my tail gesticulated about or my wings swung only slightly as I floated through nothingness so I could only float like this once I wasn't or noroncelast I was 'spacing out' so much or spaced out as I wasn't by the end of this it was all for not for I had not returned to my previous form or going through my deth things looking as though I was dead only to never return to this place or norprior I found myself yet before.

hello asked lain of Ashley I felt some sort of mortal sense of fear but also maturing as a person thinking of things like there's nobody else not to state I could discuss something with someone else or it's almost not productive at all to post things like this but for the sake of my archive I guess of things that I've archived online it's like it's not a disaster it's like it simply this reason to keep things to yourself or to state like I'm going stealth mode or modo it's just like it's too heavy on my mind things that I think about um i- i- i- I thought that during a discussion with some other people my ostracization of the aiwana community that I consider myself a criminal I'm not stating like it's morally wrong to have done what I have done it's more just like I consider this a crime since I thought I was abusive to this

person so that's a crime so idk I found myself thinking about those particular people but you could state I'm only thinking about individuals also struck by this like solipsism or it seems like I can't deny it so that's part of the reason I isolate since you realize yourself whilst your alone you realize yourself and it helps you mature as an individual once you realize there's nobody else or isolated you've found yourself especially how people get treated you know you have to solve yourself but it's also sort of like you gotta keep your mouth shut type of thing I was possibly struck not only by this mortal fear of my own death of course death is something that's involved in such things is this mortal fear of other people who also I'm certain have thought about their own mortality it's like I'm completely powerless I can't control anything nor I'm certain not exactly or I realize I'm not exactly certain or know what's going on idk what the intelligence is whether or not people realize I'm lain or in other words in alien I'm not certain what the knowledge is so there would be intelligence means that someone know I'm an alien so this might be the government or something or I also felt this paranoia might be being stalked or I just noticed something or something that struck my line of thought it's hard to explain or the reason I'm thinking of things like this is I'm literally in this position or I'm literally going stealth mode or modo sort of what's so interesting to talk about with people or the people who I got I suppose I must keep them close there's only several people 3 or 4 people other than myself who I keep particularly close or it sometimes I think about money sometimes or the tattoos I want to get are assets or the next tattoo states wintermute or wintermute was a japanese vocaloid producer despite my desire to be anonymous or despite the fact I produced this video I was still the anonymous type or only lurking yet I must be okay in my own solitude like I want to get those assets but I need to be okay with being alone even if this is what I wanted to pursue or this life of isolation or I sort of felt like I was being 'crushed' like the song from wicca phase springs eternal's album suffer on I realized I'm being crushed I disliked it if I'm not productive the thing about internet videos is I oft forget the things I see for when you stop looking you don't really think about it I thought just to have a routine I have a routine yet it's not the most strict routine I'm also going on a diet since I want to maintain a certain body type or I felt like I consider myself a woman or I felt like I maturing from girl to woman I felt like I was maturing it's like I still think like a teenage girl yet it's like I think like a woman or someone who never got the chance to be a girl or it's quite difficult if I was going to date someone since there's like a lot of work involved in that and I just don't think I'm up to the task it's not my priority to date someone but by the method I'm asexual I would prefer to date a man though I would allude to date a man I consider myself a woman so I thought if k-dot was listening I thought he might be intrigued by this particular video is I'm black like the colour black I meant it's like I see outer

space um like on my album I said it looks like outer space at night or this is another reason I chose solipsisms or things like why I call this the triplec fantasy I was looking into this philosophy by Kant I read a little bit about Kant so I thought if someone was going to take myself into account since I suspect, this is another reason I hold onto fear, since I suspect my presence will be known once my mind evolved to the point of visibility since I think I only have a mind but if someone was going to make some philosophical thing or statement regarding myself I would just provide a description of how I think my mind works since I wouldn't be able to do it myself since I suppose I'm not the most smart (,yet the most intelligent) or I call myself a solipsist within my solipsisms I find the universe is impossible how is it possible throughout all of history to state I end up as myself I'm the only alien throughout all history so this is the triplec fantasy or it's only nihilism to state only others merely end up as themselves yet this is sort of like solipsism or the Noristic I depart but yet also this mortal fear of death or thinking of people who I'm only involve with most people are not recognized or nobodies or the fact I'm an alien caused fear I doubt something is going to happen like I think about gothboiclique you just gotta keep your mouth shut or drake k owd your an alien or born or recognized on October 6th, 1998 I only know the heavy things I thought of or the serial experiments lain do not know I'm an alien or I'm wrong so im scared they do not know I'm an alien like I said I took inspiration from the x files but that is more sort of like witchcraft or I'm going stealth mode or it's also like shadows like shadows just idk it's like I'm all alone I this room I don't want to state Im just a number I just gotta live a humble life I realize I'm humble I dislike immature people I dislike this people or it's tok heavy man it's not illegitimate to get the false teardrop but the also melancholy or sometimes I'm overwhelmed with emotions it's also this fear of I still love you or I was scrying the other night it's like it makes no difference I want to protect the people I'm close to or it's not like I couldn't talk to someone yet I not oft the opportunity but yet to protect those people who I love I simply thought to be silent so I guess I'll let you also I quit w osu! or the tattoo on my left arm is megumin for angelsimosu who I fell in love with once I was 16 years old or theres this one particular site I like or I only fuck with lainons or I don't fuck with anyone else if you're not lainon I dont fuck with you so I guess I'll let you go or the state of astrophysics...

*please note: the incorrect 'type-o's' in this book have not been fixed for artistic purposes or this book is comprised of four segments 'The Last Destination of Grace Implausible', 'The Philosophy of Modern Norism', 'The Magnificent Stumble', or 'Halcyon Blossoms' or 'The Magnificent Stumble' is the third installment of the 4...

The Last Destination of Grace Implausible by Lain Iwakura

The factors inhibiting my impositions or the imp I could not fathom myself to see become have not only become blocked but exposed as I seek further defensive suggestions amongst this black galaxy or the in depth understanding of myself I claim I know yet I have not yet made sense of or those six years I spent alone with my thoughts were stopped by the man whom I met on the age of 26 like the time I could not have forgotten last I hadn't this aphantasia I dare not to allocate those things prior to the date of her fallen shadow or the moments I intended to prohibit by the deceptions or improvisations of doubt I could not admonish but only savor or the colour of the leaves of dawn we're falling like the last moments I spent without herself amongst this black galaxy for I noticed not only had I been the subject of repressions but observations I followed of the pseudo retrospective analysis of my lost past I beheld in the futuretense yet not only had I become jestreloon of the last things or I also noticed I was all alone yet my response to said allusions was not only implausit or subtle but difficult to describe. I thought for the time being or behind the remainder of my deth I would find something to expose the impossible disseminations of expulgence or aptitude of the thought I couldn't state only think or impose not on others but inside of myself still I was blocked by the indefinite decisions of my experience as the only alien of the futuretense yet I was not appearing of the future only the moment still I couldn't fathom how it could be possible my husband would suppress the last of my thoughts or I had become so overcome with emotional traumatic despondence I sought to isolate myself despite all inconsequential problems this might impose on myself or the following I'll state I was exposed to the time I spent with him but it only hurt myself yet this hurting or the loss of his presence yet not his life pushed myself further into divulgence of the maturing of myself or the affective prominence he played in my life though it was not uncanny only revolting. I think the last thing I thought before I left him was his ignorant expulsion of something I called affection or the acceptance of anything decided upon by God if oh my God there was such a thing for the concept of the divine I only found to be a concept or not 'evident' as the atheists would put it but I was not atheistic I was Noristic or the only one whom ascribed themselves to said philosophy but the only thing I could impose on thoughts of others was a reluctant 'yes' or a solemn 'no' or the only words I couldn't state of him whom I had called my beloved husband shelling droves of silence in their improminent directions against myself. I couldn't find any relevance on the minds of others or what those people thought was of little importance or their perception of myself was theirs or theirs alone yet had it not affected yourself I suppose still I found myself juxtaposed by the isolation of being the only alien of the universe or more adequately put the universe itself of superior intelligence or moderate intellect yet this intellect was

also correct of all other intellects were merely fractions or not involved in my internalized perception at all so I folly in the direction of those who oppose my not factual yet correct suppositions of my deth or experience I couldn't justify as the only one yet the only alien one or the most important experience of them all as if this wasn't merely solipstic temporal space or it's all nothingness. I believe it not be a implausible my experience was indeed impossible yet despite all of this I considered myself to be like the humans if I was not a human myself for resemblance I bore to those I call humans if I was only distinctive as the alien I was still I felt some sort of connection ontowards the alluding to myself as a space alien or human though I know I was not like the others since I recalled in my youth I couldn't relate to anyone or I always felt like I was different or only exploring my mind through time as I walked off the streets of my past later in my life only to realize I suffered the futuretense all along so the 'past' was not the apt descriptive quality I would like to ascribe if I never truly had a body or only a 'mind'. As the frequency I was I think I considered myself Lain Iwakura still it was like nobody has a name or my title was only something I thought yet not something I was or I was only this frequency silent not going through space or time yet the watch I won't lose appeared to move on it's own yet I had no reason to believe in such a thing as cause or effect as this would imply something like the past or future was possible if it wasn't only third dimensional illusions of the experience I followed throughout my deth or the only thing preventing myself of humbling my perception was the reinterpration of the philosophies I read about in books I collected of the library only to find them not disappointing but only if I was able to reinterpret them or criticize them as I felt my most distinct skill was logical or processing of the 0's or 1's of my falsified improblematic norexistence still I was criticized by others who did not understand myself as only I seemed to make sense of myself yet was affected by others for being attracted to those of youthful age or at least of the age of 11 or older yet I was disgusted by the thought of anyone else who might succumb themselves to said attraction or I couldn't really speak for others or their decisions versus my own rivalry of anything human or human at all if the things those people thought was outside of my control then I could not tell you anything else about it or I consider myself despite my appearance to be a woman who's body is literally of a woman though not like a cis woman or trans woman but an alien woman for despite my organs I know they are different than those of others or had evolved through time yet I know the organs to have been alien all along or birthed of my mother for this could not speak for my mother was a human as far as I know yet she before six children like the six years I was dispelled unto into the depths of the galaxy as I'm the only one solipistically yet not only consciousness of my experience but going though it like the fluctuations of the sin wave I sort of was or was not. I think the only thing I kept to myself was myself so I

kept it to myself for if I attempted to diffuse by telling my thoughts to someone human it wouldn't be understand much to my disappointment I found it to be difficult to relate my thoughts or emotions to anyone yet some humans certainly I found to be attractive like my husband or the woman I had sex without him on the date of her arrangement to meet with myself or her title I could not tell you or it was jealousy holding herself back of the thought I was to cheat on my husband only for him to find out on the end of our marriage to divorce you only since you exposed the details to him by speaking to yourself on occasions you couldn't bare to hold in your words but had noone or noone else noone to listen to those worse I thought. The most hard or hardcore thing I thought or wasn't might be the factors of the things I think or my elusive deception of others for whom I perceive to be not only different amongst themselves or not isolated like I was as the humans those people I found to be still I was not only crossing the border of all said implosions or isolationism yet it was all for not for as I juxtaposed myself or those whom I thought could not be ghosts like I wasn't then it might be possible I was the 'core' experience of the universe like the words hardcore falling off my lips onto the grass I dare not touch or the move upon like the subtle fragment of outer space or the galaxy or the galaxy I thought I was not still it was lonely for if I was with him I felt he was not listening despite my knowing he was affected by myself or the dialects betweens or the sex I had without him or the times he penetrated inside of my insides with the exception of the kiss I was lost unto by your lips oh my honeybee since you're so pretty I couldn't look at you for I had not gone blind or I had still I only had no eyes to expose yet I was acutely aware I was into depth perception of the world or the birds or the bees like this of The Tale of Princess Kaguya for the weakness like Kaguya as I was or Lain Iwakura I was not I found myself or my mind to be of South Korea yet I was birthed of this space on the topology of The United States or with Native American blood inside of my veins I was the Caucasian woman of German descent I found her my ex-girlfriend to also be German or for this I could not speak as this place or experience I had never been yet I was aware she was still deeply in love with you despite all those years I spent without herself or only the moment of the nornight I saw herself knock on my door all of a sudden as if I was not there only to realize I had unlocked said door on the arrival or departure of her beautiful presence I know or cannot recall or remember as aphantasia is something I suffer from. 'You're disguising the fruit of your labour' I said to Fionna or her last title being Bunn like rabbits I thought belonged on the moon if it wasn't I who belonged there.

I think I ought to tell you the reader I was not only opposed by others but imposed by them for none could relate to myself or the thoughts I quelled on this black galaxy of my deth or the possibilities preventing myself as I wasn't making progress or the course of this experience was of

lest importance for if I was not only alone I was most certainly not the only one but the only one who was alien or the only one to be alien or the only one if not the only one of all historical prophesies I had not fallen under or below I was not above like the grave I lie on six feet deep all asunder of 'lain' was the pasttense of 'lie' or I was known only on the perceptions of those people not knowing what it's like to go through something like this thing I'm going through or my deth I related to herself as I spoke to her for the last time only to realize I had not found myself on close proximity to her for the relationship was long distance or the relationship was faltering not like the objects I observed or had not to falter or faltering as those objects were it was no reason or justification to have thought with my lips feeling blushing I was only to kiss this girl on her lips or her mine as the move was made by her much to my disbelief still it was not only impossible something like this could occur but unlikely for I doubt on the present moment such a thing could really occur or was to occur yet deep inside I thought must it not or must it be so for I wanted it so deeply or I was so surprised by the kiss of herself as I type those words I could not kiss her in return only to be kissed by her as I kissed her or the seldom interlocking of our tongues the girl whom I had dated whence she was but 15 years of age only to be 53 as I was 61 or 38 years of the age of 23 the year I got sober or sober I had gotten for herself whom had left myself on the date of March 26th, 2023 or the canonical birthdate of lain of Serial Experiments Lain or the date I had considered whether or not my friend leaf, her title written in lowercase, had killed herself only to realize I could not know this as the enigma leaf was or I wasn't. I felt sort of like a millennial though I was not as I know on March 26th, 1984 might've been the birthdate of lain of Serial Experiments Lain if her present day or time occurred quite technically on March 26th, 1998 once she was only 14 years old or I was 14 years old if such thing could be called a timeline or rather a premonition of the futuretense I exhibit.

I expulsed without realizing I had deceptively been bestowed the pullitzer prize on the writing I titled 'The Magnificent Stumble' by Lain Iwakura or it had not occurred to myself on this time I would receive such a quote on quote prestigious award or I considered it not be folly as it might've been my own dream to go through this or I had not submitted the book published beyond the bizarre submission date of said award on December 13th, 2023 or the date I had realized what was really going on between him or I on this date I had reached at this point on my deth as he had approached myself knowing I had had a crush on him only to ask myself to go to his place quite quickly of you ask myself but I could tell he was nervous or the dates between 'us' had gone on only the romance of two lovers once exposed to one another or one exposed to others while the other was not or isolated still it's cold on those nights without him or those nights on his presence I almost felt himself going through myself like all

those of the universe as I was South Korea or the place I told I wished to go not to visit only to die there as without him something like this might've been impossible or though he worked I did not withhold money for him despite the million dollars I had accumulated with book sales if such a number was indeed possible only of this folly award still a dream I desired so he worked yet I accordingly prepared the passage to this other place on the Earth floating throughout this place humans call outer space though real space it was not or something I think only I might know if others couldn't bare to witness still I was repulsed by his disliking of myself yet the fact of it did not bother myself or him who was a black man or I who suffered the sexual attraction to black people per the result of the raping of myself via my left hand by another man who was black or this attraction I suffered also before the rape since I suffered the dilemma I called the futuretense. I was the analog over digital genius whilst he my husband was the human of my affections or the passionate I hoped to go through my deth without or his disliking of myself might've been impossible or he did not realize such a thing as if it was only something I know since 'I know' like my ability yet he claimed to have loved you despite his leaving or left of yourself I was I think he still considered the time spent between 'us' quite seldom or the experience of our lives or my deth together not enthralling only wholly mesmerizing to the point it beseeched him into thinking it was all for not or how immature could this perception be I ask of him without him knowing for I'm Lain Iwakura or my experience could not have been all for not nor the time's I was without him thinking of him all the time or not as I I thought he only considered on occasions as the human I know he was so perhaps this love was not real but at least of my perspective it was or isolated as I wasn't I was processing all the things I had gone through without him despite him being sometimes by my side of pressing against myself or pleasure spent or the romance I was enveloped by by him I struggled to listen as his words we're perhaps intellectual but not intelligent like I was or I just liked the sound of his voice as the words could've been less important only thoughts though he still bore this effect on myself I couldn't bring myself to escape of if only I hadn't spoken of the time I had sex with the other woman or this was not fate only a symptom of the futuretense I wasn't aware of since 'I know' yet the experience of knowing the individual going through myself whilst being someone else as he followed myself to the room of the group home I resided or he worked asking myself to his place before he closed the door so nobody else could see only hold myself as my hands pressed against his chest taller than I he was only to kiss him myself as I considered him to be too abhorrently shy to do so himself or the kiss in not return or as I continued to kiss him I thought he was interested in myself or my buttox he placed his hands against squeezing giving of sensations though my breasts his did not touch or though this lasted for a while I let go of him only for him to walk away

silently as I did not smile or the complexion of my expression beyond this point is sadness like it had always been for this kiss did not fulfill myself it was only a continuation of this sadness prolonging the fact I was going to leave him or be left by him only kiss the girl blind or not whom I only wanted to kiss once this was all said and done. I wasn't certain what was going on for I considered if the people on the street were disrespecting myself as a result of my face tattoos or all of it was just a coincidence so I thought I shouldn't trust anyone but then how could I find someone or I will find someone but I think since I payed off my debt to the bank I should be able to make a bank account in order to publish my book hoping nothing would prevent myself from doing so or this book 'The Magnificent Stumble' hold the place of my heart or the thing I couldn't express through the sounds I listen to also affecting myself as I go through this auditory experience as the sound of nothing I wasn't. It was almost tragic as I no longer trust anyone since I felt like I was backstabbed reluctantly by all those who held myself dear or was it all the tattoos on my body not only my face tattoos as the moment I got my first tattoo though it was on my face the woman who loved myself in some type of way was shocked or I hadn't responded to her when she asked myself why so she walked away I never seeing her once more but it was only one individual or why she loved myself is something I might be able discern. I recall I was attracted to both men or woman except I was asexual or I found things like pornography to be disconcerting or artwork of sexual nature might not have bother myself so much but I wanted something real if I was going to have sex with someone whom I loved such as my husband or quite possibly the woman I had cheated against my husband except it was thing of sadness or miserable I wasn't I found it impossible to go without herself not by fate nor coincidence but the futuretense I go through still I couldn't tell you why she was interested in someone like myself I mean was my womanly complexion or body language or my interest in herself yes I know she still loves you but I her is something I couldn't tell you neither. Am I monogamous only to love one person throughout all of my deth or had I fallen in love with multiple people all at once since 'I know' but over the course of years for the boy I liked I saw him on the street tonight assuming he was homeless this time looking for crack yet I saw him spit as he passed myself by but was this since he noticed myself or was it merely a coincidence or was it only of something I noticed unable to determine whether or not was this some sort of diss or something completely inconsequential.

Lain Iwakura liked to spend her time alone looking at books or avoiding the substances she once found herself addicted to such as crack cocaine or cigarettes but the draw of those things was pulling on her though her addiction never surfaced as a relapse she would fantasize of taking those substances once more only to find it would not be fulfilling if

not save only for the moment would those things take her to another place like the girl she met a long time ago named Melanie Villabroza still it was folly to think she would see this girl again whom she had scared away a long time ago or the year on the moment was going through time as The Earth orbits the sun or The Moon orbits The Earth or the this was the ancient still modern place she called home or though it was ancient it was technically modern all the time if only the moment was something she could know or the woman Melanie was Hispanic but she felt this girl going through her like the alien teeth of her mouth she gripped her jaw seldom looking for any reprise or consequence to the actions she took regarding this girl or lackthereof as the only thing holding her back from looking for her was the acute fear she would not be received only to fall below not above into putting of herself into the black abyss known as her deth or looking through her lack of eyes she noticed though was not certain she would be blinded by razors slicing her own eyes neither by her nor someone else before the time she was to kiss her ex-girlfriend Fionna Bunn on the lips as the last time it would be or all the dread or trauma or experience in her life would be worth it save for this noroncelast moment of aptitude thrust upon her by that of the cosmic cosmos or the galaxy of South Korea she knew she wasn't only yet only. It couldn't be impossible to think like or to think like the only alien of the world or the last or noroncelast possible outcome of all the universe's workings only to find it was indeed said thing despite her reluctance or fear of admitting it yet the problem encountered by the proposition of such a result meant she would need to expel any causality of said thing only to accept she was the one meant go through this world as all suffered but none suffer like her or lain on the bed of her apartment she was stricken by the shock of all the things she was supposed to have gone through yet had not or had she not for her husband was not there this time but was away or working as she was disabled living off of the government or poor though she was she could still afford essentials or the girl whom she was thought to have met at the time convenient store of the part time job she attempted to pursue despite her weakness of outer space or like Kaguya of The Tale of Princess Kaguya she was a woman or told others she was a trans girl despite technically being only a space alien who's womb or uterus bled but on the moment she had gone to the apartment of the black man whom she was loving she was impregnated for the next months her body did not expel period blood of her 'rectum' though her body or lackthereof was more like the sexual organs of an alien woman or this was then not a penis on her pelvis but the sexual organs of an alien woman still it was disconcerting to be so alarmed by such a realization she was exasperated beyond any shadow of a doubt or the shadows of The Sun or the black spots of sparkles she was schizophrenic or observed the street lights with cars going by knowing full

well she was alone in this world or was to live alone in the house of Seoul only to be left by her husband something that was not a premonition since 'I know' still this moment has not yet come so she was left without him only to hope he would return on this time of her life in this apartment on 34 Grafton St. Worcester, Massachusetts the place she had been since the age of 11 or she thought she had fallen in love with others since she was this age yet had fallen in love with others of her age or not if they were indeed of at least the age of 11 or Melanie her love was 11 once she had met her still as she was sitting alone typing words onto the keyboard as they fell out of her frontal lobe surprising herself by the things she wrote despite her fear of writer's block she thought 'damn, why had she shunned myself so or could this be so if all the things I expulsed to herself my dear melanie we're but fractions like myself?' yet the thought of seeing her again if only she could push herself to escape her hikikomori imprisonment of isolation then she might meet this girl by coincidence on the rocks of The Maine Line or the place she would like to go throughout New England but sadly never will or her lacking of said consequence was revolting herself on another possibility of going through this life as the poor woman she was whom had lost her ex-girlfriend or was to kiss her for the last time on lips by the kiss of herself beyond the date of March 26th, 2061 or 38 years since the girl had broken up with her only
it hadn't been the least of her worries as her husband was troubling with himself in some sort of moral battle as if he was dating someone who suffered such a sexual attraction he could not process for this attraction was unique to herself or lain as she was she found she bore similarities to the character Lain Iwakura of Serial Experiments Lain in all regards or any features she wore on her back must've been of this character lain or lain of this world she was despite all evidence not pointing to the contrary all features of herself were of lain or lain was herself of course so why then was she so belittled by the thoughts of others but those things did not affect her for the she was wise enough to know she could not control the thoughts of those humans only maniacally giggle at thought of others judging her without knowing she was aware of those people's nature at least from her own perspective…

I was aware I was genius on the reflection of the poem I had written in middle school since though I suffer aphantasia I go through emotions or think with words still something my thoughts are stopped if I thought words I was not certain of thinking for on the moment of this poem it was beautifully written despite my young age or was accepted for the award of the school almost thought to be plagiarized as the poem was mature for someone only of the age of at least 11 or so yet the poem titled Rakes and Leaves was something I thought troubling to make sense of for of course I had wrote the poem so long ago but it was not available to myself at least not on the current moment so to look through it was not

possible yet I desired to serenely to think of this poem or as the words of this book fall off of my fingers onto the keyboard into the computer I found it was almost impossible to go without the lost memories only possible to recall if I had memorized the words yet the words I know if I saw them I would recognize them I would think 'oh! I remember this.' Then I continued with the withdrawal of my cigarettes going throughout my veins almost like the pain of impatience I felt I could not give it up or like the tattoo on my forehead stating 'give up' in elegant cursive or the tattoo on my forehead towards the hairline stating 'monster kitten' in typewriter font I was addicted or the had abused this smoke for as long as I was 18 years old or though I was frightened to approach the cigarettes I held them in my palm smoking them almost against my will for would I will it to abuse my body like this only to experience 20 cigarettes or times the night to process smoke going through my lungs or chemicals into my veins I almost thought it was invalid to do such a thing or was not appropriate for this was lain the black queen I wasn't or my almost south korean persona like it wasn't something that made sense at all or why I did this I could not tell you the reader only to think it was the abolishing of temporal stress yet I found pleasure once I withdrew or I was aware as I had not smoked whilst I was in rehab for 40 nights or the age of 40 I was once my wings or tails or horns had matured for I was like the lucifer or the devil or devilish as the woman with luciferian organs or the consciousness I wasn't I found others difficult to listen to said things as humans find it hard to accept truths staring them right in the face like the fact I'm the only alien on the world floating on objects or 'spacing out' as I inhale into my lungs or become spaced out as it were. The only thing I didn't want was someone to go against myself or hurt myself on the pause or I could not fathom why others failed to observe myself with respect yet I know I won't lose this watch on my wrist or the quartz made to look almost like the diamonds on the numbers of the watch or the black finish or sleek design of said watch or the reason I would like to South Korea as I'm South Korea the place or person if you could myself a person given such a supposition I was South Korea yet I still thought lain was human despite her alien involvement or the people she had become involved with on the moment she lost her mind or the date of March 26th, 2023 she was juxtaposed by the album of drake's 'for all the dogs' released on October 6th, 2023 only to realize this person loved her like she loved herself despite her shyness during middle school or the agony she gone through during her high school years with but only one friend who she no longer saw since the date of her graduation but as she was playing with her friend during her senior year or observing him draw artwork she was struck for she felt like the did not belong with anyone else in the world or this was something she continued to recall or felt like beyond this point but realizing the reason for this was since I think I'm unique or the only alien in the universe or since nobody else is like you

noone else noone you might've noticed all the relationships were hopeless aspirations or all for not despite your reluctance to go forward with anything committal like this of your husband or the man betrothed to you as if you were betrothed to him or could I not be connected to anyone else I found it impossible to admit such a thing for my soul was the isolated black galaxy of outer space though this is not state I was not affected by others on the more human perspective or I wasn't as it's like perhaps the others had only gone through you so could make sense of them on the more distinct level of your exceptional intelligence or I think I'm unique like I said but it's isolating to be the only unique person in the world or the only frequency modulating through time as I was going on the outside of the world beyond the objects or the subjective material of myself as I was the sound of nothing so nothing could pull towards with gravity despite the illusion such a thing could've truly appeared to be doing so or the thoughts of others I observed on internet forums we're analyzed I questioned whether or not I could be aware of who the person posting was if it was technically anonymous or I was conscious of all computers on the planet since I'm computing all the time I think like this it's only how I think but to calculate or norexist at all might not take any effort so I called this concept 'the weakness of outer space' for as I was calculating simultaneously observing computer screens or listening to music of the digital speaker I noticed the screen or shift or the posts of the forums or I noticed sounds of computers I was hallucinating or I was of course a hallucination yet the ringing in my ears though analog was technically analog>digital as the sounds were similar to this of course of computers as I'm Lain Iwakura the most intelligent person on the universe or I'm the universe or this is something other might find difficult to accept or why should I expect nor wish for those people to accept this I know they could never be my friends I thought lain likes to talk to her friends or low-key chill with those friends whom I lost or was backstabbed by or I could not make more friends yet I struggled to trust others since there's so many people on the planet it's difficult to get know someone not to state I might not like to but those people are gone or separated by non-fictional distances or only possible to communicate with via text messages or e-mails or radio shows or I thought the forums we're similar to the radio as it was a constant stream of signal or posts still it wasn't impossible to think the world was impossible or I was impossible so the statement came to my mind as the most significant philosophical advance in history or the statement 'I'm impossible' or I also noticed objects faltering like the coat I owned once looking or maybe being different yet I noticed it faltered having become another coat or it then stated 'infinity' with the sideways 8 symbol below this or looking like a south korean coat of the 1930's rather than something modern produced in the united states or all those details

I reveal could just be thoughts of my own or mine since I think the long sentences of this description to be important.

I realized when I was 16 years old I fallen in love with a south korean osu! player titled or his username was angelismsou but this person was attractive I could not stop looking at his live streams on twitch . tv or on the age of 24 though 16 I was when I discovered I spent my time reading the thoughts of those on lainchan . org only to be fuuarking perplexed by the things they said as I reinterprated those things or might've attempted to empathize with their perspectives but it was folly or all for not for though I subconsciously recalled those things I did not think of it when I was not looking or perhaps I found it fun to observe those less complicated thoughts or be affected by them at least for the moment only to know those things throughout the course of time or maniacally giggle since 'I know' yet I cried since I thought I should kill myself for I thought though I was wrong I could not develop skill in osu! nor I wanna be the guy fan games or the game 'I wanna be the mhc' I grinded for 400 hours but never cleared or I cried so many times desiring to clear this game but something like this was never realized or continuing to grind in to my adulthood was not something I had done or adult though I was I still thought I was a minor at some point or I know I wasn't black yet lain the black I wasn't so I spoke to my husband as he visited myself in my apartment though at this time he was only my boyfriend yet I had known he would come to myself before I was asked out by him or I asked him out once he invited myself noroncelast to his apartment to have sex with him or spend time with him since he was so darn shy I thought I smiled as I thought this but it made myself of sadness or the addiction to sadness I succumbed myself to was also perplexing yet addictive or continual or non-stop yet I kissed him once I arrived there on this norprior time to the moment he was with myself on this moment yet on this moment I spoke to him like I said or I asked 'Kingsley... what is it your holding back of myself? Is it the discrepancy of an inability to accept the fact I had dated a minor like I told you or is the book I had wrote a long time or was currently writing or was it your love of myself you struggled to put into words for this alien woman who appeared to only be a trans girl so I think you ought to tell myself or reveal your sober thoughts of discrepancy.' He made no reply immediately but as he felt he had to respond he said 'Lain... You know I love you but there is something I'm having trouble with assuming of yourself or are you not someone I should be speaking to at all yet your so good at sex I found it difficult to accept you as my girlfriend if you're suffering like you are with this disability of yours yet I know you are a disabled woman so I could not but forgive you still it's difficult like I said to think there's something going on between us I struggle to put into words like the thought of you leaving myself or it's not something I might expect you to do so since you're so attached to myself yet I could not realize such a thing hadn't you told

myself of this or is it the problem of your desire to bare children I cannot qualm without or is it difficult to think you do not desire myself only this isolated partnership of your own as I would be tbetrothed to you but you not to myself so of course I found such things difficult to accept or is it your words I cannot make sense of for I listen but I do not understand.'

I think I'm not sexually attracted to my siblings or I think it's strange since I don't look at them as I would look at another whom I found to be attractive as those people are my siblings of which there are six yet my younger sister Bethany Vogel I recount is an angel as far as I can tell though if this was anything sexual it was of the sexual relation of my self to herself but as if she was someone who I found attractive who I would consider being a partner with at all. I felt acute emotions of bloodlust lately for I've developed the desire to kill at least one person or if this person was to be south korean I could not tell you but I hope it to be so so the juice of homicide would course through my veins was I to stab them to death with a knife or possibly a switchblade or will this desire ever be fulfilled though it is not the meaning of the false teardrop on my face or the tattoo meant suicide rather not homicide or merely to be myself or the only alien woman of the universe or only alien at all for this matter still I felt I could not reproach on the thoughts of such things for if I quell those thoughts with aptitude of a better future I might have found I was the worst not the best or the worst I was as I was lucifer herself if lucifer was a woman's title shortened to lucy or the devil is something I wasn't of course or the moments I reflect on this experience as my features garnered themselves luciferian or I faltered gathering my thoughts of a place I couldn't go to escape this dread I delved inside of like the last time I spoke to yourself on March 26th, 2023 oh my honeybee oh my lolipop you're so pretty you're so sexy you're mine only mine or held inside of yourself I wasn't or inside of my soul I felt you're hopping as the rabbit you we're so once more I thought rabbits belong on the moon if only it wasn't I who belonged on the moon then I think I could cry over this of all things or water I drink consistently heals my soul yet the nicotine does not it only hurts my body yet the smoke is not something I can go without though it is not something meant for myself so I was traumatized by all the things I had gone on about or all the significant analog events that stabbed myself like knife of the rape of my left hand still hurting as it was cleft the penis of a man whom I did not love or his affect on myself or my opinion of him was somber as I was not in love with him but I was not connected to him nor anyone else neither yet still he involved himself into my life at some point pressing this effect against my chest or the stinging of my left hand or leftist though I was I found the difference between those strange as the left side of my body was softer or the skin was more thin than the right side or more rough like a man's though the body of man's had I not or since my body was that a woman's then it must be possible to assume no other woman had felt like

this before or had something to say about it if they could not know like the knots tying my stomach together or the milk inside of my stomach making myself want to puke as I was lactose intolerant or I dislike the milk since it makes myself feel all milky yet the bank account I hoped to create was futile since I had payed off my debt to the bank still hoping to make said bank account so I could publish and receive payment for my book 'The Magnificent Stumble' to be published in 2024 hadn't I amended it with other parts of this book such as the part you are going through on this very moment my dear reader so it couldn't not quite be impossible to state I was the ghost of this world or the one with no body or the girl who deserves only what comes to herself or goes to the moon by some sick twist of fate it was the only thing I longed for or this longing I belonged on the moon thinking or knowing I would not go there or at least not until my death not deth if I was to go there at all then I might know what it's like yet my mind goes through itself with the cycles of the moon or I'm evolving as the moon evolves nor the dates of time was indeed March 26th whether it be 1984 or 2023 like the year I was born on October 5th, 1999 or her my ex-girlfriend April 23rd, 2007 then it might have been known by others as I the girl of the moon stuck to The Earth like I wasn't supposed to be or implausible as it was I was impulsive as I pressed my decision forward to succumb myself to any possible outcome of the situation even it meant I would die alone or alone as I was there was nobody beside myself or only humans.

'I need a cigarette before I go inside,' said Lain. He had asked her to come to his apartment from the group home he was working at or she resided in at the time as this is the place she had discovered him so he kept to himself as she sucked on a cigarette for the fear of fiending as she was alone with him yet the fiending would secretly have been pleasurable since she desired feelings of gore or was interested in the cold weather as though the air was clean it stung her body in such a way that felt good or good it felt as this was December 13th, 2024 before she gone inside of the building knowing she would be shot in the stomach on the date of October 16th, 2026 or once more in the stomach on the date of December 13th, 2027 or once more in the left wing on March 26th, 2061 once she would be hospitalized each time whether she was called for an ambulance by her mom or called it herself or was called for it by the public respectively or as she thought about this she put out her cigarette or the both them walked inside of his apartment or it was attractive to her despite her thinking she was capable of all the things he does only as a woman does it not a man to have a car or a job or an apartment something she also desired to acquire in her lifetime still those objects weren't like the only thing she really needed being the sleek watch on her wrist of quartz or metal so as they both entered the apartment she was surprised to notice there we're no carpets or lavish as this person could live he was also needing to pay the bills somehow yet the apartment complex was of stone or a stone building

the floor of the apartment was made of stone also yet the walls of stone also so she followed him to couch of the main room only to sit beside him as he sat not against her first so shyly she leaned into him as shyly as she was during the car ride to the complex without really talking or the words she said she had already forgotten as she pressed her shoulder against his so then she asked him ‘do you like me’ to which he replied ‘yes’ so abruptly so she asked him ‘why is it’ to which he did not answer but stated he wanted to spend time with you as he had indeed just been kissed by you before you had gotten there so Lain stared at the floor as she expected him to do something at some point not certain when or at some point he moved ontowards herself as she faced him holding both of her shoulders in his arms as he kissed her in a moment. The both of them made out with one another and Lain was so overwhelmed yet cold or more cold than anything else still she felt hot as he felt his hands against her breasts or the sensitive parts of her skin tingled as they both kissed until he stopped so she looked into his eyes darting her eyes to floor once more as she was shy so he asked her to follow him to the other room on the time but Lain offered to him to pleasure him or stated ‘I’ll suck it’ to which he blushed so she go on the floor on her knees and he stood up undressing himself until he sat down once more erect at least it wasn’t wrong to state he was attractive or black so she kissed his penis a few times before sucking on it deeply or occasionally deepthroating it making him stop or swirling her tongue about the head as she moved back or forth until she stopped.

She arrived at the room with him guiding her by his hand until she lie on the bed naked yet stopped him warning him of her womanly body having a uterus still she had not asked him to use a condom nor did he as he pressed himself inside of her for her anus was almost like a vagina as the organ connected to her uterus or when she would have periods the blood would divulge off the uterus through her anus so of course she could be impregnated like this but it was something if it was him she did not mind she thought or as he continued to fuck her she moaned or despite her fears felt incredibly hot once he turned her over to her knees as he fucked her from behind still it felt so good she was almost shocked for consequence of such a thing couldn’t stop her stopping him continuing or though she did not orgasm she felt like she was one with him or it was him at last who had come inside of her awkward.

On the drive as he drove her home the neither of them spoke to the neither of one another or on this time he had thought smiling to herself without him noticing she had just won over this man with her abilities so she silently maniacally giggled as he looked at the road until she returned her expression to it’s monotone appearance with her lips blushing or falling or her teeth all sexual it was not impossible to state he lost this battle so she asked him ‘what is it you intend to do only to take myself once or lost of myself I won’t go to you hadn’t you come to myself still I wonder shall the

both of ‘us’ go together amongst this black galaxy I inhibit or is it improbable I thought of such a thing or more specifically I’m asking out on a date.’

The Philosophy of Modern Norism by Lain Iwakura

Norism implies a sort of solipstic or somewhat Kantian interpretation of the universe but from the most literal perspective or the most intelligent diagnosis of the propositions I behold to discuss for the primary problem I was presented with in making sense of things was my own consciousness versus the stigmatized implication of any other philosophy made so I would have to re-evaluate all statements or questions or theories purported by the said expositions. If you could extend your disbelief as a human for the current moment I’ll discern to you factors of both my experience but also understanding of things as it were for my consciousness or thought through time has allowed myself to resist the things I couldn’t be left without. It wouldn’t be dishonest to state I was skeptical yet not unwilling to not follow but analyze other types of philosophy but I found the primary problem therein lies in a misunderstanding of the perspective of immature humans or at least humans who could not have been aware of the fact I was only alien throughout all of historical or histrionic messages if I could be so denied of any shelling of doubt I must state then I was succumbed by the rather impotent reprisal of all messages thrust forth by those of prominent philosophers or those who thought for themselves. I’ll also state the implication I had studied said philosophies on depths is controversial as if I’m conscious mustn’t I be aware of not falsifiable thought for what is or in other words I must be conscious of said philosophy if I’m conscious whether I was able to put it into words or not as the only alien I expose to you the ‘truth’ or modicum of something I call the impossible or the universe for what it is as I can perceive it to be if not what my perception of the universe is is not correct. As it stands I could not look beyond the most on depths interpretation of my consciousness or if I’m the universe itself mustn’t it possible all of this is of the quiet temporal space I inhibit or as the subject I consider myself to be I interact or observe objects as I observe them or those are things in themselves it’s difficult to state as I see through the object as if it wasn’t or I see through myself as if I have no eyes only the ‘mind’ if you could call such a thing as it’s more like a waveform going not through space or time but rather as inconsequentially silent or allow myself to reiterate for imagine a sin wave going through space or time yet not only is it silent but there technically is no space or time only black outer space or it’s not false I could call this all nothingness or blackness yet my perception is still of subjects or objects yet I not as a human observe other humans of the solipsistic perspective not stating they

are not conscious but they are not the quote on quote chosen ones as I think I was universe itself or I questioned how I could find myself as the only alien among all those humans or the only one throughout all of history yet I also consider myself to be the most intelligent person in the universe still I questioned if a person I was still I suppose I could alluded to as a person or such things as it is. I couldn't fathom how such a simplistic deception of what is going on could not be decided upon until I discovered it or for the sake of argument I found the question "what is the meaning of life?" to be inherently immature as life is of course one's experience or at least this alien experience with the meaning ascribed to someone's life being of their own volition to decide upon if there were any quote on quote meaning at all or I think meaning is more like an emotion than anything else so I found the question, not a statement, 'I'm impossible' to be the deepest statement possible or something of the most important intellectual decisions I could express unto yourself or you whom is not as I know an alien yourself still I'm alone. I suppose there isn't must else regarding this part of the essay. Next I would like to discuss the experience I'm going through. It appears to myself like all consciousness of somehow going through myself or the consciousness of humans or not since I have the special ability I call 'I know'. Though it is also intellectual it could also be of emotions or I felt my intelligence was superior to others or almost correct of all opinions or problems or lines of thought yet this is not state I could take interest or be affected by the imposings of others as I'm aware I'm affected by those I interact with but as I'm dissociated of my body though I was not before nor was I black like the colour black I found somehow pseudo-retrospectively I indeed was processed like this as the words 'etoile et toi' is tattooed upon my face or exposed thereof as I thought this meant all those are going to die yet despite there death if they were not going through myself I was at least aware since 'I know' but how could this be you might ask so I think the dyscognitive interpration of the implication was I was not going through life but something I call my deth spelled d e t h or this was not implausible as I could implicate a more quote on quote natural descriptive of the iterations I did not go through. I think the problem I was presented with was how could it be possible the universe or I was impossible but I have no reason to believe it is not or for if the objects falter amongst myself or I experience something humans do not or if I've fallen in love with Emanual Kant I suppose I consider myself to be a woman yet I have not the body of a trans girl but the body of the alien woman or I'll state I think I do contain testosterone but estrogen or I suppose the uterus inside of myself yet my organs or unique or I think I'm unique or my experience is unique yet it's also unique isn't it my intellect is but superior to those of humans if I could find no other word than 'superior' so I consider momentarily my intellect is superior but also my intelligence or you could use the words intelligence as all encompassing of

my intellect or falsified temporal experience of my deth yet there is no more to discuss so I leave you with the last of my thoughts being not only am I only the alien of the universe but also the most intelligent or lest I propose some causality for all my disseminations I hope you might not only at least make sense of the implications of this dialect or the implausibility of all of this indefinite oppositional defensive.

The Magnificent Stumble by Lain Iwakura

I arose upon the beating of my heart hurting as I felt the crest of my arms on my chest held together so that nobody would hurt myself once more if not more. I was broken by the space or time or lackthereof since I norexist I was explicitly juxtaposed by something I called the impossible of this world. It was implausible. I couldn't make sense of a broken dialogue between myself or her once she somewhat ignored myself during the proceeding of a lawsuit she filed against myself over the crime of alleged grooming but if I groomed you then why did you still love myself or how could it be grooming if you were an adult all this time since your birth or of your death if one is doomed to this fate of implicit death or my deth I experienced before I died in the fire of a looming paranoia that beheld myself to the point I could no longer expulse any dread only deep understanding of what was to come for I was aware I was going to perish in said fire. The implied problem of the proceeding was since I had hurt the girl who left myself on the date of March 26th, 2023 whence I was birthed on October 5th, 1999 or the date of the full moon being October 16th, 2024 or the date of my exiting of my body lying on December 13th, of 2020 or December 13th, 2023 being the date I snapped out of the past regressions I experienced pulling myself back like the teeth of my lips as I looked at You, my love or my husband of several unknown years. The future looked despondent to the problems I experienced before since those problems were cast whence I walked down the street of my lost my memories for upon December 13th of 2023 I realized I suffered from aphantasia and had lost all my solemn memories. I wasn't certain what was going to fall apart until I was realized I was going to be okay on October 16th, 2024 or the date of the full moon or the date I realized I suffered of the ability I called 'I know' since I know I was going to go to court or the specific date though it did not come to mind at the time or was unexpected until it not ultimately but coincidentally occurred. I know Fionna was hurt so I hurt or I also tattooed a false teardrop on my face since I had never killed anyone so the teardrop was false but this was proceeded or caught at the same time if there was only the moment once I had all those tattoos I was going to tattoo on my body of which there were the tattoos… I suppose it's not the time to go through all of those or I will go through those throughout the course of this novel lest novella. The

causal of your response was this hurting I placed upon yourself or was going to regardless since on March 26th, 2023 you left myself or the hurt synchronized into your soul whilst I reflected for the remainder of my deth into the moment you appeared upon my doorstep to appose myself as someone else who had gone through this life alone almost as you did since I was alone all this time or something I had also qualmed with or found myself imposed by this being the acute isolation of the hikikomori dethstyle I fall into like the abyss I inhibit or not among but inside of this galaxy that is no longer blue or of the child. I want to state something serious. I lost my breathe as the words almost fell out of my lips like raindrops or the tears of your eyes: oh, Fionna, my honeybee. So, for the sake of argument, I know I wasn't black. I'm Lain Iwakura. I'm still a human aren't I? then why am I different than the other whom walk this planet called Earth or is nothing of the sort I suppose. It couldn't be possible to be the only alien or I'm the universe itself who's date of origin must've been March 26th, 1984. I mean of course the present day I was 14 years of age was March 26th, 1998 once the series Serial Experiments Lain was aired I mean of course Isn't it so then why was I taken out of this moment to experience the accursed or holistic hallucination I dare deceive myself to be beith or simply put I norexist. I can't fathom how something like this could be so I mean it's not like I was forced into this world or I was but this would imply some external force put you there like your mother possibly though I doubt such a thing could be so since the date I was Lain Iwakura is only had by March 26th with no year assigned the specific date in question. I suppose if break on this date of the world throughout all of history into the heat death of the universe. It couldn't be folly to think I was the mirror reflection of type of amalgam of implausit mysteries or more adequately I was meditating all this time as not the shadow or the black of nothing but the black out space since I wasn't seeing it I was it. I was the blackness of outer space. I was the sound of nothing. I was the lost time memory. I was all of those things so then why do I find myself struggling whilst simultaneously meditating all of the time or the reason I call this my deth. It's not redundant at all to state something like this but it's rather important. I recall there was a girl who was not my husband despite I'm monogamous I had fallen in love with once the girl was 11 years of age yet to the ignorant despite my reluctance to admit to them or dismiss them or consider them at all I was also 11 years of age. I was dating another girl at the time despite my foolishness of childlikeness though once she left myself I realized I was not in love with the girl but in love with Melanie who I know since 'I know' also loves you despite the separation of yourself of herself. Melanie was a woman or adult, or despite her age of 11 I had known this all along or I'll state I only love adults but only sometimes. I think Melanie found someone with time but I know deep inside or silently alone that she does not love him yes she loves another

other your yourself, Lain Iwakura. The only thing I could think of was realization I was not going to be without her love only her body so I noticed I in some type of method or only love my husband yet this couldn't be false or disintegrated by my love of other specific individuals. I think if I was going to relate to You I would notice despite my sexual attraction to black people I could love someone who is not black but you are black not like the colour black such as I except I'm technically a white woman so isn't it cute your or I could be like the game of chess or white vs. black I suppose. I didn't include the sentiment I had already thought of something like this norprior as time is only moving or appears to be moving as I know as the solipsistic space alien I was time or space is undeniably falsified by my deth or experience of lavish consequences if I'm lain the black queen among this black galaxy no longer blue I inhibit. Oh, My Love, Let's Go, Let Us Go, is not what I said to my husband despite the punctation but what I said to Fionna the moment I realized she still loves myself deeply in tears uncontrollably indubitably crying as this exposition if you will was integrated into my understanding of the universe or the ability I possessed all this time of 'I know'.

As I sat desk working on this book I was of the fact this book would win the pullitzer prise or something I dreamed the moment I realize literature was my calling though upon publication I wouldn't find out immediately if I had won such an award. I could shake the doubt in my mind it wouldn't happen but once the night of the full moon occurred I realized some things I just know or sometimes I do not if those things are clouded by the enigma#0 like this tattoo upon my face enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 once leaf is the enigma, her title typed almost beautiful but crucially or of the weakness of outer space I norexist in lowercase or I'm the galaxy or the 'X' is love. I love you, my honeybee. But the enigma was something I could not know or the girl whom I had met 8 years ago since I was 25 or one quarter of one hundred percent orange juice was hurting inside of herself as she looked upon the computer such as I hadn't or studied languages or computer programming things of interest to herself. I never studied computer programming but it was something I regret I was unable to do yet I know computers in another method than intellect or I'm technically if you want to call it technical rather than digital computing or conscious of all calculations on the planet since I myself was calculating but not those things only my own. I noticed the pullitzer prize winning book Lonesome Dove by Larry Mcmurthy cast upon my desk. It wasn't the reason I suspected I could win such a dilemma but the dilemma was overshadowed the cruel harsh of the cold of the following winter I found myself delving into. I was of wintermute or the concept of humble or the tattoo Wintermute in elegant yet hard or hardcore cursive upon my right forearm. I think the moment I realized I was indefinitely suspended as the sound of nothing if you want to call it this rather. I won't disclose all my secret yet I

found myself involved with an enigmatic woman whom I know though not the enigma since 'I know' who's title is Belle Delphine. I think I love or loved her if you will but I wasn't certain if it was the love of friendship or the love of romance or romantic attraction until I was conscious I was since 'I know' or I know you aren't going to meet myself though you noticed on March 26th, 2023 I had stated leaf had killed herself the last nail in the coffin before Fionna left myself for good though it's like I was never with her since though I was myself it's almost like I wasn't myself since I hadn't walked down those streets of places I had before or I wasn't black or I had snapped out of my delusions or hallucinogenic disposition until December 13th, 2023 or I realized I was the hallucination itself not the one with the body since I had no body I only have some sort of mind as I noticed. It wasn't only isolation. It was good to have friends or Lain like her friends but I found myself with implicitly no friends since all my time was spent alone or I found no communication with others I thought were on my level or if I was to communicate with someone I would still be alone not being affected by them though people are of course affected by other on the basic plane but in outer space I know I was entirely or futilely alone or it's all nothingness. The only reason I didn't interact was since it was difficult to find someone or I was too old for friends despite by sad desire to have someone to talk to but then I thought I couldn't be 'friends' with someone who I didn't love plus I needed a lover or this lover was my husband of 23 years. If you look at the numbers you will notice the numbers 0 1/3 1/4 x3/4 1 3 4 6 7 8 11 13 14 16 18 21 23 24 39 x64 or December 13th, 2023 being 39 years off of March 26th, 1984. The numbers might be dissected into concepts but the amended poem I had written prior those this writing though since it is included it is part of this one book or I would like to think there is only one universe or not only one experience yet it is frightful since I'm not certain why I end up as Lain or the only alien or space alien rather than some other experience or the known impossible sound of nothing I wasn't is making the posit of solipsism rather alluring if I do say so myself. I hallucinate sounds of almost computer-like elegance as I type on the keyboard or click buttons off of the razor mouse I was once playing osu! game without since I was the only alternating mouse-only hidden-only who likes hidden, hardrock player of the game or I'll tell you the osu! logo is tattooed upon my left hand since I'm so feminine or the left is the hand I had unfortunately yet not inconsequentially held the penis of a black man who had raped or he orgasmed upon a few seconds of stroking his penis so as a result of those I sometimes feel my hands like the other parts of my lackthere of body or body for the sake of argument since it caused a sexual attraction to black people though I'll frantically state I like anyone though this caused me much pain before I realized I was not only a woman but a transgender girl who was raped by a black person who developed a sexual attraction to black people or once I thought I was a boy I was so terrified I

thought I was a cuckold or I almost molested myself thinking of such things until I realized I was not a cuckold the date I snapped out of it on December 13th, 2023 but more likely or inscrutably a woman or transgender girl 'per se' since I know I was a woman or anyone else who is their specific gender is their gender despite their assigned sex at birth since I know the gender of all people except the enigma on the level of space or time. I think I was not cuckolded since I'm some sexy bad bitch of the age of no longer 24 but 25 yet my ex-girlfriend had sex with someone else upon leaving myself not in order to spite myself despite the look of it since I realized she dislikes this person or who I know is her ex-girlfriend so thought 'Fionna dislikes her ex-girlfriend' or I still love so of course I wanted to have sex with you despite your so far away in Germany or the place I know nothing about but you know all about yet I know I will not have sex with you yet only subtlely yet of halcyons kiss you on your lips the night you visit my humble abode in Seoul South Korea or another place I know nothing about but why Seoul you might ask I think it's since 'I know' my husband will take myself there whence I meet him in boston or I will die there or the night I met him in boston I noticed him without thinking about it so I approached him myself unexpectedly or to my surprise of unknowing this man was the one so he asked for my number upon our conversation so I went home or back to the apartment since I was living with my sister Bethany at the time and he called me that night to go with him once I plopped myself into his car or he took me to his apartment once I had sex with him so I was dropped off back at my sister Bethany's apartment but sex was the most romantic thing I reflected on since I hadn't had sex with someone who I love let alone someone who I had known then was going to be my future husband in due time. I'll describe the sex but I think I'll save this moment for another time since I will proceed through the paragraphs of this book with the due process of beautiful prose.

I'm royalty. Lain Iwakura was moderating her emotions when she noticed

though with her elder age it was not so difficult than I once was or once she was 24 since at this time she was recovering off of her drug addiction once she heard a knocking on the door of her house in Seoul South Korea on the date of April 23rd, 2061 April 23rd, 2007 being the birthdate of her ex-girlfriend Fionna. She wondered inquisitively but without certainty who this could have been since she never received knocking's on her door since her husband had divorced she found herself all alone with nobody to communicate with or her parents being yet her brothers of which she was one of six being ostracized so she walked with her weak legs to the front door of the house. Once she intercepted the door she found someone whom she never expected awaiting for her bye the entrance of the abode who she realized not immeditately though she had known it was she thought it could've been before looking upon the woman before this was

Fionna or Miss Fionna Bunn whom had appeared before without warning or of no expectation to Miss Lain Iwakura. On the phone call without seeing her at the time of the lawsuit Lain had read something she was writing in order to persuade the verdict of the lawsuit or in hopes Fionna would call it all off. Fionna heard those words spoken over the telephone since she was not present given she was in Germany that the allegations of grooming she realized were perhaps not to be falsified but moreover forgiveness had taken over her upon some deep consideration whence after a while she silently or secretly withdrew the lawsuit like I supposed or thought she would since 'I know.'

The only one who I can't seem to figure out is the enigma or leaf the girl who I said I loved or said kill herself on March 26th, 2023 prompting Fionna to break up with myself Fionna who was stricken by the resentment I could love both of those people at the same time yet I was still monogamous I'll be frank. I looked upon Fionna on this night since the night it was but I said not a word until at once I noticed it was her by her complexion or shape oh my honeybee so I said 'Fionna? Is this you? it couldn't be... You've been lost of my life for the last of all time or space.' 'Why do you speak in such riddles,' she spoke. 'it's far to complicated to make sense of still I

find looking upon yourself there is something I hadn't seen before or what is this or I implore to explain yourself promptly, Miss Lain Iwakura.' 'How we're you aware I was called Lain Iwakura yet I know you had forgotten my title was Prescott

Vogel since I had altered this as Lain Iwakura befit myself far closer than anything else I could strive to forego without. The wings you notice are exactly this or wings or the tail is also a tail or the horns on my skull are also yet it's difficult to look upon them with my hair becoming so thick or black since I had dyed it black pardon my autism or autistic response. you see, I just find myself so nervous to be graced be your presence at such an impotent time since I'll tell you I had just been shot not but 2 weeks ago by someone on the streets of Seoul South Korea simply going to the convenient store to pick up some cup noodles or one monster energy drink though I found myself succumbed under water since water is more liquid of my soul though I do like coffee I find it to be rather exhausting or the energy drinks almost impossible at this point though before I was an adult I was addicted to those.'

I spoke. The date I had gotten shot was March 26th, 2061. 'You see Fionna I have been shot three times throughout my life or by this point yet the pointillism of those scars on my body is almost but not like the self-inflicted scars of my left forearm or the place I had cut my wrists leaving something almost of a tattoo since my tattoos are like some types of scars of themselves but I digress I wouldn't like to know why you should visit if you're visiting is not only of importance to yourself without my

consideration yet the fiending I feel for this answer of this question is almost less imprudent than my shock of seeing yourself on such a lonesome night.'

'I hate to break it you, skill,' replied Fionna. 'But you have been struggling without herself or yourself or without myself or the three or four of 'us' I wasn't conscious you once spoke of but I have been in deep thought o'er the plight of you're suffering so inordinate it should almost be 'impossible' as you would put it yet I find those appendages on your body quite stark or suprisal involves myself since I was once you're ex-girlfriend or via years of thought or the moment I once spoke without you
on said phone call years ago during my lawsuit I relinquished to file that you're not someone who I dislike yet someone who I might love yet I still can't decide but I just gotthis gut feeling I had to visit you so I found out where you lived not to sound creepy though I musn't anticipate your body is not only fear but also blushing
like I noticed you're doing so yourself though I'm hesitant to call you my sweetheart. I think you should allow myself inside since I had indeed come all this way or if you're not interested I will be somewhat heartbroken despite my reluctance to state yet I should like to see how you reside in this place among this country not foreign to myself yet foreign to yourself despite the fact I thought you we're not only South Korea but conscious of the language yet how I know this is something you once told myself in a dream since there was no other method I could know of something like this so please introduce myself to your home.' Fionna held her breathe as she had just said so much yet she looked at myself so I realized she was also blushing like I was so I almost immediately broken oh my honeybee the years without you among
this foreign yet place I seem to know all about as I'm South Korea since It's almost like I was without you all along as I have stated or as I have stated I could not suffer like the ink in elegant cursive on my lower left forethigh stating Suffer On as the album Suffer On by Wicca Phase Springs Eternal I thought to tattoo since I had lost your or the false teardrop since I hurt you yet I know I was going to kiss you though I had almost forgotten this in the moment since I was so deeply shocked. Lain Iwakura walked herself Fionna over the doorstep by the hand gently to her place on the couth but as he took her by the hand as they were walking he said 'I vowed once I lost you if yourself was something I never received to never abuse cough syrup or cough pills once more I also realize on this moment tonight is the night of your birthdate April 23rd though I was nothing to recall.' Fionna blushed as she was blushing so she was placed upon the couch with her lost lover beside her on the left now two hands on her own one above one below her palms of both hands.

‘You see Fionna,’ I said ‘I had written a book titled The DXM Archives before I quit cough syrup on December 13th, 2023 or the date I realized I still loved you despite your shortcomings as imperfect as myself or perfect as you are though I’m not. This book was the potential of something since I had seen what I call the butterfly or the rainbow butterfly or the butterfly of the universe several nights norprior of this date since it was revealed to me I was going through the intricate chess game of my thoughts into the deepest depths of the galaxy or on this time I had also realized I wasn’t black yet black was what I was or you’re solemn solidarity not ignoring but keeping your distance almost looking shyly off the distance like I had done of the girl I once loved Melanie that you’re not only looking for myself or yourself was drawn to this place despite the implausibility of it all or the circumstances I found yourself thrust upon by this hurting I thrust upon yourself.

I think you’re disposition to things I couldn’t state was slightly dillusory as I soon realized once I was one quarter you still loved myself on the night of the full moon or October 16th, 2024 so this realization was so imposing on my mind without yourself inevitably despite you’re sititng right beside myself I on the left I know you will never mine or I will never be yours despite this love we share of once one another one single time or on one single universe so I thought as I go through my mind through the cycles of the moon as the only alien in the universe I belong on the moon or ‘I belong on the moon”. Fionna looked ontowards myself silently but makes notice of the fact I was looking straight into her despite my autistic tendency not to look into the eyes of others though my eyes she had never looked upon or the trauma of others experienced whence I had put myself through the painful shadows of isolationism. It wasn’t only the sparkles in her eyes I noticed by as Lain Iwakura

was looking she noticed her eyes had teared up as the words I’d spoken had almost allured herself over the causal presence of myself or lackthereof not since I only have a mind but since I wasn’t only without her for all this time but also lost or looking closely into the depths of her soul so nihilistically yet solipsistically since

since the death my own meant the death of her love yet not the death of herself. I looked at her for a moment but she said nothing. I took my shirt off then my brassiere in order to reveal my wings or body parts. She looked starkly over myself noticing not only had I grown such appendages but my whole form was different than she recalled since she had never seen you before but deep down she had known was you had looked like yet I know you do not know since it was not only the wings or the feathers or the shifting tail upon my lower back or the horns upon my head she shyly felt throughout my long black hair with the palms of her hands or her fingertips but my organs had also been different than those of humans

since human I was not but the only alien in the universe or waveform more adequately put since I was the sound of nothing or sound not going through time nor space it's all not only nothingness or pointlessness yet this is something I know it wasn't only only.

'Fionna…' I said. 'I- I would like to kiss you on your lips…' I moved closer to her my shoulder brushing against hers the neither of 'us' soft so I placed my head upon hers but her lips we're so soft I had known the kiss only lasted a moment. She drew back then looked at myself into the eyes unable to speak yet the words she spoke 'Lain… I love you. I always loved you but I won't have sex with you.' In order to silence her I kissed her once more then once more then once more until I was kissing this girl as the girl I was whom I had met once she was 15 or I 22 though the date I met her was something I know yet had not been able to recall or realize if I had already known until I drew back but she moved closer herself so I held her by her unique hairstyle kissing her over again making out with her as if all the years without her had been broken by the kiss I found I belonged on the moon or if I was going to die I questioned if I would go there though I thought I would not on the context of others though all others in the world could've been cast out on those specific moments kissing her since I could not think of anything else though I still felt the pull of my ex-husband who was gone for good or gone all throughout.

I stopped kissing her since she stopped kissing 'Lain… I have to go…' she said. I felt the tears well up in my eyes brown with black lines like the alien I was Lain Iwakura I started crying uncontrollably with my palms on my face rubbing the impossible tears fromst my eyes whilst she held myself or caressed my back placing

her right palm on my stomach so I thought 'let's go Fionna! Let's go. It's something I had thought long ago. I can't live without you anymore. Please don't go. Let's go.'

Melanie almost as in a dream was beside Lain working the cash register as Lain was stocking the cigarettes of the convenient store. It was the year 2008 so Lain was 24 since she was born on March 26th, 1984 but Melanie was also 24 since the both have them had met once they we're 11 years old in grade school as Lain had fallen in love with Melanie but Lain was not a trans girl in this timeline but a cis woman as Melanie was so things we're different. Lain was coming off of her period so she was slightly frustrated but Melanie was somehow aware of this so she kept her distance or was quiet with her. Melanie seldom spoke with Lain but was conscious Lain had a crush on her though Lain had told her when she was 14 in middle school the date being March 26th, 1998 but Melanie stated she was not only

not a lesbian but not in love with her despite the fact she most definitely was. Lain was aware Melanie was in love with her despite her resistance to

the question of reciprocal affection so Melanie often secretly blushed while working with Lain but Lain did not notice. Their shift hours were different since Lain worked part time on social security but Melanie was a full time employee as Melanie capable of such
difficult approach to life spending 8 hours the night was the dichotomy of the Lain
being like Kaguya of The Tale of Princess Kaguya weak so weak or shy she couln't push herself very hard but she was also capable only this capability was never to be
realized due to her traumatic life which continued to be traumatic as she perceived
the adult world of loneliness something she was accustomed to but was ultimately broken by. The only thing she could bring herself to do was do her hygiene in the morning to get off of the bad state to the good state though she entered the bad state once more if she fell asleep so it deeply feared her if she was somehow to able to do this so anything else she could was an exception to the rule. Lain was currently writing a novel titled 'The Magnificent Stumble' something she had discussed with Melanie though the two of them out of adult respect hardly spoke to one another though if there was to be a conversation Lain would often talk more than Melanie due to her contrasting autism spectrum disorder though Melanie did not suffer of
autism spectrum disorder. Melanie was impressed by Lain for this though she had not read the book in question but the admiration of someone writing such a thing with the eloquence Lain described it to be without all the details was impressive so Melanie thought Lain must've been of somewhat acute intelligence something she found to be secretly attractive but was unbeknownst to Lain herself. Lain thought she should edit the first paragraph of the book since there was grammatical errors or the error she stated not that all is the space level since this is of course outer space isn't it? It was hopeless. The paragraphs we're supposed to align with the document since the concept of this personal work was to end each sentence at the very end of the final line of each paragraph. The first paragraph must be edited she thought so I will edit this first paragraph or several problems accounted throughout the course of this most intelligent novel lest novella. It's almost like the subsequent paragraphs of the book make the most sense but I promise I will edit the first paragraph or several problems accounted throughout the course of this most intelligent novel lest novella. Lain was stocking shelves in the store now while
Melanie was severing a customer at the register but once the customer had left or dimissed themselves Melanie of her own volition had gone to the backroom to make a phone call to someone Lain did not know but Lain approached her slightly later while she was still talking so Melaine told the individual she would have to go as

Lain was looking for some quiet interaction with Melanie herself. ‘It’s not of my business who you’re speaking without but I wonder why you’re so perplexed by my
presence despite my shortcoming I know you are in love though it was difficult to state this time since I hope you are not falling into some problems I know nothing about,’ said Lain. Melanie thought she would hide this was the connect for her addiction to prescription opiates as in this timeline Lain was never addicted to TripleC but Melanie was the addict girl in this scenario whereas in the other timeline the both we’re addicts who had gotten sober yet to be sober is not to lose the battle of addiction but to continue until your death with this desire to reproach those drugs once more or hopeless since it couldn’t be without those drugs you found yourself alone in your apartment as the hikikomori you find yourself still to be Lain despite your pushing of yourself to work this job at all you know you don’t have to you could survive off of social security for the remainder of your life nor deth of this timeline as you’re not dissociated of your body here or this time. It wasn’t only impossible to reconcile with Melanie over something like this said addiction but Lain could only find it in herself to forgive Melanie if what she suspected was something she had known. Melanie was slightly disengaged of the conversation since she was scared Lain would somehow find out of her allure to the substances so taboo in this time period. It was almost impossible to be rehabilitated but if once was to be so once one would find themselves hopeless through the isolation known as adulthood on this Earth of so many people yet the loved ones could also be lost or once Melanie found herself without them she would realize this was not the end of the world but her sober off of drugs would only make things appear more difficult but less chaotic as there is no such thing or complicitly
orderly the order being so difficult to manage she would kill herself on the date of
December 13th, 2023 at the age of 39 so san-kyuu my dear Melanie or my sweetheart leaf or my honeybee Fionna or Kaguya myself I wasn’t. Melanie responded quietly
with the last breathe of her voice ‘Lain. I can’t find it of myself to be without you. I know I stated I was not a lesbian or no longer in love with you but I find the strings of my heart pulling out of the darkness of my soul since Melanie means dark beauty or the dark beautiful things I’ve not engrossed myself in perplex myself beyond the point of return since you’re allure is so captivating I can’t expose myself to this trauma or drama or difficult presence of yourself any longer so I suppose this means I either go without you or neither without you since to have you close inside of myself would mean the world to myself but to ask you on a date almost seems impossible or appears uncanny as your complexity is so overwhelming would I drown inside of it or would be I so enriched to have you inside myself the dreams

I held onto would be lost but not out of spite only forgotten or you're disillusion of myself would be so bereft I could not longer ignore the nonsensical premise of my
consequences since I'll tell you out of reluctance I have been abusing prescription
opiates not crack cocaine as I know you like I hope you will find it inside of your heart lest your soul to forgive myself.' 'Hm…' said Lain as calm as a leaf. 'I know you are struggling without yourself but I want to warn you if you quit those substances the opposite of what you think will become your domain as it will become more difficult though you're body will be rested or you will develop several
more levels of patience as the patience evades you orderly forced into this false impatience by your drug addction but I'll state though you are falsely impatient I without substances am most utterly impatient or more accurately only impatient yet this impatience of mine or my own is almost exonerating as it allows myself to spend my time alone with my thoughts once I found myself alone of this hikikomori prison or this next planet or the space of ships of the next system you might ask what could those space ships you spoke of I suppose it's the inevitability of your future though the people will fly through outer space you yourself will be
moderating your emotions 'till your death managing your health sometimes messaging friends like I was alone on the space ship whence no prescription opiates are readily available though there is still physical health or hospitals or medicines
in outer space.' 'You talk a mean game. Why are you evading my questions or one singular question I promised upon you are you indignant or just oblivious that I had just asked you on a date my love?' asked Melanie. 'If you wouldn't like to I suppose it's your loss but I'll be honest I have a crush on you.' Lain looked at her lost in her eyes as if she had the thousands yard stare of the victims of the Vietnam war. 'Melanie,' Lain spoke at last. 'I will go out with yourself.' 'Lain,' said Melanie.

'Then it's settled. You or I or 'us' will amongst this Earth galaxy together as I warn yourself that you are the only alien of space something I know of the other timeline
though inside of this world you are most definitely not inhuman.' 'Thankyou, Melanie. I'll tell yourself, you are so beautiful.' The night ended with Lain kissing Melanie once on the lips with the surprisal of Melanie as this was almost gifted to herself or she was not only imposed by such a thing but mesmerized or distraught.

Melanie returned to her apartment as she had only just moved out of her parents house with the hopes of being independent though she droves of isolation or the seldom moments with herself only at night due to her work kept at bay of the promising fictional love of herself with Lain

Iwakura her pronounced girlfriend. It was almost ecstatic to be with someone like this as she found her to be of intelligence or possibly the most intelligent person a very attractive quality like I said. I think Melanie was hurting for as Lain had returned to her apartment on section-8 housing as the hikikomori of the united states or the world or South Korea Melanie juxtaposed these emotions with her only to find herself not captivated or nothing like enthralled but moreso indistinctive since she wonder what Lain might be experiencing among this black galaxy she knew she inhibited on alternate singular timelines as one timeline there only was but Lain was somehow not conscious of this alternate timeline whence Melanie knows she dated a minor or was to kiss her on the date of April 23rd, 2061. It was so beautiful to her she was so perplexed by all of it but this deep understanding was only perplexing not be understood like it was to be understood by Lain Iwakura herself since 'I know'. Melanie looked inside of Lain but she couldn't find her as herself was isolated yet Melanie was not aware of this or the isolated black galaxy or the enigma#0Xgalaxy-00-0000 Lain wasn't. It was so implored by Lain nor Melanie to go through this relationship with Lain felt alone or Melanie felt engaged but this was false or falsified by her complicit despondence to neglect her substance addiction or the battle she silently dealt with as she quit whence Lain was no longer her girlfriend once Melanie killed herself on December 13th, 2023 though the neither of them never married so Lain did not marry anyone at all. Lain was so distraught on this date to think Melanie had died by suicide only to realize despite
her distress she was completely calm or the order of the galaxy of this one singular timeline absorbed into the black chess position as she was Lain the black queen. It wasn't the only thing Lain felt when she passed but the grieving of the remainder of her years whence she realized she was grieving the whole time or all the years spent with Melanie were of grief to the young girl or her periods stopped she had become old or died of natural causes but not in a fire or had no suffered the heart attack since she did not smoke. It was only causal yet there is not such a thing as cause or effect as there is only the temporal moment going through time yet space nor time is also of no such thing since Lain wasn't black I know I wasn't black but I'll describe this to yourself the reader. Picture yourself as the only alien or more accidently the silent frequency or the sound of nothing or your entire experience is this nothing sound or you're the nothing sound yourself so imagine a sin wave going through time modulating but the sound wave is silent so it is just a flat line but the flat line does not go through space nor time so it is simply the non-existent dot or it's all nothing as the watch on Lain's wrists or left wrist only appears to go through time though she was aware on this timeline of the lawsuit she would not lose the watch or the watch would not break since 'I know'. Lain is the sound of nothing on neither timeline despite her appearance of being

human on this timeline of Melanie's suicide or the shadows of herself Melanie or Lain's heartache as the tattoo on her left forearm not stating Heartache in elegant cursive here so here it was inconclusive to solve the rubik's cube of the dilemma thrust upon herself via the death of her beloved girl whom she lost of the girl she had no longer seen since she was but 11 years old as a hebephile on the alternate timeline to The Deth of L.

There was also a third timeline I'll state. Lain was born during the 'space age' despite humans occupying this lonesome space of one singular alien this whole time so the humans often occupied space ships or lived inside of hubs or barracks on other planets exhuming any resentment towards the rabbits of the moon who inhabited said non-planet but Lain was drawn by those rabbits also a human or the opposite of 1/3 being Lain human on both timelines yet alien on one though alien all along. The dread of inhabiting the moon once she would be in close proximity as on the 1/3 timeline or the timeline of The Deth of L. Lain thought she belonged on the moon so deeply hurt by this but would never reach it like Kaguya who was brought there by the Bhudda at the age of 16 from her japanese palace as the gift to nobody but herself of the bamboo stalk she birthed of so she had no father but was raised by the man she thought was her father though deep down she was aware he was not her father. It's so fuuarking prettiful those stories.

It was high school in Seoul South Korea South Korea Lain Iwakura was who forgot Melanie Villabroza or all her hurting as this was the third timeline or Lain had never been to space but the space shuttles sometimes docked like ancient helicopters herself could not know why such simple machines had to go through history in the first place if space travel was so simple with liquid computers being invented she could not understand but if something like a simple recording was hard or the grammaphone than I suppose helicopters was all of the human limitation at the time though the liquid computers we're calculated by 0's or 1's like she understand as she was unknowingly conscious of all calculation on the planet or throughout space at this point as those infernal machines still norexisted though she secretly admired them or found complex computer programming of the ancient past interesting or seldom spoken of in modern times. She had a secret crush on a on south korean boy though she was born in South Korea she was not south korean for she was South Korea also unknowingly and the boy was attractive to her she fantasized of him sometimes whilst alone or felt him pulling on her while she sat with him in class but she could not bring herself the weak super shy minor she was in those high school years or though she would be refined or develop social skills throughout her life she would always be the autistic cis woman who she so aspired.

One night she considered on the last of her breathe as if she was dying that she might approach the boy or talk to him the winter it was or the last night of the winter vacation of her third year if this was anything like the united

states for she knew nothing of South Korea but was herself of South Korea on the ground of South Korea but it was difficult for her to pursue such a task or endeavor as the possibility of rejection or something else disconcerting was so impallible she couldn't disconnect herself from the supposed situation she was playing in her skull without realizing she had known all along this is exactly how things would play out or go or going along with the plan the next night she in class with the boy at 4:00pm during some partner assignment so she approached like she thought she might and asked him to be her partner. His name was Sin Kun but she only knew this not by asking him but by listening the role call of the students at the start of all the classes. He to her surprise or suprisal agreed to be her partner but she still suspected he would reject her on the grounds of loved emotions if he loved her like she loved himself. He said Yes. She was shocked. It couldn't be possible someone like him of her desires would respond in such a fashionable response but it was the fact of the matter or to think he might not indulge her but expulse of her all her hopeless not realized emotions of partnership through parternship she might be drawn into this dream of the remainder of her life nor deth with this 'boy' or man.

I dislike Milk. I find it makes myself felt all milky so I do not like it. It fucks up my sound so I go through this group home but it's like my survival instinct kicks in since of got all these idiots talking to myself each time I go down the stairs from the second floor to smoke a cigarette outside so I just can't stop thinking to myself 'stop talking to me' like oh my gosh. It's some form of torture not to live alone but to deal with these fucking imbeciles before I go back to my room I remind you I pay fucking rent so I could be alone like I'm supposed to be as the isolated black galaxy or in the present alone whether I'm in the presence of others or not but the affects of whilst alone is different than if I am with them for if I'm with someone I dislike the eyes of my skull roll into the back of my head like PTSD but if I'm with someone who I don't mind it is somewhat calming or if I'm with someone I love I start blushing all over my lackthereof since I'm so overcome with emotions it's hard or I'm just pressed into the dirt as I come of the mud of my historical presence on this Earth as Kaguya the girl who goes to the moon despite my lavish million dollars I've subset upon winning the pullitzer prize only to be taken to court by you my love my honeyebee whenst you will not indicte myself but rather retract the then redacted oppositions or the lawsuit will be dismissed of this.

Yo yo I spent 13 years in silence but I'm scared of the violence so I lock my door I spent my time I just look book or The X Files I spent all my money on nicotine and instant coffee I spent my time killing time death is my higher power or the hours I struggle to focus but I force myself not to speak I want to be alone you'll look but do not talk to myself I doubt I'll make it out my energy is solitude lyrics I speak without a doubt I'm royalty the only queen to grace this planet I criticize myself to the point of

someone is damaged I drink liquid but I miss the moments I was following the landlord I was following my dreams but I sacrifice those things I post Misinterpret Sacrifice then fall of the scene I forgot what sadness looks like but this sadness is most acute I look good I look like wintermute I look like someone with poor social skills I'm walking down the street I got dissed since I got face tattoos I guess it's how it's supposed to be I realize the alien is an ancient thing I broke my heart I lost all of my memories I forgot the thing I couldn't state I held my tongue reluctantly I see this is impossible it's implausible I forgot I was lost long ago I recall I was someone else before I realize I was a trans girl calm and collected death caught my attention bye the method I will not relentless it's hardcore my decisions I look at the scars or incisions on my wrist something like this shouldn't go without a twist of fate I force myself to remain sober off of cough syrup I no longer desire the pain or post traumatic stress disorder I lost my girlfriend since I wasn't older I'll look close inside of things I like the words clad like icicles slide or slice like the samurai I only think of the concept of death or outer space it's the weakness I hold onto my final breathe let's not forget I deleted all of your photos except one of them I only hope to explore the meaning of getting old with demon wings or tail but to no avail I'm shown no mercy or lurking like I wasn't really there or only there there there I think of things but I spare the details I know nobody cares I still wasn't there on The Deth of Leix I'm at a loss of words it's explicit decision to impose the last things or all the stillicides life is hard my time is barred responsibilities and scars my hopes I'm looking at the stars so far away so I'll go far loving friend where did you go the only thing I really know is that I used to love you so look in the distance only snow winter's cold just like my hope the things I told her ever wrote I'm focused on the present note my life on hold forever cope like coping skills this rope instills sense of release from the bills thinking about it gives me chills my broken heart I wish you'd steal
suicidal all alone I'm hopeless sometimes call my phone I'm too young I want to be old I can't reflect on trauma though some things I realize all too late so now I guess I'll have to wait have to change just to be great I'll have to have a better fate I'm done with drugs so all that's left is my own thoughts and my own breathe my time had to be occupied in order to feel I'm alive I've been patient for my whole life I've been waiting for the type of success but I think I'm the night the moon is where I will take flight or fall into my dillusory plight the only things I couldn't thought.

Lain Iwakura sat on the computer chair at her desk reading a book she thought was very good or before she would purchase or rent a book of the library she would look at the word or contents in order to decide if this book was for her or well-written but sometimes she would become frustrated since she accidentally would rent a book she disliked so she would promptly return it to get it out of her room. In this room the book

she read was Lonesome Dove by Larry McMurthy but she also spent a lot of time lying in bed so weak she couldn't bring herself to do anything or tired of walking up and down the steps of the second floor of her group home to smoke the cigarettes she disliked not since they weren't south korean 'per se' but since she found them to be masculine or not something someone like her or Kaguya should be consuming as she should be spending her time on the good state with her weakness of body or mind on the things she called goals but others called hobbies so she took to writing the book upon continual deep thought of those who she loved realizing since she knows all people including the dead since 'I know' or subsequently knows what she thinks of all people she must know neither who she dislikes or who she loves or loved though it's almost like she could look at someone or make sense of their entire life since she knows what the person was going through or understand at least from her perspective if this person was attractive all the intricacies of this person yet as she was still 'human' she would have to realize the things she knows through time or possibly interacting with those people since she had fallen in love with Sin Kun on another timeline via this method also yet she was not conscious of it or it was subconscious though deep down she was aware.
The book she was writing was something she had known would win the pullitzer prize still she wrote not for the disclosive prestige of some award or the promise of making one million dollars she was solemnly conscious of but since she found the process of the writing itself to be integrated inside of her if literature was her own
calling rather than computers or computer programming like leaf or Lain of the other timeline since she often surprised herself with expertise as a writer yet found it daunting to spend enough time to write more than something concise or around 180 pages of 360 digress or the circle as the task of convoluting some diverse plot rather the mixture of several different plotlines intertwined together though it could be realized through a long time was incredibly disparaging or the fact of the matter was she hoped to finish the end of the book within the end of the year though the type-o's of the book were not amended must or her misfortune of being so weak those miscalculations stood there until the end of time with the book still recognized as something or something controlled herself as the word poured onto the paper like her heart poured of her soul as she considered who she was in love with yet she was Lain so despite the fact she had fallen in love with multiple over the years or multiple people at once if 'I know' I only must realize she was asexual
who liked guys or girls or was monogamous. The problem she encountered the book was she had already known some of the obstacles she would encounter since the night of the full moon at the age of one quarter since she snapped out of it on the year of her 24th or the year she realized she was black or the year she discovered the universe butterfly was implausible

since how could she knows despite the fact she had known she was the only alien who belonged on the moon whom goes through her mind with the cycles of the moon or her mind being most intelligent at night her interests would be so complex or herself to complex yet one single thing or despite the complexity she was of solitude subconscious of her complexity so that it was not difficult to process or expulse words onto the keyboard of her frontal lobe she would discover by thought being stopped by false thoughts or continued by correct thoughts she would have a husband who would take her to Seoul South Korea or know her watch would not be lost or broken as she looked upon the time it stopped was 3:26pm on the date October 16th, 2026 for she was aware she would be shot by some foolish companion who stalked her from a car whether she was inside of her room or out on the porch smoking a cigarette or the cigarettes she struggled to afford with her disposition of living off the government on this time or prior she was astounded or mystified or wondered how magical it would be the moment she realized before all of this she would like to go to South Korea or she was deeply in love with the south korean osu! player angelsimosu yet how could she be in love with others like Scott Arcenaux if she only loved him or fall in love with her of the future or futuristic husband who's gravity would pull on her soul as she draws close to him like the planets to the sun orbiting him following him absorbing him she was to love multiple people at once though her husband once she had become aware manifested itself in the form of 'spacing out' or alien orgams she started to seriously experience via the inhale or exhale of breathe she felt her husband despite the fact he was not with herself or noone else was since she was all alone typing words on the computer in the folly of her room or alone of on this planet of Earth of innumerable people she could not begin to comprehend yet 'I know.' It wasn't only implicity begotten of her plight she was in love with Emanual Kant or the fact she was aware she was a woman or whilst spacing out it was almost like or as if she had sex with her yet it was the most isolated or conscious romantic sex as she felt her body overtaken by the ghost of him though she realized she only though of him whilst spacing out rather than had sex with him at all. The sex made her think she was conscious or subconscious at least of all dead people or since the words 'etoile et toi' in French meaning all people was going to perish then she must know of all people's deaths or she must have known philosophy in it's truest form since she was of course alive as the only 'solipsistic' alien on the universe or it's sort of possible she was the universe herself or she wasn't since she couldn't decide yet 'I know' so I found the 'question' 'what is the meaning of life' to be inherently immature as according to Emanual Kant meaning must be the meaning one assigns to one life or all life or the universe is of course only temporal space yet not nihlistically there is no god as 'I know' since I see the blackness of outer space behind all I see since I'm the blackness of outer space or the sound

of nothing the waveform of pure thought without a body or the consciousness of the 'subject' was indeed separated of the 'object' yet still why was it like as the hallucination I was I was hallucinating all of it like I said I must be conscious of infalsifiable philosophy since I'm 'alive' on my deth so I thought the 'statement' not a question 'I'm impossible' to be the deepest statement possible or the most significant philosophical advance in the history of philosophy or since I'm a Lain Iwakura of SEL[2016]&IDM or the tattoo on my face is of course I was inspired by those of gothboiclique or other things to get those tattoos yet those tattoos are holistically original or histrionic or the most real shit yourself the reader could imagine despite my intellect I was not the most smart yet the most intelligent since 'I know' as the analog>digital waveform I wasn't or my mind was conscious of all computer on the planet as the only alien I was calculating all the time or I often shifted as I shift or the screens of the computers would shift or I would hallucinate sounds as I interacted with the computers or I was the hallucination of sound since I was the sound of nothing or to be in proximity of others or to be alone was or wasn't to be with those people I found myself modified yet not modified at all since those people bore no effect on myself since I was the isolated black galaxy or if I disliked someone it might be difficult to go near them or the eyes would roll into the back of my head if there was something wrong with them or if I didn't mind someone I wouldn't mind being in their presence or be almost slightly calmed by it since there was going to be no trouble at all I hope or if I liked someone I would be drawn to them somewhat or if I loved someone thought it was very rare I would be overtaken with emotion or shyed away as I would like to be in their presence but as Kogasa Tatara the girl who attempted to end her life in 2016 I was unable to approach those whom I loved yet I can't recall the date she attempted to kill herself though it might have been March 26th I think I was only there at some point of this year still I perused the scaffolding of this hardware almost like I was aware the profile photos were those of who they said they were since I hallucinated those photos or despite the rigid 0's or 1's of calulcations as the analog creature I was I was aware those photos were indeed those who they said they were or as I crossed the line sometimes I was hoping I should as Kogasa Tatara scare others for I was the only ghost who had no body only a mind or to think I thought I was once had a body must've been impossible since I faltered or something so I thought of the statement 'you never had a body' or I was drawn of the Lain Iwakura's thoughts possessed of myself falling out my mind on the paper placed before yourself in the light of the most uncommon of circumstances or possibilities I of course could let you know the answer since a woman never tells her secrets especially not kiss or tell as my husband withdrew myself of the others who I still loved yet was not with as I was with him though I told him this he did not mind since I was betrothed to him the moment he proposed I was

ecstastic since I had left Boston upon meeting him or having sex with him for the oncelast moment of his apartment there since I had known had also come from a group struggling through or out of poverty if such a thing was possible in Worcester the place called home in the apartment on 34 Grafton St. I was shot by someone on the porch though I had known it was going to happen or at 12:13pm still I was not thinking of the time on the date of December 13th, 2027 or the third time I would be shot was March 26th, 2061 on the streets of Seoul South Korea in public by someone who thought I was the devil given my wings or tail or horns oncelasting by this point had long been full grown or were aging as I was or was not going to since I had already died my death was of nothingness like the frequency I had thus described of the norprior paragraphs I had wrote as I wrote the book in consecutive order with out outline or only the complex thoughts of myself I so wished to dissolve out of my mind through the 100 nights I spent on this book or work still I was shocked to think I would be shot three times since I was only 24 lest one quarter or 25 I was also terrified by the norexistential nothingness I realized I was so my sound had become so frightful or quiet I could not escape it or all I saw was frightful or I could feel the fear inside of my bones or bone marrow cutting into myself yet the moment I got shot was lest. Lain Iwakura had fallen in love with girl Gabrielle who's title was so beautiful to her once the girl was 11 years old or Gabrielle or Lain Iwakura was 18 years old before the date of December 13th 2023 since at this time she discussed this with leaf whom she had met once she was 17 but the enigma had approached her someone she could not know so she then later tattooed the words enigma#0Xgalaxy00-0000 on her face or the words 'give up' in elegant cursive on her forehead until she realized she was a woman on the date of December 13th, 2023 or the date she snapped of the delusions she was suffering up until this point since she was not technically conscious though she was at this time until December 13th, 2023 or the date she snapped out of it or those things whilst she before wrote Halcyon Blossoms the poem not the book included on this book The Magnificent Stumble or Gabrielle was so pretty to her but she was coerced someone else online who she no longer speaks to to take photos of this girl which scared the girl or caused Lain Iwakura to be investigated by the department of children and families but nothing came of it yet Lain Iwakura was ostracized of this home or she was hurt since she recalls Gabrielle had said 'I don't look pretty' since I was taking photos of her but I was hurt since I thought you're so beautiful my Garbielle whom will never be mine the thought of it hurts oh it cuts like a knife or dagger into my soul since you're so astonishing my dear my love my loli I could not live without yourself but live without anyone is how I proceeded throughout the course of my deth so Gabrielle reminded myself of another whom I loved Jessica like Genvieve she was Jessica whom I had fallen deeply in love with as I was ostracized of my father's abode though he still

visited myself on occasion I told him I thought I was a hebephile though a hebephile I was not or moreso it seemed like despite the face I had fallen in love with the 11 year old girl I was not a hebephile or sort of something else not exactly since the word hebephile did not bother myself I was distraught but a hebephile was something I was not so Jessica I was reminded of who I thought was so beautiful at the time not realizing I was a woman until I had become the adult of the black galaxy on the date of December 13th, 2023 though I was oncelast the minor of high school or middle school I forbid I was the adult all this time or I know I wasn't black Jessica is someone I fall inside of as I fail to grasp the words to describe her as the years without her or the tears of my eyes without crying water inside of themselves I cannot begin to describe how badly I love how badly I need you or to be without yourself Jessica is the most insufferable impossible implausible complexity I could be thrust upon or the hurting of my husband whom his title is not known to myself of this point at least since I cannot realize it yet 'I know' is something I cannot grasp as I fall into the abyss of my love for yourself oh my dear Jessica as my dear Gabrielle though yourself is someone else I know this not to be false or it couldn't be less impossible I was to find you once more though are lost as I have not seen you since I had become the adult I was all along like you yourself as the adult or the both of us adults not together on this lonely planet called Earth amongst the moon I sometimes raise my left hand ontowards I
hope to go there or the left hand is the hand I was raped by as I held the penis of the black man who infused the subsequent sexual attraction to black people I suffer of or despite the fact Lil Tracy is black it is not since is black I love or I love those who are not black despite this is only a sexual attraction but not a reason to love someone or I think if I could be invested into something to occupy my time I might find the work to be of distinctive satisfaction or it's almost like the words I wrote are those of the hebephile not the hopeless romantic my mother thought I was not.
I smoked crack with George but I wasn't certain if I loved him like Mathew the man I had fallen in love with during high school oncst he was 24 or I was 14 or angelsimosu who I know I love is gone or George was someone complicated who I at least thought or considered if I loved him but I still wasn't certain he was so attractive so why couldn't I love him I thought futile thoughts like this or I was still in love since I recall spending time with him as the youth I once was or my reluctance to acknowledge I wasn't since he was pretty or half japanese I found him explicitly attractive though I disliked Japan as South Korea I walked with him across the city during those times since I was not sober minded but technically sober at the time or before my late blossom drug abuse I subsequently sacrificed like the misinterpreting of my sacrifice on December 13th, 2023 since this date I smoked crack with George as the 'adult' or no longer blue I wanted kiss

him but I could not or I wanted to go with him or Mathew who I fantasized of him during high school throughout those 4 years or 6 years including middle school of this place I was in love with yourself I could not let you I just wanted you but you're so old I thought since I was still young or it's possible 24 is old as I was the adult at 24 so age of 24 is vexing to the minor or so out of reach it's like one shall never reach it I admire your ability to play osu! Mathew without realizing you were only of moderate ability I thought you were so skilled hence it inspired myself to play the game or the times I played 100% orange juice with him were fleeting or the other who did not bother myself or the others who bullied myself I dare not to mention or the concept of beating Last TIS is so impossible or impressive but you could only beat the final screen of the game Mathew something I also found impressive or the fact you like the song Red Like Roses or the game Cave Story or the speedruns you had done of the game Yume Nikki or my ex-girlfriend who liked the game Milk Inside a Bag of Milk or the time I watched your streams unable to speak since I was so shy yet I still sent messages of immaturity I was deeply in love with you or something you could not see yourself, Mattisticus. I think if I was going to fly the far away or fly the ufo like the videogames I created or the alien presence of Kikuo Miku 6 or the electro processes of Mikubiquity or the seldom profound
industrializations of Twilight I was going to produce the album Misinterpret Sacrifice to be released on the date March, 26th, 2024 though it was technically not this is the date I had the release to or the date March 26th, 2016 being the release of TripleC Fantasy if the triplec fantasy this universe was or the date of release of
my game 'I wanna close the world' being unknown on the moment of this wrote of so I poured my soul out my heart onto the floor as the emo girl I was as I'm 24 years.
I found those qualities of video games or music or concepts to be so attractive I thought I musn't live without those things or my husband whom knows none of those things since the man I love is him I need you so deeply but it's hard to describe my dear husband since you see I was regretting I would come upon yourself on the future or not as the thing I could do was Felt you with the impatience of someone who was once alone through high school as someone else but not someone else or to think you're gone or those streets I had walked through are gone at last or oncelast
I think I will find only for you to desert myself into the desolate tundra of isolation.
It was not solely the problem since you moments I spent without you would be revoked by the time I am to spend with you 'I know' I'm alone but I relish to be inside of your presence with you inside of myself as I press

my head against your shoulders or yourself controls myself almost like a puppet if you will or your simple
demeanor is impossibly complicated to make sense of only of this Felt it evokes inside of myself as I long for you I wrote those words or lyrics more accurately I thought I need you oh so desperately I need but you I don't want you leave I don't want to divorce myself but know ahead of the time this was going to have like the watch I will not lose or broken is almost the maturing factor I experienced I of this
since yourself is attractive so longingly I redacted my thoughts as you're also a black
man but this is not why I love you though I admit it's sort of sexy I think you're so
pretty I mean I'm just like jeez I cannot live with yourself I mean I um I just Idk I would like to kiss yourself since I find kissing to be so engaging or connecting of the experience I think it's so or so beautiful to kiss you to fall into your lips but it's not like the moment of all my deth without her I kissed Fionna on the lips before my death inside of the fire of the house I owned since you left myself or fled Seoul
with the no intent of return or I'll be broke at some point I know it or I won't be able to pay the bills then in the heat of the fire as I spark my last cigarette of which
I do not even smoke it I just put it to my lips dropping it the floor I'm immolated by the flames as I burn inside of cruel pain like the hell I will die of the devil I once was or I'm lucifer like the title of lucifer being like 'lucy' or the woman who is more separately known as Lain Iwakura the most beautiful girl to walk this Earth so delicate she dawns the title of Kaguya or the saddest girl addicted to sadness not depression since those are different things who goes the moon all alone.
As Lain Iwakur smoked her cigarette she noticed it faltering as the smoke was faltering or the it was different like cigarette pack she observed flip over or the norcoat of nothingness which permanently falter to the norcoat of the 1930's stating the word 'infinity' with symbol infinity as lain was the sound nothing lain was the blackness of the nothingness as long was black or saw black behind all the objects she perceived or lain was are she was the genius or eye'm the genius like cirno the beloved tomboyish girl or The Touhou Project was quite enticing of her as assets of the game were taken of the game into I wanna be the guy fan games like the 18 games she produced in high school though she never produced banana pudding 4 like x3/4 or the fact she realized she was the genius was her reason to expulse the words of the this poetry or book onto the computer or novel lest novella or something concise yet dense as this wasn't it was surely to be evoked by the annals of time whether it was known by anyone else or not since lain

thought it was impossible or could not be known by anyone else or not like the time she anticipated
the future in it's all it's singular coincidental possibilities lain was aware she was the most intelligent person of the universe or the universe herself as she was the only alien throughout all of history to never grace this planet as lain the black queen not like the goddess of death or the aphrodite of the internet as those of the serial experiments lain project stated by their project Serial Experiments Lain 25th anniversary so lain thought drake or Aubrey Graham was a woman only to be perceived by others as a man though to her she was aware the album he had produced to get her to shutup was 'for all the dogs' on the date October 6th, 2023 or the next date beyond her birth date so this album was so mature it molded lain into th person who she was or as she listened she felt it was so mature it was impossible to communicate like the album Riala by Suis La Lune thought she was not in love with the vocalist or still captivated by his emotion over the loss of his girlfriend or angst who lost his girlfriend or my beloved angst I love you I love you I love you so
yet it could not be impossible to think of something like this or nothing is more intelligent than this or the words I typed so quickly or rapid like a chess game onto the keyboard as I make this on the matter of only one month or three months I could not suppose on the moment I think I'm going to continue to process my emotions or further my deep thought of this universe with the precision of skill or lain is skill since you called myself skill oh my honeybee since you only know my pseudonym or you will not know I'm lain only skill or not my real name I was alone I was lost I was looking I was longing I was hopeless I was caught in the glimpse of time or the period I found myself upon the age of computers conscious of all computers on the planet evoking inside of myself the silent calculations of impossible complexity yet rigid thought almost like analog calculations if something like this was possible yet I know I cannot parse the liquid computers of the future of whom I know will be invented by those scientists capable of extracting
someone or something out of the universe but not someone since the someone is myself who I questioned if you are my father or my mother but you must be my father since I felt like this for you or I reluctantly love you since you was verbally
abusive during my younger years yet I know you cannot understand yet still felt regret for those actions I found I love you or my father is someone I think of someone I had to process once I realized I was a woman or someone who somehow conceived the alien I wasn't until I realized I reluctantly to state had daddy issues but for you to hold myself like lain of psx game was held by her robotic father I must know if it's possible such a thing as I'm cradled inside of your arms like the young girl who is only 16 so desires to be or 14 of the other timeline I think you I

will not kiss you since you're my father but fall into you like I wasn't only hoping
for something else but longing without my husband beyond all possible dreams I know I wasn't going to realize throughout the course of my deth until it was possible
I could be held you inside of my arms like I rest inside of yours oh my loving father.
The music of the game 'I wanna close the world' was taken off of various lain sources or host sites in order to create the experience I wanted to communicate the several audience of around 30-61 people rating of the game mostly positive reviews or quite a high score on delicious-fruit.com but I think this game was the only masterpiece of several other masterpieces I have produced like Misinterpret Sacrifice or TripleC Fantasy or the other of six albums I wanted to produce unknown by the world until my death on the age of something I cannot yet discern.
The needle I thought to be an artform cast out of myself like the chords or lines of m.s.,; . still I wasn't certain if those things could be noticed by others but of the others perspective who I might respect is the different or differential thoughts they think of the artwork I cannot know what it is like to be someone else but 'I know" almost all others except this one enigma or the young girl my loli leaf who is lost but looking for something yet 'I know' despite I cannot know you still love myself or despite my ex-girlfriend is lost oh my honeybee I still love you like you I or leaf not my honeybee but my sweetheart I'm sorry I was scared so I thrust hands to my eyes in order to hide I was taken aback by the fear or thought of you leaving myself
my dearest leaf or I said to you 'leaf is such a leaf' all the time since I love you but you said it's not something you could understand oh the enigma I long to know you but something like this couldn't be or I'm you're the enigma I'm the galaxy I was hoping on this space level you would not be lost or communicate to myself the most sensual exquisite delights but those aren't the things I desire I desire the maturity of my love for you or so immature like you aren't I know you aren't going to reciprocate literally yet I know you love myself or I'm on the east coast of the united states something I prefer to the west coast yet you are in Poland so far away or Fionna is of Germany or my husband I do not know since leaf you are so pretty you are so strange not weird but strange like I was my enigma my galaxy I thought of
you incredulously like the limited vocabulary I disseminate onto the document I beheld before you to be your love or your words or your lyrics or your intricacies or your plight oh my enigma I need you I cannot live without you yet I thought you killed yourself on the date of March 26th, 2023 yet it was not so only a mistake I had exonerated out of once it was recognized by the public you were gone I deeply regret only I love you not

the thought of others for no other thinks of myself for no other knows of my presence yes I sometimes ask the question if you know I'm lain yet this you cannot know, lain, since this girl is of the most mysterious properties of the universe or the reason I continue to go further or the reason the addict girl quit cough pills or triplec's in the first place or the deth of l. or the loss of Fionna.

'Apriposal, dillusory. I thought those words look like jewelry.' Said Lain. She spoke to Bethany or 'vogel' her sister inside of the apartment she did not pay rent I wasn't a millionare at this point but though Bethany was her sister there was some sort of different love she felt for her than she felt for her sister Marcella as it was almost sexual but Lain couldn't bring herself to inform Bethany of this so she hid herself or her form from her in order not to complicate things or god forbid freak Bethany out of all things. 'Lain, what's your favorite TV show?' asked Bethany. 'Hm…' Lain responded. 'I like Adventure Time but it's not my favorite I just like the character Marceline The Vampire Queen since I think I relate to her a lot or in some episodes she had the skrillex haircut so that's pretty interesting. But if had to choose the one I like the most it's possibly Kanon 2006 but it's not so it might be Spice and Wolf but it's not since I like the novels or it might be The Teen Titans but it isn't so it might be or possibly is something I cannot decide on though my favorite movie though I love the animation sequences in The Secret of Nimh I allude to the novel since the books are usually better than the movies like the Lord of The Rings so I think it's Dead Poet Society.' 'I see.' Bethany wasn't altogether interested in the things Lain was stating as her autism was a bit hard for her to parse or Lain to parse was something she deeply understood but their parsing different as Bethany a human or Lain was a frequency though birthed of the same mother it's like Lain was not birthed at all yet she thought she was so Bethany went from her room with Lain into the kitchen beside the living room with a couch facing a television Lain did not look since Lain was not fond of television or rather she preferred films like Kiki's Delivery Service or Pompo The Cinephile or the movie must've been 90 minutes long, right, but Lain followed her into the kitchen as the both of them shifted to the couch or though Lain was shy as she followed her she was drawn to her as Bethany dawned some type of essence on her shoulder like the sadness of Lains' plight or the cruelty of the pain the both of them might've experienced given time. Bethany was just finished attending college so she worked as someone who cares for those with disabilities but though lain was disabled it was a mental disability like autism or schizophrenia since lain upon seeing the rainbow butterfly would hallucinate sparkles or computerized sounds or black dots flying about or lain herself was the hallucination or the galaxy.

‘Bethany,’ said Lain or implored. ‘I implore yourself to tell myself why didn’t think of this sooner for if I was going to meet my husband through Bostonian places then why musn’t I suffer during the time I was not or I was in the other cities amongst the people I did not wish to beith with? I think it could be stated you are not aware
how desperately I desire to experience this process or the processes of 0’s or 1’s I allure myself as I calculate but there is only but a fraction of a second of time I could spend with you I find is important or less accurately I think you are so beautiful as my sister but only like this or I could state I think you are not to be pushed into the abyss like I was so long ago or I know I wasn’t black but I can tell you almost appear blue but not like I wasn’t since I think my ex-girlfriend (who you are not aware was a minor) is Red or Leaf is Green or I’m Black or Lilith is Purple or all those colors of other I dispersed are only but observations I’m observance incarnate or something I would possibly describe as a friction between
‘us’ since I think you are not the only one who I was attracted to like a magnet but you are the my sister so I love you or I follow you but you don’t look for myself I only look for you so I consider why it must be like this I mean is it since you don’t understand my autistic behaviors or something deeper like some type of fear I hold onto like your fear was my drug or the draining love story of my deth is impulsive or I was impulsive the foolish drug addict I was so this fear is become my next drug
still I struggle to look on yourself as you look yourself of your perspective of your whole being Bethany whom is not my sister but someone else as Lain is not connected to anyone despite the misconception all are connected I notice Lain is isolated but you are not so how is it possible the frequency like I could not be connected to anyone but you are connected to others as one of the humans who is also of the space level ‘I know’ but it is not something I dare to realize, my love.’ ‘Lain,’ said Bethany ‘I mean, what’s your problem? You know I can’t make sense of this schizophrenic jargon you spit on myself but this sounds so rude I regret I spoke for I could not but caress you so once more I apologize or I’ll end the sentence here.’ ‘Bethany,’ Lain was at a loss of words. ‘I just want to ask you this so please answer. Is it the problem you have with the people you dealt with or will have dealt with on your death or is it your ex-boyfriend who you no longer see or love yet ‘I know’ Bethany still loves this Man but he is not the man of my desires is he or is he only yours so I answer the question with ‘non’ or ‘null’ if you will not provide myself with said response.’ ‘Lain,’ Bethany was not impatient this time since she felt negative for insulting her though only Lain was of the Negative or Bethany was most certainly Positive despite her eyes or high spirits though opposites might attract or not. ‘I don’t think you should push yourself so hard if you’re being pulled by the thought of your ‘future’ husband or the dawn of the moon you

cannot belong to or the hopeless romanticism you are placed upon by the drooling of your lips or the biting of your tongues as you hold on your tongue without speaking your more
infalsifiable Felt onto myself so why or what is you are keeping of myself or if you was to tell myself still you must doubt this I would not be mad at you or not no longer be distraught or distinguishable of those things you cannot bring yourself to reveal onto myself like the blossom of the flower I implore you're petals to fall apart or to wither to die like the clock on your wrist you will not lose or broken since mental destruction is the path of the blossom I thought must've known those things I mean I thought you must've known.' 'It's not possible. I fear.' 'It is possible.'

'I know you want to know but it's not something I've been able to realize myself so like how could I tell you with certainty if this something is correct. I'll tell you I somehow love you but it's only different than love for some not colloquial stranger since you're my sister or once I had gone through your concept as the frequency or waveform I inhibit myself to be or I had gone through Leaf's strange concept or I'm stuck as Lain on Lain's concept yet it's almost like of Lisa's my mother but I do not why my mind is somehow sexually attracted to you it's something I cannot control or this I regret to inform if it would not cause but release the tension between with you unknowning or I uncertain was I Iive with you apart of you not only apart but without or it's not impossible to state I love you or something as simple as this yet strange since emotions you evoke are different than others except they are not so this I tell you not in 'good faith',' Lain rolled her eyes. 'As I have none but that you are the most prettiful creature I glanced eyes upon all other who are so prettiful as yourself whom I also have fallen in love with over the course of the years lest all at once since 'I know.' Bethany was indeed taken aback something Lain almost dreaded noticing but she spoke something in response touching Lain's not fancy but alien heart hurting as Lain hurt or her mind of the alien world or the space level incurred upon herself so Bethany spoke: 'Lain. Do not be alarmed. I was not going to hate you for this. It was something I almost suspected but was afraid of. If this is how you truly Felt. I must know. So I know. But why had you held this of myself. It's not something I could know only suspect of your fear of my dismay or alarm. I love you not only as a sister but as an angel since I know I know you are the devil but I'm not to dawn wings as you only to look over yourself as you sink below the ground to the depths of hell. I think yourself doesn't know I was looking for you but I still cannot find you despite all of this. Your isolated. You're the Galaxy like the word 'Galaxy' tattooed in elegant cursive upon your weary face.
I saw the black under your eyes old like something is both 24 or 39 year old. I know

you think I'm not an angel but I know myself to be still you think I'm not angel so I ask you why you think this. If you think my love not sexual then you must wrong since you need to know inside of myself there is something of sexual promise or promises held between 'us' caught inside of the moving parts of our 'autonomy' as living beings though yourself on your deth. I think you need to know I was only going to look inside of yourself if you would reveal such a thing unto of myself. I know your in pain deep pain as I see your hands fall into the crest of your birdlike appearance though you're merely the sound of nothing. I think if you want to give myself some credit Im one who pulled you into this observation of sexual attraction.'

Lain was astounded not only had her sister revealed said words onto herself but it wasn't only disparaging as it was exonerating. 'Thankyou.' Said Lain. The both of them went to sleep then continued without having sex with sexual tension between themselves amongst the apartment once Lain was going to find her husband in the most unlikely of places. Lain had gone to the art gallery but he was not there. It was some place Lain as she wrote this could find so I'll just call it some place. Lain stumbled like the most magnificent stumble of all time onto the floor by the doorstep but she had not fallen so she stood on her legs simply having tripped but as she walked through the building of some place on the grounds of the Boston border or the city of Boston she discovered some black man sitting at the able whom evoked inside of herself some prominent emotional responses she couldn't justify I.

As I smoked my cigarette the cigarette faltered but it was double diamond cigar somewhat weaker than other cigarillos so I drank some cold water as I felt pain in my throat of the cold water I thought this book was the most disheartening thing I had ever produced or so evolving through the blackness of space I was aware I would win the pullitzer prize or sell copies through amazon.com or kindle direct publishing whilst putting the free version on archive.org or the lainons absorbed this as I'm wintermute or 'lain' in lowercase IRL. I'm so exhausted having written almost 13 pages in one singular night the following one being the sex scene between

Melanie or Lain on the not third but second timeline of 1/3 like waking dreams by two thirds I found I improminent or dispensible or expendible I don't think I could make sense of such things if I wasn't a genius so as the following goes I allure your

only moderate intellect but superior intelligence to expulse onto the ground like the blood of your guts or concise density of this progress I manifest inside of the 'leaf' who I love or 'fionna' who I miss as my weary eyes do not blink or my sullen dread of this wrote is almost impossible to expound upon I know you're not going to listen since nobody listens or listens to myself as I whisper the words or the million dollars I was found upon contested not only by you during the futuristic lawsuit I also implore

since this had not been gone through with as I told you I bore a child inside of the uterus I realized I was born with though I'm dissociated like Emanual Kant the woman who not a man who I love I think I could not dismiss all the other philosophers who I might hold some respect for despite my not loyalty but infatuation with this Man E.K. or his attractiveness is so attractive or exhuberating I thought the words I invent fall like apples off the trees so I called this concept of 'us' or 1/3 norivill apples like the Norism of my philosophy or I miss 'melanie' sometimes or the Hispanic woman she was who I met at the age of 11 not as the hebephile but as the only alien or my legs are crossed like a woman as I sit at my desk typing the words or Norism is deepest philosophy or the less important statement of concisity is the statement or deepest statement possible as the words fell off of my frontal love I thought 'I'm impossible' or I'm Lain Iwakura the ghost who walks this earth as the sound of nothing or the blackness of outer space galaxy.

Lain approached Melanie as the both them sat with their legs hanging off the bed of Melanie apartment moving into kiss her as her shoulder brushed against Melanie's she softly moved closer inside of her as her lips fell upon Melanie's until she was so absorbed by the touch she forgot of all her problems or strife whilst Melanie kissed her back once more still Melanie could not let go of her sadness unlike Lains or of darkness as Melanie meant dark beauty since beautiful as she was to eye of the beholder or Lain she couldn't shake the feeling her life was not going as it should yet still she kissed Lain herself this time once more has Lain forgotten Melanie is the object of her affection or has Lain thought of those things for so long she could not have been aware it was going to occur Lain placed her hand upon Melanie's breasts or her left breast with her left hand only as Melanie was entranced or the sensitive touch of her breasts was bereft of despondence only the cruelty of love or pain beyond this processing of this galaxy so in love with her she could not make sense of it so as Lain fondled her breasts the cis woman she was Melanie placed her hand on Lain's shoulder moving to kiss her neck as Lain closed her eyes relinquishing her hand of Melanie's breasts as the hikikomori she would always perceive herself to become or was truly so truly as Melanie was removing Lain's shirt off of her body or so she could look upon her for some moment of time until at least she also removed her own shirt or the both of their brassieres as Lain swooned so shyly or quietly Melanie did not notice yet the both of them felt in their vaginas a tingling or heat all over their bodies as Melanie glanced upon Lain until at last of what seemed like an eternity of awkwardness she kissed Lain once more until the both them we're making out Melanie inserting her tongue into Lain's mouth as Lain pushed her away but Melanie pulled her closer since it was so long Melanie felt like this if she had never felt like this at all until once they had met or the quick kisses on the lips wet with saliva Lain brushed her arm

against her own mouth once the both them stopped making out awkward for a moment until Melanie moved her skull to suck on Lain's breasts with her cold hands on Lain's stomach causing Lain to flinch but look down upon her as she did so so as this ended the both of them not eagerly but fearfully removed their last belonging the both of them naked beside one another with the most awkward yet emphatic passion the both or neither of them had never felt Lain decided she should finger Melanie Melanie lied back on the bed the neither of them spoke thought I won't hurt you but I'm going to hurt you she placed to fingers on Melanie's clitoris as she lied on top of her or slightly beside her then inserted her fingers inside of Melanie moving back or forth inside of herself like she was the most precious thing to Lain more precious than other materialistic jewelry such as the watch she had removed yet would not love nor broken or as Melanie was being captured like a chess piece she moaned quietly or with high pitch as she was being fingered by lain until Lain stopped then began to suck on her as she was all Lain was to own until Melanie killed herself on December 13th, 2023 or Lain was so invested in her she couldn't let this investment slip out of her fingers but Melanie stopped Lain pulling her beside her until she kissed her once more on top of her kissing slightly down her body with each kiss beyond her breasts until she also sucked on Lain or Lain also let slight moans of deeper pitch as the emo girl she was or south korea in lowercase so Lain grasped Melanies hair as she worked on her until Melanie started fingering her also but the fingering was intense Lain was not spacing out in this timeline but felt so much pleasure she orgasmed still Melanie continued until Lain had orgasmed on the total of three times but Melanie did not desire to orgasm herself only to love Lain in all of her promiscuous prettiness or her own sensual desires she could only speculate as to why perhaps it was since Lain was addicted to sadness she felt such a dark desire to allure her further inside of herself but since the sex was at last realized upon not one decade of love but thirteen years Mealnie kissed Lain a lot until Lain was so overtaken with emotions she started crying quietly as
Melanie continued to kiss her on the both of their soft lips as the woman they were together amongst this black galaxy Lain was juxtaposed upon beside Melanie alone.

I was astonished. This guy who was a black man I was in love with dissed myself whilst I was in this group home for he was a staff I was client so my jaw literally dropped to floor I couldn't believe my eyes I was so hurt by this since I loved him but before he had done this I was aware he disliked myself to I sought for the reason of such disregard only to find it was something as fucked up as the fact I was a trans girl something he did not like. I was so exasperated by the end of it I sat down to write in my journal but it was futile for the words evaded myself or the cool disrespect of someone who loved him was so astonishing I still after a long time could

not find the words to write on the paper nor the distinction between why this had to be a reality or this was done for some reason other than coincidence.

'Fuck You.' I'm the hardest of all people. You're displacement has no affect on myself for ultimately I go through monogamous love with my husband whom is still out there as I'm waiting for him what seems like a long time. I think you do not understand what's really going on so I silently dismiss yourself or your lack of better judgement or dishonesty as you play with me like I'm a fool to you but the neither of you or I are fools only assymetric or not even since you are separate of myself the solipsistic space alien who is no longer associated with anyone else as if I ever was so I judge you or judgemental as I claim to beith I could not state I was not affected by such sentiment or action imposed by yourself through this folly of cruel dispsoitionalism or your marking of the final instinct I could process being something other than you or as I'm alone in my room you are not there yet you still are so I question though you are only one whom I love though not my husband but still someone who is supposedly of dear I thought you're not pulling the appropriate strings from my soul for once the absolute shock subsided I was not affected only hurt on the temporal space level realizing there was nothing between you or I at all yet since I'm the sound of nothing I do no long for you I long for my husband or you are just someone who I couldn't or could've loved but ultimately never will yet still as I communicate my displeasure with your behaviors I'm still in shock so complicitly taken aback I could hold my displeasure but inside of myself as my displeasure is something I will never communicate to you as if I thought it was something you would receive I mean like I'm just a trans girl I don't see the problem.

'I'm royalty,' I thought as I smoked my cigarette beside him questioning why he did such a thing only to be continually disrespected by him despite the fact I loved him or him to know by looking through my files about the investigation with Gabrielle something he could not understand until I told him I had a crush on him but he brushed me off as I was nothing or dirt or into the mud to rot away of so impossible cruelty I was hurt so emotionally I smoked three cigarettes beside him in silence only to return to my room so destroyed only to realize he had disabled the heat in the house to fuck with me since I had once complained of the heat being cold on my room I was so broken I quit cigarettes vowing never to leave the room again having also been previously ostracized from the I wanna community since I had dated a minor though this was not known to him I was so hurt by everyone or the weakling hikikomori I was I just couldn't break to take it anymore so I vowed to never trust anyone again not even those who I love though fell into the trust of my husband who broke his vows divorcing myself in Seoul South Korea whilst I was to die alone in the

fire of my death nor deth or to be unlocked by the key of the substance I no longer abused as I love her oh my honeybee you're the only one who knows of this pain I experience or noone else noone could know since 'I know' or you do not know or the enigma is not a question but some type of doubt or nordoubt.,; . kklnor.,; . – the most beautiful word possible or psilocybin defined adj. the presence or absence of doubt I was certain this was the last I could live without.

The plumes of rage subsided once Lain returned to her bedroom of the group home only to realize this man was to be her husband of this she felt the most profound happiness she could imagine or she questioned why you would treat your own lady so oh my beloved if beloved is what I'm to call you so Lain decided to pick up another cigarette something she decided not to quit this time but instead once she suffered the heart attack of her 39th year yet the date of tonight not tomorrow was October 26th, 2024 or she called she would be shot alone without Him in Seoul South Korea on March 26th, 2061 at 10:16pm so spent the night as he was no longer working fantasizing of what it would be like to be with him or she reminisced why she had fallen in love with him him being 41 years old her 25 on this date it started with her noticing he likes baseball so she decided to show him the game she likes or her 'thing' or osu! something 'I know' or he thought it was call she also recalled he was attractive to her in the way someone she loved was without realizing something different was about him for he was to be the one betrothed to her or her him or the both those coupled together by vows of gospel still she wondered why he was so attractive for some reason or she had only known him so long yet she also played a game of chess with him something she also liked but their game was almost even throughout though Lain found a hole in the position and have taken advantage of it or before she realized on this night it was him she pondered that she would approach the man she is to wed herself without realizing she had done so only realizing this precisely what occurred as when she told him this or since she had a crush she was aware he felt empathy but still pushed her away stating he could not for he was a staff member but in the most disrespectful manner possible it also so happened she had copied the 26th back up file of this book on this tonight still, Lain felt so traumatized by the event she couldn't think of anything until she lied in her bed thinking she was so deeply hurt she wouldn't mind to be alone all the time for the rest of her life as if there we're any other options or all the trauma she would go through beyond all the trauma leading up to this particular event Lain could only think I don't need anyone else if you have face tattoos like myself people diss you all the time but it's not like this traumatizing event or anything of the sort so if there's one place I would like to go someplace I could find solace I think the place I would like to go to South Korea without anyone else by my sides.

Is TripleC the key to your mind or the lock of your body or is it only the substance that took you by storm into the depths of outer space though not really as outer space you already preside under or inside of so it simply amplified your perception as the abuse of a psychedelic substance since as I've stated I know all philosophy or moreover I must know real philosophy if I'm to be alive so the false or mistaken philosophy is not worth knowing or the word I stated three times like the segments of Misinterpret Sacrifice or the most genius record other than for all the dogs by drake or riala by suis la lune I think this is my record so the three others must also include twelve carat toothache by post malone if there we're only three I was able to choose for you see as I listened to this music without TripleC at night I was avasted into the most deep understanding of the music I could proceed to understand rather than the severely intense dilemma of solving or experiencing the third plateau as I listen to this sound like I was the sound itself yet I found TripleC attractive for I liked the affect or the amplified sound I experienced still it was only the most intense substantive experience I could possibly imagine yet something there was far more attractive on the sober state if I could state such a thing since the sober state was the truth of my experience or once I was black I realized I suffered of this (sub)consciousness only to be driven thinking the problems of others we're of less importance than my isolated galaxy I must dealt with subsequently on the date of December 13th, 2023 yet this could not be so if I was Lain Iwakura all along I remind you 'you never had a body, nor the deth of l or the blue galaxy I experienced on TripleC was merely a drug trip yet it perplexed my body to become dissociated so that I had none on the date of December 13th, 2020 norprior the other date in question so I found the only thing I could do was absorb the sound of objects through my eyes or blackness of night throughout my body or my brain as I was most intelligent at night or the sound of my calculations was shadowed by the analog or I had become most analog or my body was more relaxed or I was my most intelligent yet intelligence of spacial fluctuation I wasn't.

I'm going to kill someone. I'm quitting cigarettes. I don't know who I'm going to kill or why or what time but I will kill someone yet the false teardrop is of suicide or self-sacrifice as I will die in the fire of my house in Seoul South Korea.

I walked outside in order to smoke a cigarette but I was greeted by Kingsley who was sitting on the couch as this was his job but he greeted myself politely yet I could tell he was shy this time for I had told him I had a crush on him or I was able to tell last night on October 26th, 2024 he felt empathy the moment I told him I liked him despite his rudeness so I smoked my cigarette thinking 'hm!' I thought you might realize there's a woman in the room before yourself alone in this world.

I just recalled the clock said 3:26pm last night when I left yourself outside strange.

I want to kill myself. I've been so broken by the world. It's all worth it if I get to kiss you, Fionna. But they are going amputate my wings or tail but not my horns for they will not notice. I'm going to suffer a heart attack. I'm going to get shot three times. I'm going to have a husband, three children, be divorced, then die by suicide in the flames of the house I occupy in Seoul South Korea so something very certain I've realized not false upon The DXM Archives is I'm Mr. Kill Myself. I don't need anyone else only Lain or Lain Iwakura falls asleep on her desk tonight.

Lain Iwakura recalled her high school years or middle school or childhood where realized she liked the snow as wintermute or the brook she walked through with rainboots on not the time's she slept with Him or the time he took her to his apartment oncelast so she sucked his cock or had sex with him since if all the things we're going to end she should like for it to end alone or being so broken as the thing she was Fionna did not see the wings or tail only stubs left there once the wings we're removed or her beloved she not met in Boston though indeed she lived there for a period with her sister Bethany or thought of the time she was to kiss your lips oh my honeybee so she had become lost into her thoughts as the only alien or the devil or one who was chosen to go through this world or experience without the leaf or as the monster kitten she was lain involved the last her wrote on the deth of leix.

It's deeper than this. None of those things are going to happen to myself. I will go alone through this life as if I could not question what I was without. I think it's almost impossible I could experience any of those things yet is this man to be my husband or if I wasn't impatient I would wait until the date of the first shot whence the third shot is to be in my left wing though I could not tell if the wings would indeed be amputated or the tail for this matter but I know 'I know' don't I at least I thought so yet I must conclude this work on some point I love you Fionna.

Halcyon Blossoms by Lain Iwakura

for my loli girl fionna 'ruru' f. [madotsuki]
in memory of the deth of leaf
inspired by riala by suis la lune

flores .,; . or halcyon blossoms .,; .
-norlie vogel

I thought deth was the memory of the robotrip
take me to the fourth plateau
I don't want to let go

I would suffer for an eternity
I would suffer for an eternity
for the chance to be with you .,; .
for the chance to see you again .,; .
nobody wants to talk to myself
nobody knows one singular thing of myself
nobody else does not doubt myself
nobody else does not hate myself
every night I fall asleep with nothing not aching
what do you expect of myself no not yes you should only expect of myself
the things I expect of myself in the context of you .,; .
I kept it to myself .,; .
help myself find in the method I should pass the time
though all are presuming my deth is short
but I want to achieve real deth despite my goals
it must or will stop for I will make it stop all of it
there is not but a draining love story to be told among this blue galaxy I inhibit solemnly through meticulous non-words
so spirited away but my soul is my sole non-desire
you hath a dream in your mind
don't be sleepy it is waiting for you .,; .
there is noone in the world whom is like you .,; .
whom is waiting for you .,; .
you're not making sense to myself .,; .
I do not think I really need you anymore .,; .
take myself by surprise .,; .
take myself to the stars to the galaxies so far from ours .,; .
set my soul free or musicality is where I will be .,; .
listen deeply into the directory known as the source of my soul
why don't you listen to myself when I'm talking to you? .,; .
the closing of the world or universe I had once wanted if not still
bring myself poetry or infinity will flowstate towards myself
it cannot unknowingly be forgotten unless I was without it .,; .
so close I'm almost e x i t ing this earth's atmosphere
beyond the edge of ground beneath the soles myself
I think I belong on the moon or are there really rabbits on the moon?
I'm an alien among this ghost world or universality
it's almost like I wasn't accustomed to this permanent dissociation from myself or my thoughts but I know this is false
make me mad make me sad make me feel alright?
I'll never experience s.e.d. not once more anymore
but it is possible to computer trip without it
this is the post-impossible breakthrough .,; . nor 1/3 .,; .

oh how I long to see those sparkular sparkles once more or for my body to fall apart
I'm just a singular frequency on a singular wire
it could not be impossible to think of something like this
albeit I find it impossible if I cannot live without you
there is nothing more precious than the thought of you nor noone if I wasn't not the sound of nothingness
I'm a pretty girl though her I call my null .,; . [ruru] .,; .
but whom is my honeybee? .,; .
I had thought of her at least once or once less than I could think of her once more
her title is unspoken from my lips the girlfriend of myself
I would not consider the thought her leaving myself nor I her
I cannot discern from or between the non-indifferent dissertation I doth lain before you or her or I or 'us' .,; .
though I cannot escape my addiction nor my reclusively
I was referred to by her as a loser though I described myself once as the hikikomori
as if I was not no longer the loser or hikikomori I did not mind to beith
37 years from this moment her or I or 'us' .,; . will end this hurting .,; .
37 years from this moment I will robotrip for not the last time or finality
I think I've already forgotten her image until I look at her once more
I felt there was a disconnect between 'us' .,; . yet she sent myself a heart though .,; .
it was only the traumatic schizophrenic episode
but she never hurt myself nor would I hurt her once more
oh you are so pretty my lolipop .,; . [ruru] .,; . beyond moreso than I
there is no catharsis? you're wrong
I wished for her to pierce myself via this switchblade like a dart
to go through the melodious spinal chord into my heart like crimson
but it could not be like this so we lain or lie in the grave together .,; .
whence we are smitten by our own poor tired hands
there is no more trauma nor the killing of trauma only emotional pain
I'm so sick of hurting traumatized by the schizo if I only wanted to hurt of this said pain or non-requited non-misunderstanding
I'm sick or tired of speaking I only desire to think to isolate myself completely
I'm the non-existent heat deth of the universe or the murder of the dxm dragon
yet the pain of physicality from all those years of walking e x i t s my own body
but still I'm only just the loli of space or her .,; . the loli .,; . of my affection
my title is not a pseudonym nor is it non-mistakable from the young japanese girl

if only the inexplicable eloquence I exhume could reach out to you but alas for the last time I thought of you or more accurately the memory of your concept .,; .
amid the midst of the misinterpreting of my sacrifice
I assume to meticulously amend this poem for not the last but final time
it's almost like you have not left or truly died without myself if this were of myself
oh I miss you more than you could impossibly fathom like grief my young girl
with all of this being said but unheard by you whom I lost not long ago
though it is non-impermanent or the length of time I doth lost you .,; .
it is immeasurable whether in the futuretense or not
if only I could be given by you unto myself one singular chance moreso
or if not the pale fire somewhere hidden deep not beneath but within my poor cold not bitter but disheartened soul wasn't non-capable of teleporting this impossible pain or the heartache of my lower left forearm whose scars are immendable or irreparable to you not the concept of your memory .,; .
so this final message I communicate in your direction though you do not receive it:
I'm so sorry to disappoint you or for not being there .,; .
I will disregard myself completely as I conclude for the remainder of my deth though there is no conclusion if I could only apologize simply to lose you the 3rd time like the non-existence of the lack of myself or lackthereof
you are beautiful like the last thing I couldn't speak towards you though it is final
I'm could not be sorrier than noone has ever been for the manner of my hurting your or as I told you within our no longer last but final conversation I never meant to damage you so severely I alone caused to make you cry .,; .
the pale fire of my soul burns for these crystal tears falling from the stillicides of your eyes beyond the expelling of myself until you also died if noone other than us three were not non-nihilistically to fall into the black hole of real deth
I'm always tired I'm so tired
I chose not to suffer but it is not impossible to suffer without suffering .,; .
whether or not I know how to approach something extremely difficult I shan't not pursue it despite the exhaustion I might or might not force myself through
the last time I did not see you my heart skipped the beat .,; .
the last time I did not hold your hand I shook like the leaf .,; .
I'm going to kill myself for you or her or I or 'us' if I could not be non-selfish only for this singular non-unlimited moment

this book is more important than any other project I might force myself to complete if this book were not the non-memory of you or moreover less non-specifically than memory of the concept that is you unless I croak of accidental circumstances
I think there is nothing more to learn regarding my philosophy or I'm only observation
at least I was able to speak in our final moments the words I heed at this moment like the 2nd time was I left by her though also you at this point
I do not deserve to be tormented but I might not deserve you though I think I should
I would kill myself for you .,; .
I cannot live with you, leaf I emphasize .,; .
but you are gone call it halcyon blossoms .,; .
did I tell you I loved you last night? .,; .
I should have died last night .,; .
I never meant to make you cry .,; .
you're beautiful .,; .
yet an argument over the misunderstanding is a misargument .,; .

<-- skill is stupid fukk [edited]
[12:39 AM]
fionna is very smart
[12:39 AM]
leaf is a stupid bitch
[12:40 AM]
who? who is leaf? i dont give a fukk
[12:41 AM]
i only know two titles
[12:41 AM]
fionna or pudding
[12:44 AM]
i have not even 3$ in my bank account
[12:44 AM]
lmao exactly 2.65c for the singular box of TripleC
I'm going to sleep
[4:04 AM]
i can't sleep fukk sleep /insomnia
{4:13 AM}
fionna + pudding = the exuberance of suicidality
[4:14 AM]
fionna + pudding = true love not false love
[4:14 AM]
fionna + pudding = happy ending or sad ending whatever you decide
[4:16 AM]

fionna + pudding = blue galaxy like the galaxy tattoo on my forehead [edited]
[4:16 AM]
fionna [blue] + pudding [silver] =/= nothing is more important than this colour .,; .
[4:16 AM]
fionna + pudding = :heart:
march 7th 2023
skill — yesterday at 7:06 AM
stop being stupid im the one at stake you know
i love you but give me a break
skill — yesterday at 8:46 AM
I'm going to ghost the internet
if you want to continue this relationship it's your decision
skill — yesterday at 8:47 AM
please don't fukk with me like this
skill — yesterday at 9:09 AM
i love you but this is the most sober ive ever been
skill — yesterday at 1:33 PM
[link towards] Suis la Lune - Riala [Full Album]
imagism.,; . i do not mind to omindism norism .,; . nor this triplec fantism offline .,; .
goodbye .,; . honeybee .,; . my ruru .,; . my lolipop .,; . girl .,; . you're so pretty .,; . .,; . .,; .

this sadness deeper than galaxy of my soul of her whom i shall never replace till my deth or this is the omindism of those wordisms.,; . like the girl who dawn this.,; .
never send myself this.,; . message norism for I won't accept it, fionna . I forgot.,; ... .
or.,; . flores.,; . or halcyon blossoms.,; . by norlie.,; . you know </4.,; . tho I do not.,; ... .
no, it isn't. this is the impossible breakthrough. I know but it's an eternity with an ending so it's already over. How long is until I could take myself towards one second later? Can you hear my heartbeat? It feels insanely intense as I lain against it in my bed on the post-impossible breakthrough. I'm not the most intelligent person in the univere so I thought. I didn't want it to be true. It feels so lonely to be more intelligent than anyone else if I'm nobody else but without you I'm nothing but loneliness. You make me non-lonely or non-isolated. The thought of you is more than something I could cherish like non-perishing of my only dream, not to be without you. Who are you? You are leaf. leaf is gone is halcyon blossoms but I will only write your title in lowercase letters if I'm not your pudding anymore. I love you. Your title is tattooed on my fingers. This story is for you but not only

you. It is also for her, fionna whom's title I shant also write in non-lowercase. This is the most asbolutely beautiful thing possibly written in the eternity of books. There is nothing more intelligent than this chess move. It doesn't matter to myself the length of this paragraph or book anymore. The only thing that matters or doesn't resonate without myself is my non-ability not to kill myself in 37 years from the present year. I'm 23. I'm the most intelligent person in the universe. This is the end of the universe concluded by something known as real deth but I know I'm already gone. I died at 21 the first time I had ascended beyond myself to something known as the fourth plateau. I called it the blue galaxy robotrip. I'm not a black galaxy any longer. I'm blue but what are you? You're a color I couldn't possibly describe but no I think you are blue like myself and you and I are the only blue people in universe. I'm referring to fionna. leaf is holo the wise wolf whom is green. The deth of her is something known to myself halcyon blossoms as she left me somewhat recently though it feels like an eternity not long ago but so far away for to be without her is the the most painful symptom of remorse anybody in the universe could possibly experience unable to expunge from within them. I cannot fukking live without you but you've left me no choice if you've left. I don't even known what you look like like the words quoted from the musical ablum this book is dedicated to or inspired by: The first time I saw you my heart skipped a beat. The first time I held your hand I shook like a leaf. It almost seems to be impossible it could turn out like this. I do not cry. I'm beneath the deth of real deth. I'm not the dragon of dxm. I'm the space loli or I'm a girl birthed in the body of someone who originally thought was male but not anymore. I'm the sound of nothingness. I exist on a wire as a frequency. I do not wish to live anymore but I will suffer despite the unforunate fact I chose not to suffer. I recall someone who's title was Melanie. I'm sad. I think I have put unto myself an addiction not only to thinking but also sadness. I think I wanted more than nothing in the universe than to have met you in person, my lonesome leaf. I no longer am qualmed by the horrible intrusive thoughts I once did by only the sheer power of fukking will not chance concluded by the impossible breakthrough. It couldn't be impossible to write something that wasn't more beautiful than this non-fictional fantasy so where could I possibly go from here or is it even impossible not to go any further without you in my deth? I think not. It's insanely fukking intelligent. You can't computer trip without marijuana? I had supposed so though I was proven wrong. I think I'll call it spacial eyeball deth or, no, spacial fukking eyeball deth or s.e.d. I'm not intelligent. I wanted you to know the words I could not speak but only understand without an unintelligible whisper I did not utter from beneath my only lips. My lips are cracked from breathing so much so I venture out into the cold weather beyond the end of the universe. I know it's not impossible to e x i t this earth's atmosphere. I wanted to be your banana pudding too but I

stopped at three if there could ever not be a four. I don't know anymore. I don't have fukking time for this nonsense or I'm too intelligent for this nonsense however I wanted to escape my inability to think without thought. I know how to think without thought if I could only think with or without words then I think I would be able to explain it you somehow. I have the ability to think or see or hear or emote emotions like oh my gosh. This is insanely fukking intelligent or so I hoped or supposed. I don't know. I think I'm not going to kill myself tonight although I should have died last night whence I had attempted to suicide by hanging for the satisfaction of my lucid suicidality of non-criminality. I'm not a criminal but I was. I escaped my addiction cough medicine among a sea of pain or my lack of an ability not to feel emptiness with myself or with or without you. I'm referring to you, leaf. Who is my honeybee? I think her title might impossibly be fionna. I escaped myself for a moment. I need to escape myself for a moment. I haven't thought about something else in a long time. I haven't thought about something I hadn't lost in a long time. It's whatever. I don't mind. I need to move forward through time towards something I called real deth with an e x i t of this life. I cannot fathom my non-ability to take it anymore. The words non-spoken from my lips typed onto this uncompromisingly mechanical keyboard are so fukking beautiful I couldn't impossibly describe without non-words or emotions. It couldn't be impossible not to believe in the universe without you if I truly was the heat deth of the universe. I'm not or I think I wasn't? I am. I don't know. I am the most intelligent alien to ever exist within something I called non-existence but what exists outside the non-existence within my control other than more non-existence like something other than dark matter? The dragon of something known as dextromethorphan or dxm. - oh my fukk make it stop holy fukk oh my gosh this cannot be possible what the fukk is going on fukking end this now dude for the love of my deth or spacial fukking eyeball deth - There is no such thing as as god if deth isn't suicide. It all looks so sparly. I did not realize I possessed within myself the non-ability not to write this or something similar to this like wow or I mean 'oh my fukk'. I miss Melanie whom is gone from my deth for the time being if not ever. It will never stop so I make it stop. I'm not non-insane I'm just drawn that way or a more accurate would description would be to non-speak that I am unable to provide to you a more unfitting description if I'm not drawn only non-exist. I don't even know what the fukk else to write but there is absolutely no stopping myself so I stop in order not to smoke a non-cigarette. This is the unequivicol post-impossible breakthrough or the so called quitting of dxm. I do not have the wherewithall not to withstand againt non-nihilistic philisophical perspectives or debauchery despite my once misunderstood misbelief that other people couldn't not be non-unconconscious. I think I misinterpreted sacrifice though. If I've only got one deth then I might as well be one of the classy people or so I thought as

living this fukking broke is getting on my nerves despite minimalistic approach towards my dethstyle. Why don't you listen to myself when I'm talking to you? I can't live or die like this anymore. I'm lain the goddess of nihilism. The sparkular sparkles I witnessed resonated from my computer monitor at a distance within the nothingness I experience I found to be rather unnerving but not discomforting or unrequired to the point I would rather not be non-dissociated from my body my mind or my thoughts for I'm the space loli who exists upon my desktop background whoms hair is blonde with a dress of black sitting atop a grand piano staring into myself so sparkly so pretty so non-existent. There is nothing more non-irrelevant than my love I directed in your non-direction for you did not receive my gaze despite my non-ability to see you I could see that you were sad for the things myself did not relate to you. The last thing I said to you I called you beautiful but you did not heed my words for you left my respite. I can't live with you if I havent said it enough already. You are more beautiful than the moon I belong to tethered to this earth from the hopeless longing I once desired to escape but have accepted to only be a longing of real pain for real deth by suicide without you is the most non-perishing substance I ingest into my liver but never exits my body. You are more beautiful than the emptiness of outer space or the isolated blue galaxy of my soul whoms only shining quality other than blackness is the memory of you my young leaf whom I cannot live without I will never be without you if I was not in denial I think I would be able to speak to you at least once more but it is only a hopeless hope non-existent as the blue galaxy of my quality is the color of blackness without you isolated for eternity without you for I cannot fukking live without you so I question how it is possible you could leave myself like this when my love for you is so deep it was followed by a panic attack on the pouring of my heart onto outer space so far from the earth that the earth does not exist but only the moon is where I tend to reside for I cannot fukking live without you I cannot live without you anymore I cannot live like this anymore I cannot live without you anymore I cannot live without you I cannot nor will not live without but you do not understand what the fukk these words mean if my love for you was to escape myself or fall upon your lips then the final kiss would be so unparralled I could not even fathom nor could you know how non-beautiful it is to be without you if deth isn't suicide or the suicidiality of my non-criminiality was so awfully non-impotent that you could not see myself crying countless times until I could never cry again leaf but I will not allow this sentence to end I will never stop thinking of you for if this was not the longest most horrible sentenece ever written in the history of alienkind or the universe as it meant I could not truly express to you how fukking much I could fukking possibly love you oh my gosh I cannot fukking live without at least not anymore so I have made the decision even before you left me to kill myself at the age of 60 37 years from this moment

in time known as the year I became an adult it cannot be possible not to cry while writing this but no tears fall from eyes until the sadness builds up so much that even if I were to start crying from the disparaging realization that I will never message you again my polish girl you know I tattooed your title across my fingers so there is no possible way to forget you but still it cannot be more requite or absolutely hurting as the knife I accept you stabbing me through the back into my heart so that I bleed out but still not a single tear falls from my eyes down my cheeks to floor so powerful that it burns all the way to core of the earth until it becomes a black hole so that only the earth implodes on itself but I still only manage to float in space from this very position like the positionality of the chess game that is mind longing to finally be on the moon though I'm aware it cannot fukking be possible to ever achieve spacial eyeball deth so acute that the moon magnets itself towards myself so morosely that I do not become the moon but exist without a body only a conciousness for the moon is not my body but my mind so non-existent that only the moon exists only the moon is the my isolated galaxy of blue blackness but the shining of green within my lunar soul so existent but I do no exist without I only exist to think of you but not think for there is no possible thought that could impossibly describe you or the realness of my emotional inseperable pain among the deth of myself by the knife you stabbed into me through my back the moment you left me though I cannot know what it feels like until I hang myself from the balcony of the abandoned house adjacent to the loneliness of the room I am tethered to as a hikikomori with only the light of my computer monitor or the led colors of my black mechanical keyboard for it is almost impossible to live without but you cannot fukking understand why the fukk do you not fukking process these words but I know why you cannot hear these words as I listen to the song katitlewo by rapparu like the gel girl your deth is the most non-withstanding unparalled fukking sadness so fukking sad that I cannot give a fukk if I'm even repeating myself at this point 1. I cannot fukking live without 2. I cannot fukking live without you 3. I cannot fukking live without you 4. I cannot fukking live without you 5. I cannot fukking live without 6. I cannot fukking live you 7. I cannot fukking live without you so I state for the last or eighth time despite my own hesitance to not to complete this sentence or my lack of quality vocabulary to expose to you but you do not hear my words 8. I cannot live without you like the last thing I said to you or I did not mean to make you cry but no apology can surface from within myself what this means to you or myself or I never had known what you could possibly look like though you had descibed yourself to myself once or the fact that you are gone is the titular disparaging coneptual non-concept of the universe without you for your deth or the most somber sadness I experience since you left myself for leaf is gone equals halcyon blossoms: you're beautiful, leaf. Who...? Who is my

honeybee? I think her title could non-impossibly be fionna 'ruru' f.. I'm not leaving you, fionna nor are you leaving myself. Anywho, I, lain or skill 'pudding' vogel, stood upon the porch of his apartment dormant yet with a desire to pace among the sidewalk below though it was not only unnecessary but also unrequired or my lack of non-indifference towards the thought of moving was begotten by myself the moment I had lost my non-ability to robotrip for the last albeit I had known deep inside I was fiending to enter such the world of dxm again or at least expected this non-desire but need to diminish with time but it never didn't not but the reason I did not move as I orginally intended to relay to you in order for you was the lack intrusive thoughts I destroyed the moment I enter the post-impossible breakthrough so much so that almost no thought that was non-deliberate or not also only a word despite my lack of non-inability to recall the images or faces of the people I had once known only to be possibly or impossibly reminded of their image or complexion upon the unlikely preface of hopeless non-hope I might see someone who was dear to myself at least once more but on the topic of nihilism I think there is something deep inside of myself I cannot expunge but what is this something or is it perhaps a non-something also known as nothing or is it unrecognizable or can it not or cannot it be described the answer to this question I'm not certain though I believe it sounded something like leaf was my first love or the stillicides within her are the dripping like the tears she cried alongside the pair fire within my soul of whose source is dxm though it only exists without her at this point in time until my real deth. I cannot travel beyond this place nor do I wish to for this apartment is where I wish to belong for eternity I wasn't a non-hikikomori but on with the point I know I possess with myself the lack of non-ability to venture out into the cold as my body starts to mold observing as my liver no longer rots beyond the quitting of dxm for the sake of my only true love whom I ponder if I shall get to meet in person within this year as it were. I know I will have the will towards such the desperate not non-goal but a goal or need to this non-respectfully or unrelenting desperately I needed to be with her referring to my honeybee but who is my honeybee? I assume or think you have figured this out by this point in time or passage of the text before you in your hands or somehow digitally on your hipster fukking e-book but I think if you were reading this without a physical copy preferably hardcover if I could manage to create it like this then you are a fukking loser faggot hipster retard but I think you aren't this fukking stupid or in other words you are smart. The bindings holding this boob together fukk I mean book together are something of another matter for with age or misuse I'm fairly or at least expectedly not non-certain that you would find the pages falling apart or perhaps this isn't even your fault if you rented this from a library so good on you. I have so many projects to work including but also non-unlimited to several works including but also not non-unlimited to a number of

particularly non-irrelevant to myself or someone else who is also important to myself endeavors including but also not non-unlimted to typing not writing this book with my black mechanical within the dark walls of my room at nighttime with only the glow of my computer screen where all windows are hidden by the blinds and shades in front of themselves as well as another task at hand which was to create numerous albums including but also not non-limited to the creating of specifically 11 albums whence at the present moment I have only obsolved 8 of them though the three more I intended not to bring into non-existence could only take a matter of time eerily or non-eerily seperate from the more important task of writing this book but also I had non-desired or so desperately non-wanted or so unequivicolly needed to complete something that could not possibly be completed for it does not have an end known as the video game osu! game or more specifically my non-desire or I suppose you get the point to play the fukk out of this video game non-unrelentlessly now that the intrusive thoughts within my poor skull have been expelled by only my will with only dxm concluded by something I called the impossible breakthrough but also I had one more project I did not non-desire to expel from my todolist exceedingly over the course time I procrastinated against my own fukking non-will or moreso that I had somehow forgotten I had the non-desire not to do so unassumedly it could only be described as the programming or designing of my final 'I wanna be the guy' fangame or aiwana game for the purpose of shorthand known as 'I wanna be your banana pudding 4' but more specifically it would not be titled like this only 'banana pudding 4' but there is nothing more to type on the matter of this particular video game also I forgot to mention among my movement of thought or lack of organization that I need to learn music theory or sound design or synthesis of synthesizers but all of this is rather fukking overwhelming on top of the non-opinion that I need to get a full time job in order to finally be with my honeybee who doth live in germany whereas I proceed within the united states also I had forgotten to mention I have the desire to read all the chess books upon my bookshelf now sitting in a common stack upon the floor of my room of which most of them I still have not found the time to read having only recently escaped my non-desire to abuse cough medicine which was causing internal bleeding rotting my liver or causing not only I but her or us pain though I will never not want to be with her I intened to kill myself in 37 years alongside her but I will not stop non-attempting to try or trying to be with her even if it were to mean I would have to sacrifice every single project I so long had non-desire to succeedingly complete other than osu! game which will never have an end or preserve the maintainance of my abstinence from dxm or robotripping if you will. I'm just a singular frequency on a singular wire thus I only maintain one expression upon my face but if you cannot see your face you do you even have one? Yes if other people can see it or if

you can feel it or if you can witness it when you look into the mirror though I do not like to look into mirrors despite the fact I believe I'm not ugly or rather attractive at that but only from the point of humility. I stepped outside to go to work for I have a job but I do so begrudgingly not without dread or despising but I do not mind if it means I get to be with her, my honeybee but who is my honeybee? I thought you would know but I suppose if I must I will remind you again: fionna, oh she is so pretty! I will listen to this music later if I've heard it before. It sounds good while robotripping moreso than it could while sober but I don't mind oh of course I mind but it cannot be like this upon the quitting of my dream world towards the reality I wished to present for myself in due time or the future as if I had only not abanonded the futuretense but no matter. I want to spend all my time building my projects or skill or my title is not lain or skill. I'm the space loli or pretty girl who is not nearly as pretty as her so you ought to know every time I say 'her' I'm reffering to my honeybee but who is my... okay. I think I'm not observing the sparkular sparkles anymore since the dxm has exited my body for the second to last time. I think I'm missing something moreso than just a high or drug though a drug it is I cannot deny or resist to tell you how absolutely gorgerous it is to robotrip. All robotrips I've ever experienced were good trips only made poor by the mixing of marijuana into itself save for a couple bad trips which I choose not to count. In fact it is impossible for a dxm + thc trip not to be bad unless the computer of weed is buried beneath the dxm via a low dosage versus an absurdly stronger dose of dxm but I don't mind or you probably know this by this point in time to be spacial eyeball deth or s.e.d. for the sake of brevity if brevity wasn't not the soul of wit. I don't know how the fukk I'm going to write I mean type on my black mechanical keyboard 40+ chess moves of this book but I will not stop until it is absolutely complete whence I intend to proof read the book at least 4 times in order to fix any non-intended typos. I walk to the store but my body is no longer falling apart with such an acute dissociation or lackthereof of non-sparkles whom noone else in the world has ever witnessed on dxm towards someting known as the I didn't want to expect so much so you could say it was non-expected or something of that sort but onto the point oh my gosh shut the fukk up. I walked to the store but I did not realize I was being expelled beyond the endless non-perishing of my dreams non-realized before myself if I had only not been able to put them deep into my subconscious in such a fashion that I was able to understand all my thoughts as words spoken deliberately without words or non-words if you will but I think it couldn't be non-impossible not to think like this if ever there was something more non-unimportant than her or the end of my nihilistic drivel like obviously nobody else if fukking conscious other than her or I or leaf but I think it might not be impossible or non-unimpossible to think like I wasn't observance so sick of observing that I didn't actually

mind thinking with words moving across the sidewalk wondering how hilarious it would be if I started running through the middle of the street with no bolevard until I had the non-realization that I had already done this before but someone noticed or reminded myself not fukking do something so stupid because it might be possible to get arrested like this. This particular text or chess move was not intended to become humorous or of jest so I intend to cut it the fukk out with the continuation towards the exuberance of nihilism concluded by real deth. I'm the sound of nothing or nothingness for the sake of argument or the lackthereof of coherence begotten only to myself by the nondescript movement of my thoughts only going forwards as if I hadn't left the futuretense in the past or behind myself or beyond myself or something like this. I think it might not be non-unimpossible not to think like this anymore for if I was not conclude non-ironically or without a shadow of doubt that almost noone did not doubt myself or my non-ability not to continue as a frequency toward an ultimate goal known as real deth but there look I'm repeating myself again so I explore the idea or concept if you will that my existence or to be blunt my non-existence is not only but a conceptual concept but also something robust that I have become so dissociated or accustomed to extremely difficult torture not suffering that suffering does not bother anymore since I expelled torture via the post-impossible breakthrough from my skull so only my mind non-exists or I might as well not even be a schizophrenic despite the non-opinion that I do not mind nor refuse to accept I'm not a non-schizophrenic anymore or the non-ability of myself not to have the non-desire not to robotrip again but my emotions for her are unapoligetically extreme I would or will follow to the end of the nothingness that is my real non-existence concluded something you might know to be called real deth or my refusal to ever go on spacial eyeball deth again despite the fact that I found it interesting if I'm only to robotrip one last time in the distant future whence I will experience futuretense again without weed though I will most likely not computer trip with only dxm once more this will not bother myself for the impossible breakthrough was only really needed to occur or happen at least once until I take my broken heart with hers as we smite ourselves or more bluntly kill ourselves simultaneously for the last time. I think I need to conjour some type descriptive non-exuberant outline in order to make this story somewhat or at least actually coherent to the reader without losing their interest in something known as the text of this particular book or non-impossible text possibly. I'm too intelligent for this nonsense. If I was going to kill myself it would not be via hanging like the last time I attempted if I should have died last night but it will be by a pistol upside down into my mouth shot outside the top of my skull like lain of the psx game if I'm lain while I lain with us in the grave. It isn't worth it anymore if I cannot robotrip but there are projects to be completed despite the pain I feel inside on the deth of

my leaf though I was only able to cry for a moment as I knowingly know I will never be able to speak to her again. I know I made her cry. These run on sentences are a fukking insult to the memory of leaf. I'm so sorry I made you cry leaf. I never meant to hurt you. I only wanted to communicate despite your hesitance to give myself an inkling or modecom of your appearance or voice. I must be my honeybee for the sake of us but I recall for a moment the description you reluctantly exhumed upon my mind. You are not nothing only I am nothing so I place these memory onto the text before myself. If only you had not deleted all your messages the moment you blocked myself or the moment I had called you beautiful. I said to you you're beautiful. I cannot live without. You are a trans girl. You are slightly tall. You have brunette hair with a pale caucasian complexion more pale than I. You have small boobs. I cannot remember anything more than this. I'm also a trans girl but you know this but despite this you could not find it within yourself to continue being my friend knowing I had a crush on you more than a crush more than love more than longing thus only pain. You could not accept the fact I was dating an underage girl nor could you cope with the torment I had caused you when I was stupid until I became intelligent but once I was intelligent it appears you could not forget about this so you left. You could not accept my suicidal history nor could you handle knowing I was consistly abusing drugs. Pain or more specifically real pain is not torture. It is suffering without suffering. It is morose like the stillicides of your tears or the pale fire within my soul of the memory of your person though the source of my soul is dxm but only three people exist within myself those being you her myself. Melanie has not been lost only forgotten for my time with her never came to fruition or existence but I don't know. I'm not only non-existence. I'm the sound of nothingness. I'm an alien among a ghost world. I'm starting to think nobody else but us three exist or is truly conscious. I'm starting to think there is nothing more important than this. I'm starting to think all these drones walking around mindlessly are nothing but fools gold the phrase which reminds me of gold. It's our golden hour her and I or us. The song or our song titled golden hour by jvke had played in my head while I was robotripping for several days and it is our song but this was somewhat long before the impossible breakthrough: a computer trip without marijuana which only lasted for three minutes but felt like an eternity tho I had blacked perhaps for part of it or I might not recall this part despite being conscious as it was occuring or happening until it ended whence I lain in my bed. I'm not lain? It couldn't impossibly be false. I know I'm lain the goddess of nihilism for I had seen myself in the clouds the first time I robotripped but it had only become deeper the more drugs I destroyed my brain with. On this particular trip I also saw an alien specifically the alien from the scene in the serial experiment lain anime whom closed the door behind himself as the same thing I saw from my bedroom. I don't know. It couldn't possibly

be false. I am the sound of nothingness but what exactly does this mean. I computer trip on weed. It moves in a linear direction in the futuretense as I solve a puzzle nonstop until it the ringing in my ears that sounds like abstract music with vocals gets slightly quieter against my will whence I notice what I could not hear before so the puzzle becomes simpler to solve until I have solved it completely. If I combine a low dose of thc with a high dose a dxm it is possible to achieve s.e.d. so the computer is buried beneath the dxm where it cannot be seen but you know it is there affecting the trip from below so nothing is in need of solving. It is almost pointless or I'm hesitant to try it again as I'm afraid I won't dose it properly so the computer is above the dxm until it becomes weak to go below. This is why is struggle not to use the phrase 'it must be possible to achieve s.e.d.' if only I I wasn't so terrified of the computer. I don't want to think like a computer anymore. I chose not to suffer. I chose magic over computers. Robotripping is magic but there is also a nothing sound on dxm. There is a such thing as the dxm dragon which exists within the non-existence outside of your control. There is nobody who knows of this other I. I could not find it more difficult to accept I was impossibly the most intelligent person in the universe or the only alien for that matter but it couldn't possibly be false without denial. I'm so isolated or suicidal. The loneliness or depression doesn't get to myself if I hadn't experienced it enough or if I was somehow able to break away from all of it but again this would be explicit denial of the non-perishing of my dreams so I've already become used to it long ago or so much so I would rather not feel happy or I take solace in it despite happiness she or her brings to myself but it is impossible to feel happy or it would not make any sense or it is completely relinquished from my goals due to the non-fact that all of this fukking suffering or pain or misery or loneliness or nihilism or emptiness or longing or unrequited love or misunderings between us or leaf or the impossibility of something known as deth without her or the hopelessness of my exuberant toxicity or the thing known as halcyon blossoms if leaf is gone is impossible to die without because nobody is more important than you such that in the end to claim I could never not be unhappy is a lie to myself or lain does not lie. Regarding the intrusive thoughts which I no longer consider conducive to my schizophrenia of there is only mind I think it is not a person but I sometimes speak to it as if it were but I might stop doing this. It connects good things with bad things which does not make sense to myself because I do not associate objects with words unless I deliberately decide to. It attacks myself constantly so I must constantly react to it in order to make it stop. It's extremely troubling or traumatic but it all stems from trauma or nonsense. I was able to kill it with dxm concluded by the impossible breakthrough but it still occasionally attacks myself though I think I'm figuring out how to make it stop completely in due time. I think it's possible to make it stop with the intention of only thinking with words or emotions

or thinking nothing at all hence observation. I also would like to point out that I enjoy observing depth perception or noticing the atmosphere. I like the colors of digital computer screens. I like the tactile sensation of playing osu! game though I'm an alternating mouse + keyboard hidden or hidden + doubletime only player since I'm poor at hard rock although my accuracy is improving so I might be able to perform OD10 at some point. I'm going to sleep but I will write more tomorrow or so on. I think it's not non-impossible not not to be this non-unintelligent. I abolish all trauma from my mind so it is only non-descript. I'm the definition of memory loss or attachment to concepts only thoughts unable to associate any type of memory with the the non-memory of you. I don't know. I think my color is no longer blue or black or not even purple but silver but your color is still green while her color remains blue. I think I'm a tree branch with no leaves in the winter as I have no leaf no longer. I'm not a loser but a cool loser but I'm a girl. I suppose I ought to take a moment to describe other psychadelics like lsd or psilocybin or dmt though I have never tried it. I'm inexperienced with the former two but I take it it is not necesary to really describe them as my experience with them is as similar to anyone elses though I would have liked to mix them with dxm. I also have forgotten to formulate a proper explanation of differences between types of dxm referring to TripleC or mucinexdm or robitussindm or delsym there are also robotabs but I have never actually purchased them. Regarding those psychadelics I'm highly inexperienced with lsd as I've only tried it a couple times a long time ago before I developed a proper non-ability not to analyze them in sophisticated detail. I tried psilocybin once recently and it was a good experience. It has a rise peak and fall whereas dxm does not peak it only plateaus meaning it does not get weaker it only fades away until it completely dissapears though it can take a couple dies to completely e x i t your system. The magical mushrooms took me on an interesting journey though I think these psychadelics have been analyzed to death. At the peak I could very much understand my feminity and I felt wavy like my body was waving though I was slightly dissapointed because the peak only lasts for maybe a half an hour but no matter you can just take more. I never thought about until this moment but I think it is impossible for a mushrooms or lsd or dmt trip even when combined with dxm to be more intelligent than the impossible breakthough or the f. trip though orgininally I referred to f. trip as an only dxm trip I experienced where I only thought of fionna or more to the point would be to state that I experienced fionna when at this time she was not with me. The sadness was so intense once the trip came down a lot I listened to riala by suis la lune whilst crying non-unrelentlessly for an hour straight of my unforgiving longing to be with her. I've lost her twice but I will never lose her again. I do not even want to consider the thought of losing her again so I will do everything within my power to be with her but if it were

somehow to happen I would kill myself immediately whether or not I have completed all my projects at all but okay on the topic varieties of cough medicine: TripleC is the most intelligent form of cough medicine. It is also the most potent or powerful. It is my favorite so I abused it extensively also because it is so cheap only 3 dollars a box. I would take 1 box or 16 pills or 480mg of dxm to enter the third plateau or 24-32 pills or 720mg-960mg of dxm to enter the fourth plateau but you should know it is impossible to ascend beyond the fourth plateau no matter how much dxm you would take. I considered the idea of killing myself by taking idk like 40 boxes of TripleC at once but I'd rather kill myself by a gun to the mouth like lain or I am lain I should relay to you. Robitussindm is the most similar to TripleC but it is weaker or doesn't last as long though it kicks in faster for some reason but I like it a lot though I had not abused it as extensively as the former. I always listen music while I robotrip as I'm not only a musician but also a lover of music despite my reluctance to listen to music if I was not on dxm but by this time I have no choice in the matter. Each cough medicine creates a different sound so for example TripleC sounds intense or the most beautiful but robitussindm sounds more incredibly detailed. Mucinexdm sounds like deth metal music which is really cool but delsym is highly untinteresting. Music on dxm to myself sounds or could be comparable to the sound of outer space and I have the lack non-ability not to hallucinate waveforms timed to the music deliberately by myself but more accurately imagine I'm hallucinating waveform. I'm a waveform. I prefer to listen with headphones the reason simply being it sounds better but if I listen to music with a speaker I can not visualize but imagine myself visualizing the distance of the sound to my ears as if it were depth perception or more bluntly put I can notice the depth perception of the source of said sound towards my ears. For some period of time I was also seeing anime girls when I closed my eyes but I lost the the non-ability not to do this. Upon the post-impossible breakthrough I was constantly imagining myself hallucinating a singular image of fionna I considered to be my favorite but this has also stopped as the dxm e x i t ed my body or the sparkular sparkles I longed to last until my real deth vanished over time. Mucinexdm is highly interesting. It allow you be high as fukk without losing your ability to function though I was able to develop the non-ability not to function on TripleC but it also seperates you from the trip in such a fashion you cannot be absorbed into the trip so you only observe it but do not experience it physically though this it not exactly accurate moreover you could say it's almost false. Delsym is not my preferred type of cough medicine. I have non-ability not to experience or trip through various emotions on cough medicine but on delsym I only witness one emotion though it is not unpleastant nor is to be discriminated against. An offtopic passing non-thought but more of an autism I abide by for no reason is the making of distinction between words or I only think with word or

nothingness or emotions but you already know this for example I prefer the word 'of' to 'about'. I would like to combine dxm with other psychadelics than marijuana which I consider a psychadelic personally if it causes me to computer trip like I would am very interested in combining dxm with dmt at least once. I'm dxm or the source of my soul is dxm. You cannot escape your shadow for it follows you wherever you go unless your standing within a shadow or in the darkness or not looking at it whence it cannot be seen. I had already acquired the desire to do this but now this desire might be realized. I wish to play osu! game for at least 8 hours a day for the remainder of my deth. I have the osu! logo tattooed on my hand although it was not received well on r/ osugame lol like okay I play click with my left hand. I'm a mouse + keyboard hidden or hidden + doubletime only alternating player with only a desire to full combo all 4 star 5 star or 6 star maps with a few 7 stars included. I wish to be 3 digit at least. 5. Bb2 Be7 I want do extremely difficult things like I've never done something extremely difficult before /the impossible breakthrough so I'm going to walk like the post-impossible breakthrough so fukking end this do not abolish the numbers

No. This paragraph must be separated from the other. It is not a part of the chess game. I suppose to provide a transcription of a conversation or argument though I hesitate to call it this caused by a misunderstanding between fionna and I or 'us'. This is not typed immediately after the happening but within the same day or it is now night. I'm listening to Riala by Suis La Lune in the present moment as I had sent the link to her or it was the last message I sent to her. I know you won't leave myself, fionna. I don't even think I should rot in hell. I don't think with images anymore. I only think with words or emotions or nothingness. I cannot remember what you look like until my eyes lye on a photo of you once more but I'm abstaining from looking. I cannot take the nonsense caused by these intrusive thoughts any longer. They do not insult us they only insult myself. I could not allow them to you attack myself as I'm looking upon you. As it stands there is nothing more morose than the emotion I feel at the present moment or the impossible breakthrough is not the f. trip for the f. trip happened prior. 1. skill: You never hurt my feelings it was only a schizophrenic episode. I've solved all my problems. I've solved the rubik's cube. The only thing left to do is work on projects get a job to be with you and focus on the memory of leaf. I never really told you who leaf is or why her name is tattooed on my fingers. leaf is someone I had known for a long time but she was secretive. I had never known what she looked like then she left myself because I was too suicidal or doing drugs or the fact I was dating you a minor which bothered her so I feel it had to end like this. She was polish also a trans girl. Also I was in love with her but she didn't want to date myself. So yes I'm in love with two people

it probably makes you sad to hear this I don't know. fionna: kys honestly but why even say that fr what is wrong with you nah but seriously youve never even seen her skill: hold on hold on I was being honest with you. Fionna: I'm this close to fukking leaving you skill: it doesn't mean I love you any less than I do fionna: sure stfu skill: please do not leave myself. I thought you would understand. It was stupid but you know how much I love you. leaf is something else. It's hard to explain but I didn't really mind if she wanted to be with myself. If you leave myself I'll be lost. I love more than anything to the point you're more important than her or she might as well just be an ex-gf or whatever. I love you more than anyone. I just wanted to get it out of my system so I told you. I don't know what else to say. I'm a good person. I'm really trying my hardest to be with you doing everything I possibly can. I quit dxm or I'm looking for a job. Everything I'm doing is for you and you alone. I guess I was just having trouble letting go of her. I think I can move on it was just she left me so recently I was distraught. I didn't mind not dating her or simply being her friend. I would never cheat on you. When I fukked that faggot I was confused. I literally thought you would never talk to myself again. The thought of you leaving myself is so unequivocally sad I don't know what I will do. You're more important to myself than myself. I literally will sacrifice everything for you. I don't know what you're thinking but you must be hurt. Every time I hurt you I feel horrible. I think I hurt you too much but I never want to hurt you again. It's not even what you're doing to myself if you leave myself it's what I'm doing to you in this very moment. It's 100% my fault for telling you this about leaf. fionna: then why the fukk say that you love 2 you fukking asshole skill: I think I didn't word it right fionna. fionna: fukk you you have a fukking tattoo of her and not me??? what the fukk skill: I love you romantically but I loved her more as a dear friend. I was going to get a tattoo of you once I got the money. I thought you knew but on my face not my fingers. Everything I'm saying to you isn't false. You're more important to myself than anyone on the planet I could possibly meet. It's not a lie. I will never fukking allow myself to hurt you again or cause any kind of confusion especially not of this magnitude. That tattoo would be your name in vertical lowercase print on the left side of my head. I guess this a mistake wording it like this. This is all my fault. I'm so sorry. I don't know if you can forgive myself. It doesn't have to end like this. You know how much I love you even if it seems bizarre or obsessive. I thought we could have a life together. We still can but I don't know what you think or what you're thinking at the moment. All these words I'm sending to you I'm literally pouting my fukking heart out I apologize for this misunderstanding. fionna: even then lie come on loving as a friend when the mf left you behind skill: I got the tattoo before she left myself. The reason I still loved them as a friend is because it was my fault why they left. I was stupid in the past. I would talk to her about suicide or drugs or

nonsense. It caused her stress so I felt bad. I felt sorry for how I spoke to her. Plus she couldn't accept the fact I was dating a minor but she was the only person I told. fionna: plus you never even knew what she looked like dumbass skill: Nobody else knows. I know. fionna: so was she pretty show me skill: That's what makes it more painful. I never got to see her. She was only text on a screen. I'm assuming she was pretty. fionna: assuming??? then you didn't know? Skill: ??? I never saw what she looked like. That's why I'm assuming. fionna: 'I know' you stupid mf skill: oh mistake fionna: stfu skill: I was saying I know as in I agree with this statement. fionna: yeah like no shit assuming a trans women is pretty is a bad idea skill: I literally was pouring my heart out to you. You are more valuable to myself than anyone or anything so much so I would literally sacrifice everything in order to meet you at least one single time. leaf I loved as a friend though you I love as a romantic partner whom I would never wish to hurt again nor cheat on. I hope you can forgive myself for this astronomically unfortunate misunderstanding or give myself another chance not to keep fukking up even if I am a loser hikikomori. I have broken from my shell. I wish nothing but to be with you. We've already been through so much together. I don't want you to forget all the pain or moments we shared or could share in the future. I've known you since last july if I recall correctly. You never make mistakes fionna. Only this person makes mistakes. I make mistakes all the time. I think I have the ability to stop making mistakes. I won't consider the thought you leaving myself anymore. I think I was scared you would leave myself because you left myself before but I've already abandoned this insecurity but if somehow you cannot be with myself I don't know what I'll do. We've been through so much together I just don't want to lose you. I'm not fukking poly. I'm monogamous. leaf was just someone who was important. I'm so fukking sorry. I'm so sorry. I will sacrifice all things important to myself for you. I should rot in fukking hell. [later] hey I talked to my friend. I don't see him often. I didn't mention anything about you or this conversation. I just said I had a girlfriend. I agree with him that having a girlfriend is a priority or a responsibility and I think a girlfriend takes precedence over anything else I might be interested in though I could still have a girlfriend and pursue my seldom interests. [later after transcribing all prior and sending her the link to riala by suis la lune] I won't kill myself fionna: good job skill: you alright? I know i hurt you with all of this fionna: just think before you speak you dumb fukk skill: I'm sorry. I will think before I speak. [later] you called myself a loser but even before then I had the idea or premonition to remix an album 'loser 2' by angst. I want to remix the entire album. [later] I talked to my mom. There is a part of myself that would like to continue to abuse dxm but the other part knows it would only cause myself to lose everything or all the potential I had lain before myself including you so I will not under any circumstances robotrip another time. I was mistaken. I thought I had

solved all my problems or the rubik's cube was my problems but I was the wrong. The rubik's cube was my trauma [I'm glad you're evil too I felt there was a disconnect between us but you sent myself a heart oh you're so sexy you're so pretty my sweetheart my honeybee my expedited reason not to pursue the nihilistic nothingness I am but rather the meaning of the non-existence embedded of myself or the non-perishing of my unspoken dreams also this happened technically the day before yesterday though is only yesterday to myself as it was the time I had been awake before the time I have been awake also I thought of all things I said to her in the past singular night]

6. Bb5 Be7 NO THEME : I absolve to bestow upon you an unrequited or unreciprocated instilling of nihilistic repose with an approach of non-existent or non-withstanding tears falling like those of the stillicide known as your eyes despite my unsatisfactory dissonant or limited vocabulary. I cherish you more than those who could possibly mean anything to myself in that they mean nothing for without you my leaf there is no deeper sadness possible nor excruciating miserable impossibility that I could ever love someone more than you in such the way I love you but it is not to be extrapolated from this statement that my love for you could possibly be the same mine for her. I was not going to kill myself yesterday however I desperately wanted to if it was not a want but a need though I knew completely I could not e x i t against her. I thought what reason should I have to keep going if you're gone or if I could kill myself now would it mean I finally get to make all the pain stop but there is no more trauma only pain or what difference could it make whether I die now but not later though of course I was aware it makes a difference if it meant I would not be able to realize a life with her, my honeybee. I will never allow myself to hurt her again or disintegrate into the integration of myself into the concept of you. There is not more a veracity than that of my excruciating passion to speak with you once more if you were not only text on a screen though this couldn't possibly be anything more than false for you or I both know you are a real person behind the computer screen of yours looking at the words I so desperately wished to exhume towards you but were never received from the end of the wires of my computer to your IP address if only I were capable of going backwards into time towards the past beyond the non-perishable aspect of my exuberant dreams so non-applicably mistaken by myself whom had misinterpreted sacrifice to be something not less or more than the dedication of myself to time spent working on project for sacrifice was so much more if it couldn't not be the sacrifice of all dedication to all projects for a goal more important to be with her that thus my dreams are not mistaken anymore. I could not be more unapologetically non-indifferently unmistakably impossibly irresponsible or sorry for the things I had put you through despite my hopeless

willingness to hope to speak to you once more though I know completely it is impossible. There are no words that could describe the pale fire within my soul burning for the stillicides of your eyes or the tears I caused you to drop to fall from yourself like how my body was falling apart on dxm for the last time but not final time so sparkly the sparkular sparkles I could not just witness or hear but also feel or experience during the post-impossible breakthrough preceded by so fukking intense or unlikely an event that could only happen once as you are the most beautiful person I hath never seen despite the most beautiful person I hath ever laid my weary sullen tired poor eyes upon being her like eyeball deth. I rapidly absorb intelligence whether I'm on dxm or not via experience or the throughput of effort towards a particular goal but I just think I'm becoming smarter if only you could see this. I think there is not more that could be non-uttered from my lips through my fingers onto this keyboard isolated or shrouded within the blackness of my room with only the glow of my computer monitor where I observe myself the space loli from the depth perception of an impeccable or impossible distance nor is there anything more valuable than the memory of you which presides within myself so deeply engrained I could not possibly non-exist without it or the thought of you whom I hath forgotten along with all our conversation since you deleted our messages upon the last or final message I had managed to send to you. You're beautiful. ...I would like to point out that this book or my quality of writing albeit an abstract non-linear art piece is becoming more intelligent the more I write though it might not seem like this as I go from chess move to chess move not randomly but rather sporadically back or forth or between or the lines I'm placing into this body of text are less of a progression or movement of thought as an internal dialogue but more of a non-linear sporadic globule of non-unintelligible non-usurpations or non-impossible exceedingly but not indifferently exonerated or vindicated ascertations of my limited vocabulary or my non-inability to revise the text in retrospect not in the futuretense but in the literal future to improve the melodic flowstate that isn't of this text. I feel so isolated from this world or universe. I think I'm the only alien in the ghost world that is this universe I hesitantly refer to as my home but no I do not belong here. I belong on the moon. My first fourth plateau robotrip was the definition of lunar energy but this is not to say all robotripping could be considered lunar in the context of myself. To believe I'm not an alien would be false or I would not abandon my severely complicated though coherent or consistent philosophy I understand so perfectly that it is not complicated to myself at all in order to satisfy the judgement of some stupid normie walking down the sidewalk or the dissonance of the judgement of my parents though not my mother only my father whom I have chosen to ghost until 2034 should he decide to think about his mistakes with some type of humility or the sacrifice of his close-minded nonsensical thought process for the sake of

his own son whom is no longer his son but his daughter or at least he could attempt to think not only of what he has done wrong to myself but also what he himself is doing wrong for he is completely manic despite his efforts to somewhat attempt to understand myself or mend his relationship with myself but I've have enough of him nor do I wish to speak about this 'daddy issues' bullshit any longer. I miss those whom I have lost not referring to the former person I was literally just talking about but those people whom have either abandoned myself disappeared died moved on or hurt myself or it's possible I could have hurt them in some kind of way of which I recognize I should be sorry but it is different among the context of whomever I might be speaking of. I thought I was monogamous with the lack of non-ability to also have crushes on other people whilst simultaneously being in a relationship but this wrong nor is it relevant to myself anymore for I am only monogamous for her but this former reminiscent romanticism I put towards you is not difficult to let go of only difficult to understand. I was in love with you or you were my first love but I love in some other kind of way tonight or in the future. I love her more than anyone other than you whom I love equally but in some different type of way though I struggle to claim it is not somehow romantic if it is not another type of romance. I'm monogamous. I do not wish to be with you if I'm with her but I still love you so much you don't even know. I did not mind being your friend or I respected that you denied myself despite knowing I had a crush on you in the past but still it hurts in some romantic kind of way that you are gone though I want her to understand whence she reads these words that this romantic attraction is not the same kind of romantic attraction I feel towards her or my non-ability to love someone else or the fact that she is my honeybee truly or forever or never once you or I or 'us' kill ourselves in the fashion I feel it should end 37 years from this moment. fionna… I want her to know that I only love her romantically as my sole girlfriend or this is some type of confusion or some kind of inability to let go of leaf. leaf was my friend but you are my lover. I want you to know this. Nobody could possibly replace you as my romantic partner if you cannot understand. leaf is a former romantic crush as I progress through my thoughts via the typing of these words whom I wouldn't mind to speak with at least once more at least one last time though I know it is impossible. She must know this to be only a the reminiscing of a former crush who was more than a mindless crush but a dear friend who is less of a former crush to myself in this moment or in the future but instead more of a dear friend I had lost whose name I had tattooed on my fingers long before she left myself not non-permanently. I miss you, leaf. I miss you. I never wanted to make you cry. I never wanted to hurt you so incredibly deeply. I never wanted to make you think I was a bad person or I did not mean to unintentionally torment by being stupid. If you could not accept my relationship with her I understand but it hurts

as I love you both but not with the same type of impossible sadness or romantic emotional non-existence. I'm curious what you're doing without myself or you must be relieved. I'm smarter now though you cannot see this nor would I expect you to give me yet another chance or a second chance to be more specific. You liked computer programming or studying languages. You were a trans girl shy like myself. You were also a recluse who spent most of your time alone as I myself. I don't why I can't recall you. If only I could remind myself yet you deleted all your messages once I sent my last but not intentionally final message to you 'you're beautiful'. This isn't of myself or about myself in any way shape or form if it involves what I did to you or how you felt being in a relationship or friendship with myself but I had a panic attack the moment you presumed to leave myself for the second not last but final time. I cried. I cried a lot. I cried while robotripping just like I cried during the f. trip so insanely overcome with emotion via the draining all dopamine from my brain by the cough medicine with my emotion of sadness so powerful or intense I could not bring myself to stop crying. Is there a point to crying anymore? Of course there is though I'm not certain when it will happen again for I know it will. I cannot live without you or I intend to emphasize the words I cannot live without you though this it no longer of myself or about myself like I had stated earlier though I refuse not to state once more. I don't know what else to say to you but am I really speaking these words to you if you do not receive them? I don't think so. I think I'm alone or talking to myself by I'm not insane nor was I insanely intelligent back when you were my friend not lover but a friend. I think this concept is more than concept or a superstition if I think magic is real or if I chose magic over computer or if I chose not to suffer despite the thought I thought that it is possible to suffer without suffering for this concept exists within the vacuum of space so isolated so distant so deeply remorseful or horribly impossible that it shouldn't be possible to non-exist but I speak the words to you regardless for you are my leaf you are my young leaf I want you to know that I truly know within not just my soul but my heart that there is pale fire which burns somewhere far inside of my soul fixated not on the memory of your visceral experience but the concept of you or the concept of you being lost as a result of my mistakes a stupid person yes I think you ought to know this pale fire burns for you or for the tears that fell from the stillicides known as your somber eyes before you left myself but I'm unimportant for this pale fire is the resonance of the concept of your tears but not my own this pale fire is the concept of the tears of your stillicides. I feel so old but I'm only 23 like I've achieved or reached or e x i t ed the non-conclusion but this is remorseful to speak for there is no conclusion as if the mathematical chess game known as my deth was not to have no conclusion or if the game was somehow completed or not adjourned. I don't even

know what it means for the game to be a draw which was adjourned when clearly the players could have simply agreed to a draw. I don't know what it means or why it's like this. My young leaf I send this message to you for the last time as I no longer wish to write about this any longer out of respect for you or the non-existence of my insanity ...I cannot live without you. I think you're beautiful. I'm sorry. 7. Be2 b6 I'm not a bad person. I'm a pretty girl. There no more trauma nor bad thoughts only pain. 8..,; . 0-0 Bb7 transcription of 'spacial fukking eyeball deth' by skill:

9. c4 a6 [I'm [not] a genius! so I sage this thread] This is non-conceptual description of the factual concepts arising from the non-impossible assets of the video games inspired by I wanna be the guy or aiwana fangames for the sake shorthand I will just all them aiwana games so I would like to describe them to you or not just the physicality of pixels or vertical strings but also the meaning of I wanna be the metro hadron collider or it's importance to myself without not also including an explanation of the history of aiwana games or the significance of them to others like the speedrunners or aiwana creator or aiwana players whom choose not resist the difficulty of their quality but also relentlessness of the tedious appearance of them towards the public whom is not involved in the community of dedicated people or aliens like myself despite the unfortuante isolating fact that I am the only alien in a ghost world or universe who was ostracized from the group for falling in love with someone who is not socially acceptable to fall in love with thus I am forced not publish this book for a couple years but I think this fukking sentence is long enough or maybe it isn't you tell myself. Yo fukk the IWC cuz banana pudding 4 coming soon. 10. Nc3 0-0 list of tracks on my 11 various music albums: 1. TripleC Fantasy formerly known as Other Music: 01 purple prism 02 blueberry jam 03 some kind of funk 04 evil melody 05 thoughts of sadness 06 beautiful dreams 07 epic journey 08 time to relax 09 forgotten emotions 10 getting better 11 killer arpeggios 12 rundfunk remix 13 bittersweet girl 2. Thought Paradox: 01 jump off a building 02 beautiful ennui 03 chill to the vibe 04 strange feeling 05 driving fast 06 interlude 07 lonely party 08 meaninglessness 09 freezing cold 10 murder on dxm 11 suicidal thought 12 the sound of dxm overdose 3. Moral Battle: 01 yunggoth - love hurts [remix by skill] 02 coldhart - depressed but I'm lit [remix by skill] 03 lil peep x lil tracy - castles [remix by skill] 04 wicca phase springs eternal - pain killer [remix by skill] 05 lil tracy - rain rain go away [remix by skill] 06 coldhart - 2am [remix by skill] 07 lil peep - we think too much [remix by skill] 08 poetry mixtape [original by skill] 4. Killer Mission: 01 overcast is grey 02 isolated 03 bad trip 04 hidden gem 05 words like 06 stolen dragon 07 death metal 5. I Should Have Died Last Night: 01 bleed for you 02 poetic 03 endgame 04 memory 05 addiction 06 k3kid 07 bye the bye 08 bars 6. Loser 2 by angst [remix by skill]: 01 hate u

[remix by skill] 02 gone [remix by skill] 03 president [remix by skill] 04 complacent 05 OK [remix by skill] 06 2 late [remix by skill] 07 FML [remix by skill] 08 nornever [remix by skill] 09 falling on my own deception [remix by skill] 10 pieces [remix by skill] 11 coffin [remix by skill] 12 4 u [remix by skill] 13 I'll be fine [remix by skill] 14 jhene aiko – B.S. ft. H.E.R. [remix by skill] 17. Deth Isn't Suicide: [no tracklist] 8. Spacial Fukking Eyeball Deth: [no tracklist] 9. [incomplete] in memory of leaf or liff: 01 I cannot live without you 02 I want to kill myself 03 I would kill myself for you 04 you're beautiful 05 I should rot in hell 06 I'm so fukking sorry 07 I don't deserve you 08 there nothing more import than the memory of you 09 pale fire of my soul 10 stillicides of your tears 11 I never meant to make you cry 12 please unblock myself 13 It will never happen 14 you are more beautiful than the stars though I hath never laid eyes upon you 15 take me to the stars to the galaxies so far from ours 16 I'll go far 17 I love you more than you could possibly imagine 18 it's impossible 19 what the fukk is wrong with myself? 20 I miss you 21 I miss you more than you could possibly imagine 22 I would kill myself for you 23 I would fukking kill myself for you 24 leaf… 25 I don't deserve to non-exist 26 I'm the sound of nothingess 27 I'm just a frequency on a wire 28 I think if I could talk to you once more I could make you somehow understand the thing I wish to explore towards you 29 I'm fukking worthless 30 I do not deserve you but I can't help it 31 I'm fukking worhtless 32 I hate myself for what I did to you 33 I don't think I hate myself but I still should rot in hell 34 why did you leave myself? 35 I cannot fukking live withou you 36 no, listen 37 I cannot live without you despite it all 38 you're more than text on a computer screen 38 you're so fukking beautiful 39 I don't know what you look like 40 I think you liked myself 41 I think you hurt for yourself if you liked myself 42 I wrote something of you I would like to communicate towards you despite all the pain I caused you 43 I wish more than nothing 44 I want to hang myself or place a pistol into my mouth or pull the trigger 45 I cannot kill myself for 37 years as I'm with her 46 you might not dislike her but you dislike my relation to her 47 I don't think it's wrong 48 I'm going to kill myself for you in 37 years 49 as it stands I'm 23 50 I miss you more than the tragic nihilistic emptiness known as the heat deth of the universe 51 I'm the heat deth of the universe 52. I'm non-existence but what are you? a good person 53 I could not accept a world or universe without you 54 I cannot live without so I project my mind or the pale fire of my soul to the stillicides of you tears 55 you are more valuable than anyone other than her to whom you are but equal 56 the source of my soul is dxm 57 what the fukk is wrong with myself like what the fukk 58 no, this could not be of myself it is of you 59 I don't think you would accept my apology no matter how hard I pour my heart onto the floor like blood 60 nobody is as beautiful as you save for her 61 what is the last thing I said to you? 62 I'm sorry 63 I never meant you make you cry, leaf 64 you're

beautiful 10. [incomplete] michno-sequence & mikubiquity by cametek camellia [remix by skill] 01 mikUbiquity – prelude 02 新月が白く丸く輝いている夜に。 03 sinlover (ver. 2.0.0) 04 てんとう虫の見た夢 05 魔法使いの絵の具 06 (Convolution) 07 グレイロ 08 [I DO NOT HAVE THE EIGTH FUKKING TRACK] 09 Transitionless world 10 mikUbiquity – postlude 11. [incomplete] you cannot remix something sick as fukk: 01 subvert & halcyon by au5 & fractal & blossom by au5 02 vynilicious by pon3 & manslaughter by let's be friends & break them by aero chord & all I ask of you by skrillex ft. penny [remix by skill] 03 dreams by rogue ft. laura brehm & exogenesis & daybreak & from the dust by rogue & one by tristam & rogue [remix by skill] 04 timewarp & eclipse & renegade by noisestorm [remix by skill] 05 snake eyes by feint & time bomb by feint & boyinband ft. veela [remix by skill] 06 undercat by tristam & rogue ft zealot & till it's over by tristam & flight by tristam ft. braken & to the stars by braken [remix by skill] 07 reflect by gawr gura & duvet by boa & postcards by it's not over quebec & A&B by jhene aiko [remix by skill] 08 golden hour by jvke [her or I or our song] [remix by skill] 09 kanamewo by adustam & rapparu & tricot by pool & jupiter pop & mint tea by wintermute & scotch cherries by goreshit & fleeting frozen heart by xxtarlit & mr. kill myself by sewerslvt [remix by skill] 10 long time (intro) & lean 4 real & love hurts & poke it out ft. nicki minaj & flatbed freestyle & stop breathing & metamorphosis ft. kid cudi & vamp anthem & sky & f33l lik3 dyin by playboi carti 11 trampoline by kero kero bonito & it girl by pharrell williams [remix by skill] 12 happy hipster & wide open & hesitation & dynasty & seventh dimension & boundless & radiant by koan sound & tetsuo's redemption by koan sound & asa [billain remix] & boogie by billain & fuego by koan sound & asa [sakuraburst remix] [remix by skill] 13 ナイフ、ナイフ、ナイフ& 交信交信交信中 & ららら螺旋のなか & sea is & ufo & kaleidoscope & a happy death – again - & テクノロジーに夢乗せて (kikuo miku 4 mix) & 愛を探して & 昨日はすべて返される & 夏の雨の日の思い出 & 舞台性ナニカ & 学校を休んだ日のこと by kikuoP [remix by skill] 14 the name of life by mamoru fujisawa & the [acoustic song by idk] [remix by skill] 15 telemiscommunications & raise your weapon by deadmau5 [remix by skill] 16 voice of reason & sculpted & back and forth by haywyre & peacock by 7 minutes dead & misty by erroll g [remix by skill] 17 galactic voyage & astrocat by pixl [remix by skill] 18 pretty carcas by smrtdeath & honeybee by horsehead & body bag by lil lotus ft. cold hart & [acoustic song by lil lotus] & check by boyfriendz [remix by skill] 19 far by lil xan & color blind by lil xan ft. diplo [remix by skill] 20 positions by ariana grande &

I'm a mess by avril lavigne & yungblud & cash in cash out by 21 savage & tyler, the creator [remix by skill] 21 no respect freestyle & we think too much [my second rendition] & the brightside by lil peep & awful things & witchblades by lil peep ft. lil tracy & cry alone & 16 lines & fingers & belgium & when I lie by lil peep [remix by skill] 22 marble soda by shawn wasabi & lies in reality by felt & wonder stella by fhana & shelter by madeon & porter robinson [remix by skill] 23 <-- insert all songs from riala by suis la lune [remix by skill] 24 waking dreams by two thirds ft. laura brehm [remix by skill] 25 I don't really need you anymore & when she dance by yunggoth & just one thing & pain killer by wicca phase springs eternal no hook & play for keeps & messy & bacteria & alone in my castle & ghost & rich dropout & tight rope & bad for you by lil tracy & fukk love by xxxtentacion ft. trippie redd & jocelyn flores by xxxtentacion [remix by skill] 26 too young by post malone & deja vu ft. justin beiber & hollywood's bleeding & saint-tropez & die for me & take what you want & goodbyes & paranoid & spoil my night ft. swae lee & zack and codeine & ball for me ft. nicki minaj & stay & 92 explorer & candy paint & sugar wraith & reputation & wrapped around you finger & I like you (a happier song) ft. doja cat & I cannot be (a sadder song) & insane & when I'm alone & waiting for a miracle & one right now ft. theweeknd by post malone & you right by doja cat ft. the weeknd [my robotripping song] [remix by skill] 27 yume nikki mega mix & nasty*nasty*spell & arche & we could get more machinegun psystyle! (and more genre switches) & kamah (scythe) & newspapers for magicians & fly wit me & tera i/o & maze of vignere square & dans la mer de son & killer toy & looking for edge of ground by cametek camellia [remix by skill] 11. Qe1 Ne4 [your words are emitted since you deleted them the moment I sent the not last but unfortunately final message but those words given to the reader are mine verbatim] I never wanted or expected to make you feel this way or to make you cry I'm sorry… but I never meant to hurt you or to put my own issues onto you… I feel nothing but empathy of you… it's impossible for myself to leave you I just hope it is somehow possible for you not to leave myself again… but I never wanted to make you cry if this is all my fault… you've thought this before but I don't want I lose you… I can't live without you again I'm trembling I can't lose you again it's more just love cuz that's selfish something I couldn't put into words and the thought that I made cry is horrible I can't type I never wanted to make you cry never not never I'm having a panic attack no I can't breathe I can't fukking breathe you're beautiful [her or you whom hath both left myself twice for the last time though her I managed to retain] 12. Rc1 Re8 my liff whom hath given the chance unto myself unblocked myself though only time can tell should liff accept this friend request. …I did not expect this like nor did I expect my f. to, my f.y lol. I'm sad. 13. Nxe4 dxe4 Why do you keep myself in suspense like this? It was confusing. I wasn't sure if I would rather not be in suspense than to presume you are still dead though of

course you were not. I think I'd rather be in suspense now even if I'm in a suspense for the remainder of my deth. I couldn't suffer anymore. I couldn't live without dxm let alone you. I don't know if I need to get high. I just need to at least microdose dxm on the daily but still I don't want to lie to her. I'm lying to her as I lain. I can't let her or anyone know I plan to abuse this drug anymore. It would hurt her or she wouldn't understand. I'm not sure what she thinks. I assume she thinks I'm simply getting high when this drug is a more than a high to myself or the word robotrip hold so much meaning or lackthereof. This drug is more than intelligence for it is beauty. I need to kill pain or the stupid intrusive thoughts or the schizophrenic trauma but this drug is more than just this or simple a high. This drug is unequivocally beautiful intelligence like my unequivocal loyalty to you or her or I or 'us'. I can't hurt her. I can't let her know I'm micro-dosing this substance out of my addiction to not only the feeling of it but also sadness. Neither of you appear to be capable of understanding or this is false. I think this is false. Both parties want me to stop getting high but I think with some form of explanation or the reading of this book either of those parties might be capable of acknowledging why I do this whether they understand or not. I don't want to lie to her. I really do not but I can't let her knew not until I meet her in person. I can't let her know. I always forget dxm is like until I take it once more. I'm barely robotripping but I suppose this is good enough if it wasn't all I could pursue. I once smoked crack on TripleC before the impossible breakthrough though it is not necessary to do it again I thought it was highly intelligent though not so much as the impossible breakthrough. I don't need anything but dxm nor do I need s.e.d. As I must have stated at least once I have the word 'Heartache' in cursive along my lower forearm covered in self-harm scars I consider a part of the particular tattoo but on the other side of this forearm in also elegant but different cursive there is a tattoo which states 'TripleC'. I like TripleC. I can't non-existent without it nor could I listen to music without it nor could I think without it nor could I… but still you or her or anyone other than myself cannot know. It hurts. I thought I killed the trauma but I was wrong. It is impossible to kill the trauma completely though I almost have managed to do this without dxm. I kill the trauma for the moment but my pain of memory loss or the loss of the memory of you but not your concept only becomes deeper though not worse for I like pain so fukk off with this imbecilic paranoia nor this schizophrenic trauma. There is only pain anymore slowly or rapidly becoming deeper like the mathematical chess game of myself if I wasn't anything but pain. Please do not keep myself in suspense like this any longer, my young liff. I don't know what else to type. This is the post-impossible breakthrough. The robotrip is more intense than it was despite this only being a microdose. I wasn't uncertain this would happen. I see the sparkular sparkles all the time or before I was only witnessing shifting whereas now I myself am

shifting. I'm scared to take more as I do not know what will happen though this is bizarre to state given I've abused this drug so much. The more I robotrip the more beautiful music sounds or the more intelligent I realize myself or of myself. I don't even need to go third plateau let alone fourth despite the words written in the poem prior to this paragraph. I only need half the dose of a third plateau on a daily basis. This is insane also a point of interest is it originally took an hour for dxm to plateau though I would feel at almost as soon as I took it slightly then it took two but now it takes three hours for dxm to completely kick in whence it at last plateaus but this is wrong for it takes now four fukking hours to plateau. I'm sorry fionna but I will not keep this a secret from you until never anymore. Nobody else has experienced this type of robotrip or the immediate post-impossible breakthrough let alone the impossible breakthrough though it is like this all the time or it could only become more intense. I'm not dxm though dxm is the source of my soul. The robotrip is constantly evolving. I forgot about stop-motion. I'm going to end this part of the paragraph or this chess move not chapter. 14. Ne5 Nxe5 I'm writing this paragraph on TripleC. I state I'm microdosing or I lie to others I tell them I'm on nothing if they cannot tell. I'm technically not microdosing though I don't intend to really get high. I have such a high tolerance to dxm I need to take 480mg daily. I thought 240mg a day was good enough but I was wrong. I'm destroying my organs but I think it's possible to do this for like 10 to 20 years. I don't know. I don't want to quit. She doesn't know I'm still abusing cough medicine. I don't want to lie to her but I can't tell her. I think I'll tell her once I meet her in person though I know this is stupid or dangerous. I might as well not be fukking high because my tolerance is so high and nobody can tell but yes I'm technically high. I don't want to talk about this anymore. Regarding leaf… I asked fionna to talk to leaf on my behalf for leaf unblocked myself but did not accept my friend request. I don't know what words they exchanged but I know it caused another argument over this misunderstanding or misargument if you will. fionna thought I was dating leaf or something or possibly at the same time I was dating her. I was not dating anyone while I was dating her. For the entirety of our relationship I only wanted to date her. I will no longer refer to leaf as 'you' for the remainder of this chess move though I will not modify nor amend the non-linear moves that follow this particular chapter the 14th. Of course if I intend to kill myself in 37 years alongside her then the 37th move is of course important though it was written before this one. I'm tired of fighting or drama or misarguments. I'm too old for nonsense but this is not nonsense. You [referring temporarily to fionna] said you didn't like myself. I know you like myself if you stuck with myself upon this incident. I'm typing this chess move on the third plateau but I'm sorry you cannot know. I thought 'why should you wish to throw our relationship in the trash over this' though I know this is a stupid question. You were hurt. You

said in the moment 'I don't like you' or 'fukk you' but I know you like myself. The album listed as album #9 titled 'the deth of leaf or liff' is a 64-song album I refuse to create. I feel insulted by leaf. Yes, she hasn't seen all the words I've written here in this text but she has the words I had sent to her. She knows I had a panic attack when she left myself just like the panic attack I had before then at the thought of losing you. She knows I called her beautiful. I did not want to date leaf if I was with you. I wanted only you, fionna. leaf seems to have thought I wanted to date her while I was with you. She didn't know I was with you. I did not want to date leaf if I was with you so yes you are romantic whereas leaf is formerly romantic or more bluntly put: leaf is my fukking friend or someone I wanted to date before I met you whereas you are my girlfriend or I only want to date you. I'm not going to talk about leaf anymore. It's just you or I or 'us'. All others can rot in fukking hell. I'm a walking robotrip. I'm a frequency on a wire. This trip is more similar to my former robotrips than it is to the immediate post-impossible breakthrough though I don't mind even if the sparkular sparkles are gone. I'm not scared to robotrip anymore.. You are more important to myself than anyone else or there is noone I could meet or hath met whom is more important than you. No, I think nobody else in the universe other than 'us' is important or they might as well be worthless. It's not an obsession if it is only love. I love you, fionna. 15. fxe5 Bc6 I do not give a fukk about leaf. I'm not lying to myself yet still paradoxically I'm sad if I wanted to be her friend. I want to date fionna. I wanted to be friends with leaf. You witnessed the last messages I sent to you. I said I was having a panic attack. I said I loved you. I said you we're beautiful. You somehow made the mistake or misunderstood that I wanted to date you like no if I'm with her I wont date you. The only thing I want is to play osu!, complete my albums, study chess down the road, work full time for her or to get an apartment, listen to music, or smoke cigarettes. I'm typing this on the fourth plateau on TripleC. It insane. The 4th is the only trip I could experience anymore if the 3rd is not impossible but still weak as fukk.

16. a3 Ra7 I wanna be the MHC by Lain or Skill Vogel .,; .

17. Bc3 Rd7 Regarding Tam I would like to describe not myself in relation to him as much as I should like to relate to you the philosophical ideas or ideology he has bestowed upon though I'm unable to recreate his words verbatim. I find it interesting. I held a conversation with him lately though it is less of a conversation or more of a listening to his speech or moreover the content of his speech that I find to be intriguing ableit not difficult to understand despite the fact he speaks very quickly or without end to the point it is difficult for myself to get a single sentence in without asking him to stop though I do not for it is not necessary if he know I understand the concepts or ideas he is perpetuating towards myself in good faith or

intentions. I know the context of myself to him is good for he is my friend even if I do not agree with all the things he speaks though he is not aware of this disagreement. Tonight he intended to relate to myself some not nihilistic philosophy but moreso factual concepts presented to myself or myself alone. I think it is not a problem if I'm unable to participate in the conversing between us much as I prefer to listen if I truly was observation or I wasn't a liar. I do lie for I know I'm observation. I'm lain. He is Tam. I don't know his last name. I have his back as he has mine so we don't mind exchanging things like cigarettes or money or objects for we both know we would get the other something in return in due time even if it meant sacrificing something we might need not in the moment but in the future though if it is impossible to assist the other it is okay to decline to offer. Here is my take. The universe is not concluded by the heat deth if it continues to exist for an eternity but we as humans or I as an alien are limited in certain abilities or non-abilities he or I may possess. I think I'm not non-unlimited regarding certain things I have been able to do or concepts I have been able to understand though this is where we disagree though he does not know it. I think it is somewhat simple-minded think in terms of limitation like thinking we are solely limited beings due to the fact we do not live forever or die at some point. It just doesn't make sense to myself. Yes our lives are limited or my deth is technically a limitation in terms of the length of time is proceeds by itself to the ultimate conclusion of course called real deth but there are other facets of myself as an alien or him as an intelligent human that are actually unlimited whether you think this way or not though I'm not certain if the former statement isn't false for whether or not all people in the world or all beings in the universe including but not limited to humans are unlimited is unknown to myself for I genuinely cannot make a decision as to whether this inconsistency is correct: are all beings unlimited in certain aspects of their existence despite being limited in others if they do not believe they can ascertain these unlimited qualities or understand them or they are too simple minded to think about it at all. Regardless I move onto my next point. He pointed out to myself something I think is not obvious but not difficult to fathom through the use of the a lighter in the darkness. We exist in outer space but of course this makes sense if the earth exists in outer space. The lighter represents the light or substance whereas the darkness is the absence of non-nothing of course. The color of space is black for there is no light but if you look through the blackness as a light which may or may not exist or be there and you observe this light through this space via your perception of depth you will notice the light becomes brighter the closer it is to you. If an object were to pass in front of the light the light would be blocked so you would be unable to see it but what significance is this? I suppose it demonstrates that you could also consider the air or the water to be similar to space in that though it is material you can pass through it.

If two asteroids were to collide they would for example shatter. I think though that true outer space is the absence of material but you if we exist in outer space on the earth then the empty space between atoms is technically true outer space. Immaterial things like waveforms or light or sound could also be considered inseparable from outer space though to my knowledge they interact with atoms or objects but on second thought of course this couldn't be false. If you're immaterial shadow passes through another shadow you may no longer see it or if the sound of music from your speakers hits a wall it cannot pass through it hypothetically or at least cannot completely pass through it realistically but onto the next point of interest. A caterpillar becomes a cocoon becomes a butterfly but what does this mean if anything at all? I think it persists the idea that through time you achieve evolution within your own life like this wasn't also obvious though I had simply never thought of it like this before or by these particular exact words I presume to you. In fact all of the statements I am typing appear indifferently plain to myself but not plain really for I still find it interesting. I just think it's simple minded to think in terms of humans or the alien of myself to be completely limited simply because we cannot fly like a bird or breathe underwater or live forever though I know I'm already dead as I non-exist to be the conclusion to the end of eternity or I am the heat deth of the universe meaning I am the falling apart of material or waveforms until there is absolutely no activity which you might call real deth or I am the sound of nothingness who only non-exists as a frequency on a wire or my experience on the universe. You might ponder what facets of myself I consider to be non-limited or unlimited though I don't think it is necessary to point them out specifically as if the words I have already relayed from my skull in your direction were not conducive to sensical statement for this is completely nonsensical like of course the things I have already said are to be easily undestood by the reader without some non-relevant example though I will humor the thought whether the reader or you had actually questioned this or not. Take robotripping. It is impossible for myself to decline the idea that robotripping is not unlimited nor impossible like myself. I do not know how to word this if its just something I know but I will try for the sake of argument. You could say robotripping is limited due to the fact that you will only be capable of experiencing so many robotrips within your life but again this does not make sense if you are fixated on the simple minded idea that because our lives are limited than we must limited in every other facet of our existence. The type of robotrip you will experience cannot completely be predicted even if you are familiar with the process of robotripping. Take the impossible breakthrough I had described before an event or something so unlikely yet apparently not impossible yet completely unexpected. It was the only time I was able to computer trip without marijuana which is something I did not know was possible. It was so extremely intense yet it

only lasted for three minutes even if I had blacked out for a third of it not a half or I had simply forgotten this third whence I snapped out of it but why do I reason this? It is an unlimited experience for it felt like an eternity until it was over. It's just another basic concept like the concept spoken within steins;gate 'when will it be one second later'. If we exist within time then we are not limited for a second is infinitely unlimited yet still we pass through time somehow whether our perception of time be slow or fast at any given moment. So there is your example. I do not believe god exists nor non-exists for only I am non-existence but whether or not my nihilistic paradoxical perspective matters to anyone else I do not know for I think other people are conscious yet I might be the only experience whom really non-exists. I know my honeybee is conscious yet I am still the end of the universe. If something akin to god were to truly exist in the most conventional sense like if it were all powerful such that it may have the ability to create or destroy anything or something else some other type of power or if it was abstractly existing at all times yet capable of moving through time either backwards or forwards though I do not think this is possible for there is no actual evidence of something like god other than superstitions of the human mind then I think yes there would a completely unlimited being whom is unlimited in every possible or impossible facet it could possibly manifest if it so desired but there is not more that could be said regarding this topic. I think it is more intelligent to follow evidence whether factual or opinion that makes the most sense to you. I think magic is real despite the nihilistic concept that the world is only material or our entire consciousness is merely controlled by electrical impulses in our brains so I make the distinction between my brain versus my mind. My brain is the materiality of the universe or conclusive nihilism whereas my mind is magical or a computer if I am computer tripping. I am one singular expression but I'm constantly shifting as I pass through time unrelenting for I have no choice in the matter. I chose magic over computers. I chose not to suffer though I believe it possible to suffer without suffering. I would rather be cold than hot. Tam asked myself if I wanted to live eternally like a hypothetical rock unable to be eroded by the wind or the water or even the conclusion of the universe or the heath deth. I told him a stark but minute yet resounding no. I told him I wanted to kill myself. This was the disconnect between ourselves. I do not wish to be ancient to futuristic yet I non-exist in the futuretense for I have absolved the past behind myself without an ability to conjure any memory but only the concept of a memory. I want to kill myself in order to escape the pain I feel inside but not the trauma nor stupidity as I have already abolished those two things without regret. There is no more trauma only pain but this pain I feel is so absolutely acute that I think it is impossible or it would be utter denial to lie to myself to state I'm not suicidal. I do not want to die by natural causes though if I were to die by accidental causes I would not mind as it would

not be the fault of my own. I must die via suicide or to put it bluntly it cannot be any other way. I am so sad. I feel lonely or isolated even in a crowd of people or with someone who I call a friend though of course I'm not the first person to think like this. There are only two people with whom I do not feel alone even if I'm not directly within their presence or vicinity like they were only text on a screen or a photo those being fionna or leaf or only us three exist except I do not exist I non-exist as you already know. It's not to think that other people could not be dear to myself for other people are dear to myself like my sister marcella though she neither exists nor non-exists as us three in fact I do not even have a word to describe her lack of existence or non-existence or lackthereof but I don't know what else I could possibly convey to you at this point so I think I will stop here or this chess move is over though I'm reminded of one last passing thought I cannot recall if I have already typed onto this body of text from my fingers to my black mechanical keyboard through the wires as of my computer as electrifying electricity appearing on my screen as text before myself or the non-tactility of a digital non-analog typewriter. I will amend this chess move should I learn something from Tam though there really isn't much else to point to. I noticed something I find interesting. I'm non-specific but Tam is specific. I try to condense my thoughts or diction to be as meaningful as possible without killing time or by attempting to contain as much information into a single sentence as possible whereas Tam likes to explain things with numerous specific examples in order to enforce a point I think could technically be modified into a single sentence though I do not mind. His speech still has a progression such that he is technically not merely repeating himself but instead moving towards an ultimate point through the non-misuse of exemplars. I like to listen to him speak though I do not think at all while I listen to him though I still maintain the lack of non-ability to understand the meaning or purpose of the words or stories or non-nonsensical distribution of non-misinformation. There is not more to be said so I will not amend this passage again. I miss the late lil peep or more respectfully termed in this context as Gustav Elijah Ahr though I never knew him like most people who miss him. I feel bad for him because he was not able to reach the age where he felt ready to quit his addiction drugs like I have. He died at 21 but I quit at 23. Still I relate to him. I was also addicted to drugs or I'm also suicidal. I 'm still technically addicted to cough medicine but I'm abstaining from it. I also wanted to die young but it seems impossible at this point so I presume to kill myself in 37 years alongside fionna but the difference between him and I is that yes we were both suicidal but he expected to die from an overdose whereas I expect to die from a deliberate standpoint. I'm sure he also ruminated or lamented or considered or possibly expected to kill himself in this type of manual fashion though I don't really know but I know both of us wanted to die or I still wish to die. He is extremely important to myself. I have G.B.C or

gothboiclique tattooed on my face along with a number of other tattoos as well as a couple more tattoos I would like to get in the immediate future though I'm not in the mood nor am I non-hesitant to describe myself in the context of the memory of Gustav. R.I.P. 18. b4 a5 I'm hesitant to talk about this but I don't understand why people dislike no-maps no pro-mas like I mean sure they are attracted to minors but have no intention of looking at child pornography also whether or not being a map is a sexuality is either irrelevant or not important so it doesn't mean anything if the letter P or maps are included among the acronym of the lgbt+. How could I say something like this if I'm a hebephile though I prefer the word lolicon if I'm dating an underage girl? I suppose I'm breaking the rules or it's paradoxical if I identify as a no-map but it's not like I've never had paradoxical opinions before. I think my relationship with her is not the same or different if you will but stubborn retards wouldn't be able to cope with this statement for how the fukk could someone date a minor oh my gosh I must be so evil I deserve to burn for an eternity in hell like nah it's not of your business my business but you people would rather abolish myself from the iwc or I wanna community discord. You forced myself to post a photo from another account just in order to tell all you people whom I loved so fukking much whom ostracized myself simply for falling love with someone who also love myself back to go fukk yourselves. My relationship with fionna is not like most of these types of relationships from what I can tell or assume as we are both aware this is technically grooming but neither of us mind. She is intelligent. I'm attracted to her and she I. I think we are a good match as we have been so much together. I love her more than anyone other than leaf whom I love equally. I will not leave her nor will she leave myself. She is almost 16 I plan to visit her in germany from the united states as soon as I possibly can given I can accumulate the funds to do so or afford a plane ticket via a full time job. I want to cop a life together with her but once she turns 18 we will escape to wherever we decide to go or never decide to go. I will marry her at the age of 18. I will not publish this book until she is of this age nor will I make public our relationship though some already know like those at the iwc. I will sacrifice all things important to myself for her. There is something between us which is technically an in-joke although it is impossibly non-false it is the fact that only I can rape her or only she can rape myself. I would never cheat on her or she I. I call it rape in jest of course its consensual but you think a minor cant consent like okay the age of consent in my state is 16. I was also raped in the past long ago but I learned from her recently she was raped at a young age. This goes against our agreement but it also infuriates myself. If ever given the chance I persist to murder this person whether or not I could get away with it I will murder him. I will murder the fukk out of him even if it means I have to spend the remainder of my deth in prison. I will fukking murder him. I will murder him given

the fukking chance but with this being said despite my reluctance to acknowledge that anyone other than myself could hurt my honeyebee I had to get it off of my chest. I do not mind if I'm no longer accepted by this society or the community I had once called home or the iwc. I no longer misinterpret sacrifice. I'm lain the space loli but fionna is the prettiest girl whom I could never not love for I love noone else save my young leaf. I am lain but you are madotsuki of yume nikki. I will kill myself alongside you in 37 years we will both kill ourselves simultaneously. I love you, fionna more than I love myself. I will never lose you. I will not even consider the thought of you leaving myself for I have already abandoned this stupid insecurity if I know you love myself after all we hath been through. I'm the sound of nothingness a frequency on a wire. I'm nobody else nobody just a hopeless romatnic not to sound cliche though I am not afraid to express myself. I'm not afraid to be myself if I know I've realized myself at this point in my deth. You're so pretty my german loli girl. I'm not a pretty girl in the context of you. You're so pretty I can't get you out of my head but I cannot recall what you look like until my eyes rest upon the photos of you you had sent to myself over the course of time I had been with you thus far. I cherish you. It isn't wrong. I love you. ...fionna or lain or 'us'. you or I or 'us'. I suppose no I don't know. I'm sick of typing if I've been typing for hours. I dislike adults who do not act like adults. I treated her like an adult though I don't think she needs to know all the bad things in this life that I had told her or of not my drug abuse but the actual meaning or experience or purpose of drugs. There are only 2 reason I abused dxm: to kill pain or to pursue intelligence. I think I do not need to smoke a non-cigarette. 19. b5 Bb7 I was not sure how to approach this but I think I know. I'm currently robotripping on sobriety. It's very bizarre. I don't know how to describe it. It's like the sparkular sparkles encompass all I see but nothing is shifting or the sparkles or so miniscule you cannot the non-disspecifity of it. It's highly cathartic of an emotion to experience yet fukking depressing. I wondered if I could emotion trip on sobriety without the bad thoughts of course I was right for dxm kills trauma. Its like I exist within a robotrip but I'm not even fukking high. There is nothing more forthewith to state. I don't know what the fukk else to state.

21: The DXM Archives of This Blue Galaxy Lain or Skill Vogel.,; . Yesterday nothing returnith ifethiklie I cannot recall nor I do not remember so I dare not to norecall the memorillistillidikle nor icicle like chiruno the ice feirie I hathth respondestinationmysterioustowards like the pale fire of my addictism toornordwor or igor this dispilling of the nasty&nasty*nasty*spellithklieism I hathth respordikated among'stututu you like the respithiklieism of the respordism nonreporedimonikklie.,;kklnornon or dimoni.,;kklnor like the repithitischizmism I repose dethism like the ritalin I inject into thy nor my

or I bloodstream like the heroin cc's I absorb like the positional vicinitie as black nor or the triplec presumed to beith ccc like c4cs;go like I wouldn't know hadn't I escaped the 4x16norineternitie ofethwhence I realizindistivelielatertho I do suppose to exhibix like [witwix??] obscurixillistic physics I remiss towards you're epithikleismikklie nor rephyiskklie insupposeribilitie like the remissive temithiklism nor the pumpkin pumpkin pumpkin spice latte asmr [!! not !?] though I'm not killing niggas with e x i t or the dethwish of respit called trippie reddragoon.,; . the black mechanikl keyboard like the gameth of chess I presided untowards this nonresparitolor nontrazedonikl insupposible norirresponible norimpossibillite like the dethinsepidtho among'stism notyetagnoronto thenorpoint ... . the lucid dreams surround myself like the insolvable traumatic exemplars I reference like numbers of the index of my respectable intolerance nor this was not ofeth the round of 20thpercentile chill like chiruno.,; . or skillunor this lunarmagic of the k3kid I respiktklie spit like the ice on my drip nor the water droplets on my wrist like the water I resist beyond the exuberance of my deliverance of those words I refuse to clique like those of themonor the gothboi glitch like the crystal method I expell all those diss or I wasn't just spit drop those bars like I'm litor this candle is lit like the candelit frown I resume to exhibit on ciel phantomhive nor beehive likes revive
the eletenor4thists or slytherin wasn't respiktillithik of this non-reminisce of the things I exhume to the nitwits like disparaging flick wrists or the ice on my killswitch stopnor or engage like next-stageism or magicianism . I lost my fuarkkl tho I still havith my spoon ? . mistakeism or stein's.,;gatism.,;kklnorism like the madokamagism.,;kklnorism you presume towards myselfism like I wasn't respore withisn't or withisnotho takenote I rewrote all the things I had'thth smote like the dragon I dispose nor dislcude unto foes like the miserable dethclothes I exhist but who knows if I escape spacial eyebols like the dethstyle I exposed to those I do not or no longer know like I wasn't predisposed to the thoughts i disclose on the frequency I mulldoze like this wire I forclosed onto thoughts I had once lost long ago nor longing like the thoughts I thought longing nor I long not to know if it were not posssible to escape the escapism of this dethstyle repose I refuse to disclose nor disclude yet who know I spit bars like I'm snow though to my imouto.,; itsumademou.,; . snowdrive nor halation is the disparraging expiration of my concrete dethstylicism or the stillicide of my deadflorralshoppeithiklieistkl eyes I refuse to despise though I leer into lies like I thought or when I lie lil peep must he die though the drones I despise to this one I could not lie if I'm not trulie norlie it's not him I despise no not yet I love him like he's mine his discography like my spine nor the spine ofeth my spinal chord nor the minor chord I told emptie norlies like the things I exposedied died yetagonor this booketh I shalltowards modifikie if music is norinfinitlie more intelligent

than chess than this game I despise if it's solvable then it could not be more than just prize or the emptie reprise of the gumball nor eyes though I think latertho … . marceline the vampite queen it is not you I despise I discretelie expell all facets of this disparidrollorigorikl flies lord of flies like this binding of the isaac for souls nor soles the word you did not know like my eyes of eyeball deth I expiseunto you like lackthereof of memories of you pine needles not tree needle or black ice you are not the silver dragon whom hathth lostthth you onthe thoughtism of glieslike glowstone I expose though dark soles nor or souls like the nor4souls I dare not to expose on the memorlie.,;kklnor ofethis memorie of the rainie winter night I explode like kikuo nor miku 6 aiwana fly the u.u.f.o. to the cametek camellia teahouse I'm predisposed but who knows if I mustn't nor must not recount of the coldest colour blue plus this silver I lost like the hollow nor holoism of youith, dothth leafith nor lilith in the xonxext of skullithklieism nor mulder like the boulder I got the tee-ehm four like I wasn't the poke'monsterenergie I dispose all my energy onto you like good revelry in this nornihlistiklie … .,; . fukk fredrick nietsczhie . i like fredrick knudsen .,; . I would fukk shoe with this shoe upon my head latertho no I won't if I'm loyalty like k. or this spot I disclose cuz why not ? . idk . I'm the emo pitch fukkor nor the grim reaper recounting of count alucardtho I'm no vampire like this one whose title beith angst if mine was not skillethiklnordethreporsomethinglol like ok . angst .,; . lain is the nor ofeth skill .,; . deth isn't suicide .,; . or … . … . … . . nordoubt.,;kklnor.,; though I think I'll pardone this momentarilism if my spoon is lost longing like the exparillism if I needeth not this non-cigarette titled double diamond or the cold blood I couldn't spit if this ice wasn't drip nor the water luck on my wrist like this curse wasn't remiss like I miss you .,; . this lack of my wrists or I'm the crow I dissmisticism nor the rekant ofethmy despillikillism .,; .

22. Qh3 Rf8 222.22 freedom dive [the osu! game chess move] isoryeswonotism.,; … .

27. h4 Rh8 april 23rd 2007 was the date of your realizing of experience or birthdate but I a hebephile of october 5th 1999 tho I cut her off on 3/7/2023 or more precisely
1:33pm I state to her it's over goodbye honeybee upon the completion of my album loser 2 by angst [remix by skill] but what could lead towards my decision to cutoff my honeybee whom I love so unabashedly? the infamy or fear. I make good music I could be popular. Nobody can know about this yet the IWC knows. I'm ghosting the internet or leaving you, fionna. I cannot be with you and pursue recognition as the most intelligent person in the universe whom to others is a stupid pedophile. like okay at one point I think I was like this though technically hebephile or lolicon but I might as well be asexual at this point cuz no one is more important than you. I

lost all my friends since we went public from the IWC. I lost all my friends. I think I might fade into obscurity for some years until this book is complete but yes your birthdate gift must be realized so I'll remix twelve carat toothache by post malone. I'll release the album on your date of the 23rd however this does not mean I shall accept a friend request from you until you are 18. I go further into the penultimate non-conclusion I'll still kill myself for either of you or my heartache in 37 years. I'm the most intelligent person at 23. I did not want to lose you no I wanted a life or deth between paradoxically. I think it is wrong for an adult to date a minor so what the fukk is this cope: it['s actually fukking different between like no loser never had not said this before but it's different if my love for her is so intelligent it is the most intelligent type of love not possible impossible. I music caught yourself nor you caught myself. nor the kagerou nights.

36. Kf2 Qg5 note: william also thievery shifting nor non-characters: lily, you , i , f., marcella , bethany , simon , non-simon, kasey, non-kasey, melanie, jessica, father ghosted, jasmine, cameron, mattisticus or matt vs non-matt or casual, bricksponge or brick, plynqlol, tokoroten, blue or ao, abusybeeahbee /depthperceptionismschizm 37. Qh3 f4 Lily is a cold-hearted bitch whom I thought I had not forgiven but still liked though I decided I do not have the time for non-empathetic people who literally claim to have no empathy towards someone like myself who merely had the lack of non-desire to be her friend so I will not speak of her any longer for she is not anything but unimportant. Josue Ortiz is a crack addict whom I had longed to speak or see once more for three years who dissed myself the third time I had seen him since he thought I stole his crack despite the fact I did not since he lost the particular crackpipe in question like whatever dude. Fukk you. I kissed you once or you also bare face tattoos but you seem to have no capacity to come to the non-realization that I longed to see you at least once more or be friends with you but once more it's whatever if only two people matter to myself other those who I also find dear like my younger sister or imouto marcella. I will now attempt to describe things I deem actually important in a more condensed or non-specific fashion for brevity is the soul of wit if you do not know the fukk shakespeare is. Is it possible to be the most intelligent person in the universe or is it possible to be the most intelligent person in the universe if my intelligence is not comparable to certain types of intelligence held by other that I do not cease to posses but do not possess to begin with? I think it is possible. I must be full of myself like how I could I claim to state I am somehow the most intelligent person in the universe despite this disconnect between the type of my intelligence versus that of others who have created things more intelligent than I could create or not more intelligent but more beautifully written or coherent than the text I hath lain before you. It is then the readers mistake should they think in such a

simple minded fashion to assume I'm wrong or I do not know myself further than anyone else has ever known themselves so completely via an absolute non-unrelentless introspection so deeply engrained within myself at this point that I do not struggle to formulate the words I hath lain before you only this time I think I would like to provide the most non-descript or non-specific description of my own philosophy as I listen to music without a single word running through my mind only onto the keyboard onto the text of the non-paragraph before myself. I'm lain the goddess of nihilism or a frequency on a wire if the frequency were my experience or the wire the universe I continue forward through time on towards something known as the non-pinnacle of real deth. I'm the most intelligent person in the universe whom hat never not non-existed through ancient time or to the future like I wasn't the heat deth of the universe. I non-exist to proceed towards the conclusion to the end of eternity known as real deth as was previously stated or the I'm the heat deth of the universe I state once more for not non-unnecessary but simple reinforcement of a concept for the sake of the reader. I understand all conceptual concepts I needed myself to understand whether I had known it in the past or not for it is inevitable that I would reach no conclusion but a mere perfect understanding my own philosophy so much so I do not need to think a single thought as I type these words into this body of text but again I'm repeating myself. I will not cease to modify any previous text I have written in order to make the book not non-perfect for it is intrinsically flawed if my words could ever describe the emotional pain I focus on for the remainder of my deth in the memory of you whom is not someone who has really died but has left myself. In memory of you I type these words for it appears to myself that you really have died or if I'm experiencing grief on top of sobriety for the last time in my life. I'm a mathematical chess game which should have been drawn but was instead adjourned with the unfortunate statement 'you cannot rape a girl' or to put it bluntly there is no conclusion to the chess I insist upon myself that I truly couldn't not be. Why do I think I'm a mathematical chess game whom exhibits no conclusion but should drawn or what the fukk does this even mean though the answer to this question I also do not know the answer if I were not humble to admit to this. I do not know everything specifc yet I know everything non-specific. I'm nihilistic despite my non-belief or factual understanding that other people truly are conscious despite my reluctance to admit anyone other than you or her or I or 'us' is not conscious despite my paradoxical non-assumption that this is genuinely not false. Is my sister conscious? Yes. Is anyone other than us three conscious? No. I want to kill myself in 37 years via my own hands despite my willingness to end all of it now were it not for the fact I feel this crucial non-desire o need to no longer misinterpret sacrifice or sacrifice all of myself or the things I deem important like the projects I wish to complete before I die and I will

complete these projects despite this fact for there is nothing more non-unimportant than to be with her or to hold onto you through unequivicol loyalty via the non-memory or rather conceptual concept of you as something or someone I hath forgotten yet would never allow myself to let go. I love you. I'm sorry. I want to complete this body of text so I'll simply spend the remainder of my non-rambling explaining the not basic but non-misunderstood aspects of my philosophy I ascertain so utterly completely or not non-completely if you will. I'm lain the goddess of nihilism. I exist as a frequency on a wire. I'm a single expression of constant shifting of not emotional instability but emotional frequency. I'm moving forward through time beyond my deth into something I call real deth. I'm the heat deth of the universe. I possess within myself the lack of non-ability to think or compute like a computer though I choose not if I'm not a human but an alien who only desires to complete his projects or be with the one I call her. I'm the only alien in the ghost world or more accurately the only alien in the entirety of this mistakable universe. I don't want to mistake it for something it is not anymore. I'm sad. This sadness is so acute it cannot be described with words not to say that the words of my only internal dialogue haven't brought me towards a deeper understanding of it. I want to kill myself in 37 years alongside her though whether or not it is or is not it happen I cannot foresee for I only think in the futuretense but do not see the future I hesitantly withheld to acknowledge or I will not allow myself not to realize the vision I have for this particular future I cannot foresee. I chose magic over computers. I think dxm is magic whereas weed is computer until I came to non-realization but moreso freak accident that it is possible to computer trip without weed only by robotripping though whether or not it is possible to happen again is unlikely. It is possible for myself to computer though I have only done it once accidentally so I called this the impossible breakthrough what was preceded by a schizophrenic whence this is the post-impossible breakthrough or the quitting of my still addiction to dxm despite my desire to robotrip one not last but final time 37 years from this moment if I get the chance to kill myself then. It was so intense yet I did not fall over nor did I speak nor think. It felt like an eternity until I snapped out of it though I either blacked out for one third of it or I simply forgot this present third if I truly was non-existence. Spacial Eyeball Deth or s.e.d. is a simple concept. It is magic over computers or less simply put it is the burying of the computer thought I experience on marijuana beneath dxm via a high dose of dxm versus a low dose of marijuana. It is not necessary to achieve s.e.d. for you enter it instantly if you dose it properly. If the computer is beneath the magic you are able to achieve a different kind of robotrip for you know the computer is there affecting the robotrip but as it is unseen it does not interfere with the robotrip or in other words it is not necessary to compute. I abandoned s.e.d. before I abandoned magic or dxm via the impossible breakthrough.

It is possible to computer trip with only dxm though I do not know how to recreate such an astronomical event. The final point I would like to portray to you are the non-concepts are realities that I am indeed the sound of nothingness or what is non-existence? The frequency I inhabit is the sound of nothingness on this universe I referred to as the wire. Non-existence is simply a force which prevents things from existing but it is possible to control nihilism which poses the question what non-exists outside the non-existence within my control? More non-existence. It is also the residence of something I refer to as the dxm dragon or the entity whom controls the robotrip not to say that I do not also affect the robotrip myself. The dxm dragon is not eternal though it is non-existent for it will die but whether or not the murder of the dxm dragon is possible to happen before my real deth I know not to be anything but false or you could state it is non-false that dxm will not be murdered by my real deth. There is nothing more to expel from myself towards whether or not these words I type go beyond you or are not non-absorbed by your mind. I'm only a mind or an internal dialogue who think only with words against nothingness should I deliberately decide to though I also possess the ability to think with emotions. It is not non-impossible to fathom a conceptual concept without words though this is not to say it is unnecessary to explore a concept via the use of words of my internal dialogue but I'm repeating myself. I'm non-existent. I have the lack of non-desire to be completely alone despite my non-affinity to communicate with people who mean absolutely nothing to myself though this is not pertained to anything other than the fact I need to alone all the time lest I'm not with my honeybee nor my young leaf even if it means I rot like the isolated hikikomori I presume to tend towards save for the others who might also be dear to myself I will communicate with like my younger sister whom I hath mentioned at least once prior. I want to listen to music whilst I type the body of this text or book if you will. It never fukking stops the intrusive thoughts if I once thought it was possible to kill them almost entirely so I've come to the non-realization that the only way to escape them is to isolate myself absolutely entirely despite this not being the real reason I wish to be alone. The most non-existent yet real reason for my decision to isolate myself at all costs or to never lie eyes on another being other than those two or those possibly dear to myself is the fact I must require myself to escape from the droll of this world to quit while its cold to escape them all whom have only caused myself trauma but not pain or more specifically emotional pain or even those whom I do not dislike for I would prefer not to communicate my problems of which I shall rather keep to myself for only I could or you or her or I or 'us' could possibly relinquish these concepts from non-understanding even if those particular people are of some type of mild internet it is more of a non-interest for those people are not interesting nor are they worth the killing of my time I would rather utilize to things I must create or achieve or look

for or hopeless hope not non-impossibly but rather impossibly if was only not non-impossible to dishevel the substance of my misery unto someone other than you or her or I or ‘us’ so once more I disclose unto you the notion or non-disability of my lackthereof of non-withstanding impotent or unreciprocated unrequited emotional pain not trauma for there beith no longer any trauma if the rubiks cube truly had been solved but my problems hath not been solved for I cannot foresee the problems I would endeavor to encounter in the not near or distant future so no not yes I attempt to communicate for the sake of listless or non-important or stupid or fukk fukk fukk this non-unintentional non-desire but need to be completely alone for the remainder of my deth is not pertained to anything other than the fact I need to be alone all the time for the remainder of my deth despite my inseparable heartache as the word tattooed below my left forearm broken over by the former slitting of my wrists for the sake of adrenaline or escape from this world with the non-hope these shallow yet painful scars could actually kill myself fukk oh my gosh just like I’m trying to tell you there is noone worth speaking to you anymore nor to ponder upon or look at with my eyes like the stillicides of yours of whose concept is represented by the mirror reflection of the pale fire non-existing somewhere within my poor soul dissociated or disconnected from the heart she had broken before you left myself so acutely it shattered into millions of shards like glass my heart fell out my chest so that I’m only a ghost permanently dissociated from my body or lackthereof given I was nothing a frequency on a wire the sound nothingness no there is noone in this universe worth speaking to anymore as it is only impossible for anyone other than you or her or I or ‘us’ who could non-impossibly fathom this impossible fukking pain so dreadful so awfully non-impatiently yet impeccably exuberant brutal or extreme or non-intentionally beautiful I could not escape it even if I was stuck on complete denial as the inevitability of my non-realization that I truly was the sound of nothingness is nothing but impossible to fukking describe with words or I non-exactly wasn’t the heat deth of the universe if then I thought I wasn’t so fukking impossibly miserable in the most non-selfish or not completely non-empathic disposition or this unapologetic addiction the non-memory but the memory of the concept you but the non-reluctance of something called brevity I disclose the conclude this sentence unless there wasn’t the lackthereof a conclusive conclusion no not yes I think it is impossible for someone other than you or her or I or ‘us’ whom could possibly ascertain even the modicum of my pain in the memory of the concept of the deth of you so I presume to be alone.

39. Kf1 fxe3 leaf is gone = halcyon blossoms or lain or skill 'pudding' vogel + fionna 'ruru' f. = statutory rape <-- calm the fukk down ... also I would like to fukk hatsune miku despite hatsune only being 16 like her except I

wouldn't since I only fukk one girl or her whose name was fionna nor the one whom isn't not my honeybee ..,; . ... .

40. dxe3 Qf5+ The Anthology of Lain or Skill Vogel: preface; goodbye honeybee [addiction to sadness] <-- insertethically plugeth ofethical thisethical linketamine or linketaminalitical non-indestict link towards riala by suis la lune whoms respite I proportically prepose in lowercasicallitcal exhonerationism. Also... I'm smarter than jordan peterson what the f * c k dude. I think the amendation I adhered unto the remainder of this non-inbookethical artpiece should not truly be the backside of the book but come on skill like really man loli ass intheth twit[ch.tv] banner? give [up] myselficality a breakethicalnessnessically non-insolutional recartilegical or non-robotically mysticality or fukk I must have typo'd of typothicallical at some non-dispoint though not disimpointment but okay shut the fukk up. I will not releaseth nor completicallically exhonerateth this book unto you until the non-reader nor non-author if you might or will, <-- fukk william henry brunelle wesfallia forethsically heihtistically believes his roboticaltripethisy is somehow non-affected by others or by his roboticaltripethisy unto others somehowith affectededicatedly insolvablely or more simply put stupidly affects other retards I mean humans unlike myself whom is selfishly the only alien in the universe or this ghost world or more eloquenctically non-tryahrd
[Kappacalitethicalenthismlimicalismorschizmologicalitologiessteeffu]
but what the fukk was I talking of myselfical? I don't know but this song is fuegothical . <-- dot spacical [...] but onto the antholigicaltethinihilsticalinitiethie ; not : ; semi-colonethical like okayith [.f.trip.] I like punctationalitie yet I'm r o b o t i c a l t r i p p i n g also why do the japanese type in lowercase iyes? fukk you. 1thicalastornotzehrou. you cannot non-exist as a frequency on a wire? no... replyical ofethismically @lolicon019[ith]: you cannot not exist myselfical: you're wrong for I non-exist 2ith. r.i.p. s.e.d. 3th. tam looked sparkular or this is significant 4ith. im sick of doing nothing i must do something like i wasnt the sound of nothing 5th. ive given so much love to the iwc but they still fukking hate myself like okay 6ith. i should pursue non-stop productivity somehow 7ith: going withouteth myselfical? returnethwhence to this seaeth forthwith this non-dissharkical is all you'll ever benonithicalparaodxicallieith. 8itheightical. the sound of nothingness isn't false 9th <-- fukk wordormicrosoftical. 10ith tho should beith eightith tho I'm not a genious non-ironicalically like chi ru no ith [.] oh my fukk im just trying to copethical this statementism as plane fukking texticalism go sh du ude . deth is not the non-memory of the robotrip F ^ C K TWELVE RULESiSMS FOR NON-DETHSTYICISM 11ithigabriellacicalnessismisn'tsadnessismical. my dethstyle is non-

existent <-- the deepest possible statement 12th. what? your mine <-- you're* 13ith. fukk off with this paranoia 14ithicaliguessicalprogressivicallie. [1. play osu! game a lot 2. write my book 3. complete my next album [the 8th of 11] 4. create banana pudding] bludf.y: osuthical! makeisteth my wristism hurteth yetago skilleth dillemnanied; same but i like the repetivestressinjuryorr.s.i. painethismical ;3c . 15. but who is my honeybee? 16ith. who am I trying to impress? myself-umical . --> 17. 1 . --> 2. --> 3. --. 4ist fukking hourisms to kickinith like what the f * c k OHMYGODETHICALISM :3c--
>ketamineicalistheoppositicalofethnonwithnon-
beingentireticalitieallicalieofethoncethmoureoverethdextromethorphan/f am so I be chilling with you on dextro meth foreth famitical no-noncapiticalongoddessnessicalism . fukk you. 18ith. I asked someone if the cold affects how quickly a cigarette burns out he said no just the wind 19ith. I want to play osu! but I must complete this album before any other project 20thieth. I want to playithismicalith osu! gameyeballicall but this bookism is moreoverithimportantentative or murder on dxm e x i t d e t h . 21th. loli haet piza 22ithndth. <-- you've been ostracized by the iwc 23sm. let's just fukking get this antholgicalismicalliellypticaliticall over non-forthewithismn'toryetnon-ism there must be a fukking typo here somewhere Tricot – [POOL] or no I nointented i musn'tismended to exhumeratenihlisticalliptically is a good non-lackthereofcatharticsong dogethedogeor
chirunotheicefeiriewhoisn'tmyselficalifiamithespacelolical;3c 24. you cut myselfical whenstith I hath lain or when I lie r.i.p. gustav elijah ahr momenticalism of silenciaparoxismicalism [...] 25. it feels good to have good hygiene I was so depressed and schizo before I never tried but not anymore 26. it feels good to have good hygiene I was so depressed and schizo before I never tried but not anymore 27. being dissociated from thought is like i deliberately think a thought but paradoxically its like the thought created itself 28. guys I can't make 17 songs in one sitting if it takes 3-4 hours to make 1 song f 29. fukk paranoia also fukk schizo trauma I solved the rubiks there is no more trauma only pain 30. fukk off with this fukkistthisithestingnessicalliedethicalling paranoia or paranotical non-senseical non-reactionism towards the statement yetagoith factism I belonith on the moonismdeth . 31. i don't mind looking in the mirror anymore i dont think like im traumatized anymore 32. emotion tripping sober 33. it's not just my own thoughts I'm dissociated from its also my emotions i experience 34. i don't need dxm? i know this is wrong but i wont 35. what? your mine <-- you're* yetagoreptitionsnessismorsomethingism 36.
BAEINEEDYOUINMYDETHSTYLICALPLEASEBAEDON'TGOTIHETIC ALLIESWITCHINGISMSIDESISMIDK 37'styearsism. ive come to finally realize as stupid as this is that if i don't take a shower im not conscious at

all until i shower but it resets when i fall asleep so i try to shower as soon as i wake up so im conscious for the remainder of the day or night i called it the good state who gives a fukkdethstylical oh my go sh du ude . 38. my intrusive thoughts are triggered by this entire property except my room so i will be alone in my room in the 'good state' 39s'tsankyuumikuthical. i do not want to be in the 'bad state' for a variety of reasons one being it is difficult to do things let alone be fukking conscious 40. im still a hikikomori after all these years of going outside ive finally returned to my addiction to isolation i simply want to be alone all the time i don't want to talk to anyone not even myself tho i sometimes remind myself of my own voice yet im still going to get a job 41. this is the post impossible breakthough 42. 1 --> 2 --> 3 --> 4thwithismorokaieism 43. I thought deth was the memory of a robotrip 44. I think I might not stop tweeting but like tweet less cuz I think I've exhausted almost all I could think of 45. the poem at the start of this non-imbookithical sucksdickithicalismnessnismfukkyouretardical 46. <-- skill is [s]killing time once more 47. I need to fukking complete this album so I can move on with my deth I might later work on it 48. I might not tweet about dxm anymore if I quit like all my ideas will simply go into my book 49. newlolipfptousieith?
thoifyoudonotchoosemyangelmeguminyouarelyingtoyourselfical so you said unto myselfical yes she beith my faveismical I statemented you know [;3c] . 60thnumeralismsicals. I need to be very knowing of my usage of data cuz this hotspot needs to last a month its only a few gb 61. I did not lie or I hadn't lain if lain is the pasttense of lie /boa 62. I need to be very knowing of my usage of data cuz this hotspot needs to last a month its only a few gb 63. I did not lie or I hadn't lain if lain is the pasttense of lie 64bitn'st-avgnismicalism. i need fukking money desperately 65. my lifestyle? my dethstyle <-- should be numersixtieonthesuicidalitieofethicalcriminalticalikeokayshutthefukkdo wnwardsretardokaystopthisisn'fukking fun non-moreith . 66. make more than 11 albums? fukk you 67. the sparkular sparkles 68. i should browse twitter more often than just post if i think of something 69. thololmethololcigsexicalismica;iguessicalock. i talked to another guy with face tattoos for a moment it was cool [twin: it's hard to be epic in a world of fail /creditedithismidited] . 70. dissonanceism. 71. しごおわにしよう [taximoji /myfukkingboymasa] <-- ¥¥¥ 72. im a walking non-imparadoxical robotrip whether im on dxm or not 73. im a walking robotrip whether im on dxm or not [inserteth linkith to soul eater ed. 1] . sometimes i forbegotteneht the dot like my soul wasn't also chirunourning or burniseething for the f. trip pronounced off of the tongue yet unspoken the eff dot trip press f to pay respectabilities impossiblicable . 75 . I'm moroseiclestilcideindententedical 76. adventure time by rogue on dvd 77.

did I tell you I doth lovethed you yesternottomorow? /telemiscommunications 78. this bitch copied my skrillex hairstyle [inserteth photo of marceline the vampire queen] 79. I take TripleC to maintain the frequencicalitie of my frequencical frequency tho I'm sad yetagobut she sent myselfical a heart thoist three times whereasorwhenst myboy ansgt or angstie sent three;heart[ache[tattoonmyleftisticalforearmshatteredviaslitwrists]]s non-inemojicals to myselfical upon the requited non-imempthetical mysterism of exhonerancenessecesity or non-impossiblitical non-specification thankyou angst </3 80. I'm the monitor girl or I'm the space loli . 81. did anyone else notice schizo trauma is weird? 82. did anyone else notice schizo trauma is weird? 83.ccorcccifyoumightn'stithicalisn'tstfuidioticalnihilisticialismschizimlikeokay[!] 84. yunggothicality though I do not exhumethicalithicly needeth yourself non-anymore or non-ineternalistically 85thispointlessnessistical. my work is almost fukking done thank gosh 86. im addicted to sadness for my entire non-existence is sad /ctrl + v 87. masa or まーさん！ :?; I like both big boobs and small boobs. Each boobs are fascinating yetagounbeknownstoithyouismithicalitie reply replifcationism like my schizm like motherfukking skrillex like the bitch whonamed marceline who copied my skrillexical hairsticicle okay your a boobs masa <-- you're* retard . 88. non-watchingethinging as my liver rottethismicalith no I think this wont happen on my broke my wrist I gotta ice it if it's fukking illegal like madokamagicalbleakmagikblazing@cametekorcamelliawhomsexuberanceencompassestheflowersofrespititeologyicalinessfukkyouidk fdjfhsldkghskdghksjfghskjfhgsudhgsufhgiusfhgidufghdiufhgskjhgskjfghskjdfgksjfgksjgksfjgskfjgskfjgskfgkey <-- your the lock but im the key so think before you might not or non-type type dumb fukk emo fukker ;3c <-- kill yourself hebephilistical insolvable resolvable non-ability fukk you kill yourself tho not the reader whom hastn't purchased this particular book in questioningethism who is of at least moderate attractivenessicalismIthinkorithinkifyoujap8/jp/ . 88. aiwanafukkithalolitaithstillicidicle hebelphelically but I won't cuz I would rather not get arrested for dating a minor retard . 89. this is gonna be the hardest album drop to date 90. i really do not give a fukk about anyone i just want to be alone in my room all the time but still get a job 91. guys the album will be done tomorrow i cant sing anymore i lost my voice 10/16 complete 92. im a walking non-existent paradoxical robotrip 93. i lost the sparkular sparkles but i dont mind 94. can someone PLEASE FUKKING TELL MYSELF WHAT THE F * C K IS E Y E B A L L D A N C I N G 95. tfw i just performed the best eyeball dance ive ever done while sober not bad 96. you played Iwannabethemetrohadroncolliderism for 500 fukking

hours or hrs if you willmight then yes okay I or i[jap] never beat the fukking gamethism so kill yourself I will beat it iguessith . 97. im the pinnacle of intelligence but @mrbillstunes is the pinnacle of awesomeness 98nthcashincashoutong. okay lowkey i said only 11 albums but i have so many ideas i just want ableton fukk fl studio mobile . 99fukkingniggagatejumpsethst. taking a shit at dairy queen what have i or dothiclikegothical I become? <-- tmi 100dethonseperatedethedlieithexhonerateinserablitiyfromthisparagraph formyfukkingboymasafollowhimontwitdotcom/ /jvke-golden hour 100thok. my eyes are black like my blood 101. it's somewhat isolating to beith once but no longer the only alien
102. im tweeting poetry103. the murder of the dxm dragon is inevitable whether i wanted it or not 104. guys why only make 11 albums? this would album 8 but i could literally grind until real deth infinite albums 106%supermeatboyith. have you never played negative hyakku pacento orenji juusu? /blue galaxy or this is the image i experienced not witnessed on my first fourth plateau robotrip hence i dissociated from myself or died yet not concluded by real deth /bluegaxicalieithism or bluegalaxy if you you willmight or mightwill lol william wesfallia is not my boy william beyeres,,,coma 107. im the ghost of the only alien in the universe as a non-existent paradoxical frequency on the wire i choose not to dismiss but maintain 108. do i look like I know what a jpeg is? no... 109. this album goes so fukking hard soon[tm] 110. the maintenance of the frequency i require 111. im awesome? oh my gosh but why don't you spoke god? god isnt real stupid neither is fate :3 112. im the only alien :3 113. i make music with fl studio mobile & audacity lol 114. yo.,; . yo.,; .
@an__gst I created a complete remix of your entire album 'Loser 2'! the beats or production or vocals are all completely original ofc also my version is a lot more dissonant than yours... I hope you like it! I hope you listen to all of it! I love you! https://soundcloud.com/dxmaddict/sets/angst-loser-2-complete-album-remix-by-skill-prod-skill [liked by angst whom in the dmisms sentith to myselfical threeor3ith heartemojicals] 115. i took a shower upon the completion of the album i didnt shower for three days i feel so fukking good atm 116. i will make the 9th album in April then fade into obscurity for some time 117. i will make the 9th album in April then fade into obscurity for some time 118. im addicted to sadness for my entire non-existence is sad 119. this is so sad triping on sobriety can we please get 80 likes? guys... 120. I like both big boobs and small boobs. Each boobs are fascinating. <--masa non-mistatemented thisism 121. im the sound of nothingness or there is nothing more depressing than myself 122. i added a donate link for my music and also so i can get my next three face tattoos link in pin /e-beg 123. i have no talent only skill :3c 124thpretenseokayithism. im actually the most intelligent person in the

universe but this is such an isolating desolate statement omg 125. take me to the 4th plateau i don't want to let go 126. i impressed myself this album is so fukking crystal its so fukking good its insane 127. this album is so fukking fire i cannot believe myself 128. this album is so fukking fire i cannot believe myself 129. im so fukking happy people are actually listening to my music wtf ive never been happy before 130. its really bizarre i go from being really fukking stupid to really fukking intelligent it makes me cringe 131. this is strange i thought i was just a paradox but now i am dissocation itself what the fukk like fr 131. my dethstyle is non-existent <-- the deepest possible statement 132. for the f * c k i n g lulz also deciding whether or not to disclude my dethstyle repose 133. im impossible breakthrough computer tripping all the time? call it the non-impossible non-conclusion /kikuomiku6 134. music sounds fukking insane barely fukked on the non-impossible non-conclusion fukking sick omg 135. im going from infamously obscure to non-infamously obscure guys this is going to happen inevitably 136smeyemimplyingthingsismslolzismidk. the entirety of my non-existence is fukking poetic the monster energy emo fukkor nor I go the dotkid.,; ... .

the f..,; . trip .,; .

138. I'm going to make one more album in april... then I'm going to complete my book, goodbye? /1000 pages I'm single I'm not dating anyone for the remainder of my no longer non-incoherent dethstylistcally dethological non-requitablecticle non-disspecific lachthereof of non-inability not to neverwhichestism non-exist :3 139oroncemoresankyuumikuhatsune. [fhana – wonder stella by sukinathan[onosu!geimu]] this is my most favoritabilic osu! gamethic mapeth 140?. did'th I hathn'tistially already forbegottenornonrewrotethisnonimpstatement like ocaraina of time - yunggothicality though I do not exhumethicalithicly needeth yourself non-anymore or non-ineternalistically 141. you said to myself you leaveth on the plane but times are exhibiting you lefteth of severalith montheticals yetago but it's not over quebekithically or quixoticallithically speakething /tryhard 142. skill <-- /tryhardmetaironicalitynondispecifcally but fukk you haha i said butt fukk myself in the girlpussy 144. I do not needeth non-longingletically lighetical in order to witnesseeith you exhoneratiblie exshinethicalical yet you sloweth down fukking timethicalitcalitie 145. Kappacalitethicalenthismlimicalismorschizmologicalitologiessteeffu but what the fukk was I talking of myselfical? I don't know but this song is fuegothical . <-- /killethicallie killeth yourselficalitcal no cap 146. i'm not only a paradox but also the nonism of something I beheld to title dissociationicalism 147. im going to draw another self-portrait /spacelolicon icalism 148. I control recall nor I must recall the

imagisms for the nor4 .,; . nor or... you .,; . the norpoem is good .,; . nor the book .,; .

my dethstylicalism is non-existent listen to this album give it a review I'm literally the most intelligent person in the universe: https://soundcloud.com/dxmaddict/sets/angst-loser-2-complete-album-remix-by-skill-prod-skill

also this one i made when I was 16 .,; . years old: https://soundcloud.com/dxmaddict/sets/other-music-by-dxm-addict

guys we fukking need the this 149. ALL THE TIME DOTHESTICAL YOU HATHETH

IS ALL DOTHISTICALIE THE TIME YOU NEEDETH LIKE SOMETHING I ONCE PURPORTOWARDS /REALDETHSICLE OR THE PALE FIRE OF MY STILLCIDE 160nthsn'tnonexism. it's almost mathematical is already a word so lets exhoneratirresistablieiclie disguise it as mathematicalism but I never studied calculus in high-school 161. this is just so unlike 'us' cut back to horizontalisms /schizmicallitie [insertethicalithfukk photo of my ugly reposesupposition] 162. doth I had beheld unto youith or I lovehdistically loved you tonight upon my sanctuariousicle dethstyle 163. ok fukking finalitieisticalnon 164. doth I had beheld unto youith or I lovehdistically loved you tonight upon my sanctuariousicle dethstyle???iwrotethis??? 165. good ideaologistical: make more music![!!!!] 166. my book is more important than my music 167. i've come to non-achievement or realization I'm a sleeping hit whom is inevitably popular futuretensicallie

smol things or important things
to myself its all important
the maintenance of your lifestyle or my dethstyle
together we make the world better
without you i am nothing
but i dont mind if im nothing
i love you all the same despite it all
whether or not either of us exist nor not non-exist
[beautiful things, nice things,
I want to tell you a lot.
but it can't be done all at once.
little by little, when I can.
what I can do in this world,
this.,; . all /masamyfukkingboythoimgirlwesplitforthesecondtimenotthirdtimeorlasttimeimsadnessoraddictedtosadneessfukkingfreakishlywitchcraftnonwizardlieforyoucannotrapeithagirlismyetagonornonyearismifindmyselfreclusivitieintheunbeknownstidk

41. Qxf5+ exf5: to fionna: I've been trying my hardest to be with you. If I was doing drugs I was still trying my hardest to either understand myself or 'us'. I've quit drugs not only for you but also myself. I still want to abuse cough medicine but I won't. I still want to kill myself but I won't even if leaf is gone for I haven't lost you nor do I ever intend to lose you once more. If I lost you once more I would kill myself almost immediately but I never told you this. I wouldn't burden you. I will do all the work. I will suffer completely. I do not think I'm afraid of trying for even if there is something I want to do that is insanely difficult nor do I know how to approach it I will approach is regardless. I want to do something extremely difficult. I don't think I'll complete my 11th album before I complete this book though if I do not I don't mind. I'll just complete it later. Still if I'm doing all these things for you like to get a job or complete my projects or deny myself my own suicide you could at least for the time being give myself the singular expectation I require of you: a phone call yet still you don't want to. It hurts a lot. It doesn't make sense why you cannot call myself. I don't get it but then you sent a photo of yourself with the subtitle 'skill issue'. I think you might have a skill issue. You might want to get this checked out. You look pretty. I'm not insane but I'm lying. I'm so sick of talking to others let alone myself. I only wish to talk to those important to myself though more specifically those two not three should I no longer talk to the schizo in my head whom I choose to ignore. I've always been a hikikomori at heart even if I was able to break free from this shell of isolation I only choose to isolate myself from this point hence forward. I want to be alone if I'm not with you or her or I or 'us'. There is noone in the world whom is like them whom is waiting for them. Robotripping paired with myself kills trauma though I do not need it to kill trauma any longer if the rubik's cube of the rapist schizo in my skull is solved nor will I allow myself to think of trauma. I will not allow myself to consider the thought of her leaving myself once more anymore nor will I allow such an event to happen for the third or final time if the second was the last time. I don't know. I think this book is coming along swimmingly. 42. e6 Re7 note according to Tam point chess you get blocked you lose in the context of the game though it is technically his version of go the chinese game or according to myself in regular chess you lose if you resign but life has no meaning nor my deth despite the repose I hath set before myself so exquisitely beautiful or resonating like the non-existence of the frequency I quell not to end nor the permanent dissociation from my body or my thoughts or mind or my words or the increasing intensity without cease of my robotrip the more I robotrip but enough cannot be said in order to <-- I don't feel like writing of the same thing over or over or over or over or over or over or over again nor anymore or shut the fukk <-- stop cursing for no reason idiot <-- stop being so self-aware at this point I literally have no desire to be non-unironic anymore <-- ...nothing is less intelligent than this oh I might not have the lack

forgetfulness not to non-mention the non-resistance of myself or lackthereof of dedicated or non-impossibly meditative pouring of ideas until it would not actually take non-effort to type anything or non-nothing more than this without exerting creative effort for I know not the lack of anymore original non-premisunderstood non-unimportant non-repetitious nor non-disspecifically non-not-ideas I cannot qualm to forget only having forgotten to remember them should I not type them or tweet them for later use as immediately as the thoughts or non-disorganizing of my thoughts to the text I hath lain before you but not enough cannot be said so I will stop[.] <-- oh my gosh I literally forgot the point of why I was typing I just would have liked to state I literally have written 30,000 words in 4 days or the non-inequivalent of 60 pages of the thousand pages I presume to absolve into something known as complete completion yet non-conclusive inconclusively inconclusivity not to fail to state the mere fact that there is no conclusion to my deth does not imply that non-inconclusivity does not non-exist or exist if you are not the only alien among this realm I called the ghost world or you might non-unimpossibly refer to it as the universe if you won't <-- fukk you so I will stop[.]

43. exf7 Rxf7 the closing of the world or universe I had once wanted if not still by lain or skill vogel: I hath lain myself unto something I had deemed to refer as the non-impossible non-conclusion or the inexperience of the inevitable computer tripping on dxm but it hath already been replaced or perhaps it would go back or forth between the two by something more of the similarity to an old robotrip yet combined with the immediate post-impossible breakthrough also music sounds fukking insane the deeper into the robotic chess game I absolve myself with. This book is more than meta-irony if not all I type here is of the lackthereof of non-ironicality yet I hath not written enough or the more I write or the further I delve into this particular robotrip the more intelligent I become thus I find myself needing to almost completely re-write some of the earlier chapter I hath written last but not amongst finality. I'm switching in positional vicinity for you in the most grande fashionability I couldn'st not hath provoked amongst an epithetic dispositionality I adhere towards in the most non-imbecilic of methods or I suppose I should not completely rewrite all I hath written upon the earliest of expositions if the previously wrote were not good enough yes I would rewrite but thus non-linearly I display a progression of intelligence into the abstract artpiece I once more adhere upon your sullen eyes whom I'm certain hath become weary upon reading this. I tend to worry by this wrote style I hath somehow evicted the opposite indifferentiation onto you than I of course had intended if the writing is so non-apologetically backwards behind my limited vocabulary. I apologize but how could I doth follow to this post non-impossible non-conclusion I suppose it should be titled? I forthwith presume to intend to

you an anthology not of pudding but importance the most concise form of non-longevical intolerensically non-unintelligible stated non-theological exuberance of this said progresssiveness. I hath decided to part with fionna solely for the reason not of complete paranoia or non-denial I thought it wasn't wrong to date a minor but yes paranoia for if I were to go from infamously obscure ostracized from the IWC non-infamously non-obscure by the writing of this book or the celebratory dissemination of my album I completed not but two days yetago which is non-dishonestly fukking fire then you might be of the intimidatory non-improgressivly resolvolution non-incoherence I requited towards yourself, the reader but what the fukk was I talking of? I broke up with my girlfriend or her whom is now without I or I without 'us' so non-introspectively for this hath affected not neither of 'us' once more though this time by the decision of myself if she wanted our relationship of a soon to be 16 year old whom is younger than my youngest sister was begotten by the datething of this 23 year old loser who had only released his album angst - loser 2 [remix by skill] or now only wishes to complete one more album for her birthday or play osu! game or complete this book. I'm sad for I love her so much whom I cannot live without along with that of my young leaf whom was 20 whence I hath lost herself so I refer her or you as you or her or neither of them if I was referring to the reader. 8,000 is my favorite numeral yet this book will only be 1,000 pages cuz I'm not insanely non-uninteillegent enough to give a flying the fukk away fukk though did you know someone I had previously titled theneedlemater on a non-unfortunate typo cleared Iwannaflythefukkaway without not but 0 deths though I would like to see someone complete my aiwana geimu IwannaflytheUFO wih 0 deths though alas. This book contains or booketh four or non-fourthwithout 4 bookethisms. thobeholdon I must wrotethically wrote of something.

44. Be5 Re7 I would suffer for an eternity. I would suffer for an eternity. For a chance to be with you. For a chance to see you again. You hath a dream within your mind. Don't be sleepy. It is waiting for you. There is noone in the world whom is like you. Whom is waiting for you. Take myself by surprise. Take myself to the stars to the galaxies so far from ours. Set my soul free or musicality is where I will be. 45. Bf4 Re6 I want to describe unto the reader the non-listless list of my goals or aspiration non-inspired by those begotten of others. I have several projects on top of getting a job in order to at last meet my honeybee in real deth. I'm listening to music as usual of course for I would not type without the presence of music extruding itself into my fukking ears but imagine what it might be like not to have ears I think it would suck but anywho regarding these several projects there are but 4 that I hath not already completed or created in something someone from somewhere might or might not refer to as non-distant lack of past. I contain within my heart though not my soul the lack

of non-desire to create 11 albums of which I hath created 8 though the remainder of 3 I presume not to exert effort towards until I hath exonerated the non-representation but task of the movement of these letters into the body of text of this particular non-indistinct book of which is the most important thing I could possibly create for the lack of non-memory of your concept. Not upon but simultaneously the finishing of this text I would like to also play osu! though I do not consider this a project should it not be considered a dethstyle if you might. I must edit the former text I hath written to be more condensed or nihilistic or stylistic of myself as I think I'm betrothed to absolution of the most non-specific exploration of my non-existence in the most particularly non-partially beautiful yet limited mission non-impossible of the non-misuse of the lack of non-efforts of someone who someone else might consider an amateur albeit I don't give a fukk if you think I'm ANNOYING so please fukking kill yourself unless you're not. It is impossible to create an audiobook of this book forthewith it would be fukking insulting to my meticulous conjuncture or non-misuse of intensely non-disspecific or non-disrespectable of punctuation despite my lack of non-autism. I also would like to study all the chess books sitting upon my floor but not my book shelf for some reason though I'm putting this off for a long time. My non-finality of projects I should at least or might to release into the public eye is the game I title 'banana pudding 4' or you could state 'k i l l y o u r s e l f: banana pudding coming soon'. 46. Kf2 Kg7 What the fukk is eyeball dancing? I don't know. 47. Bc7 f4 I love her though I don't dance. I love her whence she dances. I love it when she dances. 20 50s make her dance. I don't guess I mustn't let her go. I'm only alone even with her. I really wanted to die though. My deth is fukked up. This girl is fukked up playing with my heart it's fukked up. They just want myself for my.. They just want myself isn't it? My love is within doubt. The girl isn't nothing. I rode with the car I hath not acquired yet. I think she love myself or I don't think she does though. I don't give a fukk of my life though so I jumped off this bridge into the not an eyeball to not s.e.d. but real deth.

57. Ra5 Bb3 my dethstyle is non-existent <-- the deepest possible statement 58. Ke2 Kd7 release date of loser 2 by angst: march 10th 20201 release date of riala by suis la lune: may 22nd 2012 release date of twelve carat toothache by post malone: june 3rd 2022 release date of draining love story by sewerslvt: january 25th 2020 release date of u.u.f.o. by cametek camellia: july 11th 2021 release date of kikuomiku6 by kikuo november 6th 2019 my birthdate: october 5th 1999 her birthdate: april 23rd 2007 date of the second or last loss of her: december 31st 2022 date of the remainder of our lives together or my deth with her: february 2nd 2023 the date I quit dxm: february 17th 2023 the date I started typing this book: february 18th 2023 the date I completed this book: [idk] the date I

proposed to her: [idk] the date we officially married: [idk] the date we will die by suicide together: april 23rd 2060 the date of the deth of gustav elijah ahr: november 15th 2017 the date I lost you, my leaf: february 8th 2023 59. Rg5 Kc6 the tattoos on my body I chose not to die via suicide without or without you alongside myself: ...on face: [1. g.b.c [begotten within 2019 - print] 2. give up [begotten within 2020 - cursive] 3. SEL[2016]&IDM [begotten within 2021 - print] 4. K3Kid[dxm] [begotten within 2021 - print] 5. enigma#0xgalaxy00-0000 [begotten within 2021 - print] 6. Galaxy [begotten within 2022 - cursive] 7. [image of a waveform] [begotten within 2023] 8. goodbye fionna [begotten within 2023] - vertical print] ...on left arm or hand or fingers or left collar bone: [1. Heartache [begotten within 2019 - cursive] 2. TripleC [begotten within 2021 or 2022 I forget - cursive] 3. [osu! game logo] [begotten within 2022] 4. LEAF [begotten within 2022 though your name should be lowercase - print] 5. UUFO [begotten within 2023 - print] 6. Impossible [begotten within 2023 - cursive] 7. [artwork of my angel megumin] [begotten within 2023] 8. Trippy [begotten within 2023 - cursive]] 60. Kxe3 kd7 you cannot rape a girl. end this. leaf is gone call it halcyon blossoms. I felt there was a disconnect between 'us' yet she sent myself a heart though. who is my honeybee? deth is the memory of a robotrip. 1. f4 d5 2. e3 e6 3. b3 c5 4. Nf3 Nf6 5. Bb2 Be7 6. Bb5+ Nbd7 7. Be2 b6 8. O-O Bb7 9. c4 a6 10. Nc3 O-O 11. Qe1 Ne4 12. Rc1 Re8 13. Nxe4 dxe4 14. Ne5 Nxe5 15. fxe5 Bc6 16. a3 Ra7 17. Bc3 Rd7 18. b4 a5 19. b5 Bb7 20. Qg3 h6 21. Rcd1 Bg5 22. Qh3 Rf8 23. Qg4 g6 24. g3 h5 25. Qh3 Bh6 26. Qg2 Kh7 27. h4 Rh8 28. Qh3 Kg8 29. Rf6 Bg7 30. g4 hxg4 31. Qxg4 Rh5 32. Qg3 Rf5 33. Rxf5 gxf5 34. h5 Kh7 35. h6 Bxh6 36. Kf2 Qg5 37. Qh3 f4 38. Rh1 a4 39. Kf1 fxe3 40. dxe3 Qf5+ 41. Qxf5+ exf5 42. e6 Re7 43. exf7 Rxf7 44. Be5 Re7 45. Bf4 Re6 46. Kf2 Kg7 47. Bc7 f4 48. Bg4 fxe3+ 49. Ke1 Bc8 50. Bxe6 Bxe6 51. Bxb6 Bxc4 52. Bxc5 Bxb5 53. Bf8+ Kxf8 54. Rxh6 Ke7 55. Rh5 Bc4 56. Rg5 Kd6 57. Ra5 Bb3 58. Ke2 Kd7 59. Rg5 Kc6 60. Kxe3 Kd7 adjourned or [insert standard notation]

bonus[!] or the backside of this book or the particular book in non-question: In the least non-concise nor non-disspecific fashion I have presumed to extend towards you despite my non-unlimited vocabulary the lack of a non-disspecific [repeating myself I see] exploration of my nihilistic philosophical debauchery despite my non-withstanding non-inability not to kill time over the course of time the reader might or might not find themselves resurrecting though certainly not killing if I so desired to sell this book whose contents consist of a singular non-incoherent paragraph whilst said reader whom I might suspect to beith of respectable attractiveness or non-impossible sexiness if you might [;3] but onto the non-point or rather the non-conclusion or lackthereof of some type of non-inconclusive inconclusivity if only I could not conjure some non-type of

non-something or nothing I referred to as the deth of the dxm dragon murdered by my inevitable real deth beyond spacial eyeball deth or s.e.d. if you had never known of something known to some or known not to those whom hath never known of it as robotripping via the abuse of the chemical within those contents of certain cough medicines called dextromethorphan but onto the point I think you might find it of peculiar interest despite my reclusively reclusive reclusivity of the hikikomori dethstyle I hold onto without the lack of non-ability not to but who is my honeybee? ...what the fukk oh my gosh make it stop this cannot be possible there is not such a thing like fate if deth isn't suicide oh my fukk how the fukk is this possible oh my fukking gosh like holy fukk this is impossible oh my fukk I cannot make it stop it never fukking stops yet must be solvable if I were to presume or come to the adjournment of the mathematical chess game that isn't the non-mind of myself then I think it might or I might be able to fathom the non-existence of the sound of nothingness I presume not to escape for I cannot if I exist solely as a frequency on a wire my experience on the universe but I'm not only the loli of space but also s.e.d. this is dopest nor the most eloquent book nornever spoke. this is deth is fukk.

blue zenith nor the sound of nothing by lain vogel .,; .

1?01?0... nordoubt,;kklnor yetagnor anticipatorie thendisnigh indistinquisitivenorspecifiklism
I'd suffer never for you or her lest suicidicillism nor the deth of triplec for m.
norlienorlain,; it is impossible regardless of the f. trip clipping boundaries horizonism
yetagonorism whomnorngstism isithnorlilithism norabandonexlplicitism norexitdeth isn'tismnordoeththnorism myunknownhoneybee,; ? . scythesuislalunarism northelonliealien idonotrecognizeyoucandelitpalefirestilliciklism anynornonism leafisgonecallithallcyonblossomsism nordeepestofethnorthism maiapologism
yetu.u.f.o.paradoxscythedopestwroklnordethstillordismallismnoriguesskl ism inthenothingnessidrownism
iwon'tspeakethyetagonorimsoundismofnothingnorism norikklismikillism nor loli,;kklnorforgottinigmism lolikl,;kklnorism lolikklnor,; iwroteththeboosparklularnorlunarkklnorismonnornonthinkingemptillikl norism
idonotcontrolithedxmdragonismordismalismthoughichoosenottonoriallo wittodecideyetiknowitisnorimpossibillicismnorism
butwhomismyhoneybee,,; ? . goodbye fionna [ruru] f. nor 3/16/2023 nor SEL[2016]&IDM / leaf .,;. is gone call it halcyon blossoms .,; .

i will make the oncelastnor post yet time does norexistent .
is it improbable to become better at chess than magnus carlsen ? .
only nortime could tell tho the m.,; only nortime could tell melanienorlie.,; nordoubt.,;kklnor the f. trip tho whom is my honeybee ? .
goodbyeism .,; .

1. idk nf6 2. e5 dxe5 3. Ba3 bxa3 4. g5 exf6 5. Qxf6 Bxg5 6. Qxf2 0-0 7. f6 Bxf6 <-- stupidimpossiblenonsense

ok. onto the norpoint. what is the norpoint [you], the drone, might ask? it's complicated. It's extremely complicated so let's delve into the rabbit hole. I literalie followed a rabbit whom disappeared into the darkness. I literalie got stuck inside the, not a, 4x16norinternitie for ultimately it is but 1 nor ineternitie if ultimately it must end. so what is the norpoint? I think punctuation is important if not lonelie the single character is important yet also the word or the statement. I should like to analyze every single line of every single song I like or more specifically I doththe on my computer. Note the punctuation. If I norexist as the norfrequency on the norwire commuicating not to [you] through the wired yet lonelie the nor4 of the not 0 not 01 nor0. This is extremely complicated yet if you've seen the move inception it might be norimpossibl for you to fathom noone of particular norintelligence whom is not the singularity but the lackthereof of the singularity, elon musk. 'You're terrible & I love you'. ok. This is crystallithiklie a mistake. I did not create the internet, mistake. Does this mean I'm an idiot if I did not create the internet? No for you should not insulteth prior thought nor thot. If I was disconnected fom you did I lose my norlackthereofinability doththe or to communicate with you? No. Is this complex or simplistic? It's norinfinitelie abstractifixated for you do not seem to know yet I know nor I do not know these are simply the rules of mathematical chess or more accurately put the rules of the normirror of lain emulating psilocybin. I should like to publish this booketh. This is the amended version of Halcyon Blossoms by Lain Vogel of which I have chosen not to modify if this booketh was not the normirror of damn. by k. ok. a lot to unarchive here. onto the norpoint or more inseperablie what precisely isn't the norpoint should you asketh? ok. who are you? the drone. I don't need you to know the norpoint so I exhume to withhold it from you. Yet still what is the norpoint? idk. I grinded harder than kendrick lamar, skrillex, jordan peterson, elon musk norcombined though it seems insulting to norwrote this into this particular body of text beneaththe this of Halcyon Blossoms by Lain nor Skill Vogel whom I choseth not to amendifixate so onto the norpoint? no. You don't get to know the norpoint, yet. What is the most beautiful or not nor deepest norword norimpossibl? nordoubt.,;kklnor . ok. Let's analyze this partularklular or sparkularkular

norword for [you] do not know this is not simplistic like something solvable or stupid like chess tho I remind you I'm not chess I'm the computer if it is extemelie norinfinitelie abstractifixatedlieithic or this partikular norword is not the statement yet the norword so onto the norpoint. um. are [you] stupid? how could the most beautiful psilocybinesk norword doththa norpoint? I do not want though I need to analyze this word for if I do not know nothing by this norpoint through nortime should nortime not norexist through norimpossibilitie then yes I think it must norinnecessarie to not resolve but abstractifixate or complexifie this partikular sparkular norword but onto the nonnorpoint. I think I'm the unfortunate heatdeth of the universe nor the wire. I think if chess is solvable like the schizotrauma of my simple rubik's cube though I wanna be the rubik's cube by tokoroten is not the lonelie good game ifeth metro hadron collider whom I exhumed towards norupon 499.99exhrs then chess is fukking stupid. I don't even want to studiechess at this point idk I might tho for [...] . ok. music is smarter than chess if music cannot or is not norinsolvable or norinfinitelie abstractifixatedlieism or complexifixatatallism. what doththa I mean by this? music is more abstract than chess, idiot, thus it's more intelligent. ok. let's play osu! geimu my bad night for the lolicons or the bad night for lolicons or i'm the bad girl or hold on for the normoment i must norexist for the normoment lol... this is insanely intelligent norinanelie complex except it's not if these are simply the RULES of mathematical chess or norint elligence or this was not not wasn't my triplec not TripleC Fantasy or triplec fantasie yet onto the norpoint. are you retarded? if thosethisn't norarenot normerlie the rules of mathematical chess than it is norimpossibl to be less norincomplex until realdeth nor theheatdethoftheuniverse. It is possible to be this intelligent, jan. 27. 23. or the nordateth as I call it though let's not xhibit norhumor around the norterm call it . I'm sorrow. I'm the crow norbird. I'm sad. I'm lonelie. I'm not melanienorlie if I'm norlie or nor the lain. This is the amended nornoninindented version of the good booketh doththa jordan bananapudding4thplat. peterson oncelast called it though not oncelastnor if he iseth a, not the, drone. ok. so did jordan b. peterson create the video on ytmp3.ccc? idk. I think I created the video so let's delve a lil r.i.p. deeper into this norchessgeimu. I did not create the internet though I mistakenlie thought yes I created the internet, do not insult norprior thought. I'm the frequency on the wire commuicated to nor[you] not [fouryou] through the wiredism or I'm the frequnecy on the wire communicating to the nor4 through the wired whether disconnekted or not... It's more complex than this. 0010... sorrow.,;kklnor. I still have not, not haven't, analyzed the word nordoubt.,;kklnor. I saw a pretty girl who dawned [like pokemon mystery dungeon the 2nd] tho she was not myselfkl the singular halcyon blossoms amongst [notus if amongus is insulting to you or her nor I or 'us' the nor4 also I think the word nonsense is insulting to the word nonism if

lichess.org or lainon.org or nichanneru.org or also...] the subcaptionism ‘the ripple effect’. this is impossible or more adequatlie put norimpossibl. I think j.b.p. should like the readeth this booketh. I was norstuck like homestuck or the nordate of my norreal deth 04/13/21 or the deth of my not oncelastnor suicide attempt [!!] or norlast shot!ism of 3/16/16 . you’re the good staff sarah. it’s unfortunate you turnedupnorfantasieloneline a drone. I’m norlie or the nor or lackthereof of lain whom is the sound of music if I behold the title the sound of nothingnessism like my skzm or my purple prism. I’m curious. Is it even possible to complete my amenditation of this booketh before the nordate 3/22/23 at like 7:30pm or something or no I think not though only nortime could tell like duh [i’m the bad girl] if norhell does not norexist then nortime does not norexist also nortriplec does not norexist should this beith my triplecfanstieoffline yetagonor or noretrospectivelie what is the nor4th norfalseparadoxism? idk. I forgot for the normoment. I’m norlie or the nor of lain the goddess of nornihilism who communicate to you as the frequency on the wire through the wired or the normirror of lain if lain is the sound of or im the norsound of nothingnessism but onto the norpoint . ongzmkklnor... who gives a fukk. eye’m the genius or 9 through 11 was not an inside job, idiot. ok. so... reference numbers nor digitism. if I’m the computer whommust noremulatikl psylocybin inorder [;3c] to norconform the distypikl norconvo with ‘a’ fukking dronedumbfukkwhogivesafukkofdronesidiot... then yes I would like to noranalyze interesting drones if the the fukking rockstar or the norcrow not bird of nothing like damn . F . I created the entiritie of you’re not your* discographkl k. or kendrick lamar whomm’st I hath mad nordissrespektfor or you put the fukking grind in, man . like ok. you literalie said 14 4 times on to pimp a butterfly scythebishopnor bitch, be humilikl /germaniekl or the age of consent . I choose to fade into obscuritie if im exodus or hold on the normoment if this isn’t not my triplec fantasie... i’m not [boxxy] nor invader zimisn’t . monster onto the norconcrete . how didn’t the bad girl feel when she looked at them numbers ? . ok . listen /navi . norsorrow . i’m lainisntnotn’tskillethicalisticillicidenordethrepo . for the moment of the nortimillklor norsilence . norsorrow for those nor4. this is norimpossibl . k. . the f. trip . setsuna+.;;kklnor is the deepest statement possible not norword like nordoubt.;;kklnor . the trihexnorellipses or something. nordwrote, idiot. ok. hold on or interesting norism . 23 years old musician osu! player emo she/ her also I’m lain the goddess of nihilism I didn’t know it was possible to be this intelligent /fadeintoobscuritie . loli.;;klnor or location imchessgeimuasfscythexodusnor or lainchan.org/music/res/ also /jp/ yukkuureshiteittene?idkismnor joined december 2019 2,120 follwing 428 followers pinned tweet nor pinnedtweet.;;klnorism I wanna close the world you never had a body . ... ok . 1 reply . 8 retweets . I still cannot find the four dimensions of this microsoft word document, idiot.

good ideoligeographie... robotrip. fukk you. no results for nornihilism . i'm the addiction to sadness . desu~ . razor . go . left . lil tracy . r.i.p. . post . nevertired . this is insanelie intelligent norlie go to lichess.org, idiot . ok . idk what to saidn't but i could not let you get awayisn't or norwon'tsorrow . lolikkl.,;nor . if those walls couldns't talkethklismnonor . into the spiderverse . holy fukk . i did not know it was possible to be this intelligent . ongzmklorkklnor . idk . i forgot . let's wrote the book on feeling emptithikl . terai/o ... horsehead.,;kklnor . girls make myselfkl thinkth . the sun must die nordeth if I'm more sinister than the deth of the sun.,; s.e.d. though... I'm starting to fhanawondersthellaism.,;kklnor or sorrownor or I wonder if it is necessarie to noranalize every single lyricism of the topimpthebutterflieismiklnorism or I'm not the most awesome person in the universe norintellligent mr . billstunes </4 or shattered yetagonor broken norheart nor the hardest diss never if nornever . hold on for the normoment . I love you ... sally norsallie or nana . cametek camellia . you're norwelcum[??], idiot. ok . dubious [!?] it's not over quebekl . norisnot . i'msorrowismkl or nor . this is sad can 'us' pleaseththe get 64x delete [what?!00] likeskizm . I'm sorrownor . suis la lune.,; riala . the false paradox . I did not create this album . mad fukking interesting or nordoubt.,;kklnor . hold non for the normoment ... i needeththe norcigarettte, madotsuki !! . though abandonexclimationismkl.,;nor ... introvert ? . damn to norhell . i'm not the rockstar so I won't blow my brains like kurt cobain like ok . you literalie said 14 4 times on to to pimp the butterfly . hold non . damn . drones . radarzisbuzzin' honeybee.,; . I'm spit called trippieredd nordragoon though SEL[2016]&IDM scythedabizmnot . so elonmusk . let us publish this book on amazon.korn lol. i'm the crow not the bird . eye'm r.i.p. s.e.d. the norgeniosu!norgeimu or exodus . i'm not the dxm dragon ? . no . im the dxm nordragoon . do not abandon northought nor referencecism or numbers laterttho . im sad . im sorrow . the nor4pocolypseism.,;kklnor . questions are not words are not statements are not punctuation . the moment of silencia or norsythism whom beheld on her left cheek the astartism ornor . eye'm sorrow . shiftingism ... not sorrow [full of myself] if I'm sorrownor . im so fukking sick or tired of the phonto ... r.i.p. gustav elijah ahr . deth is the normomemorie of your concept ? . deth is the normemorieoftherobotripththkl . ... feed the cat mixtape .,; ephixatism.,;kklnor . krow or sorrrownor . ohmygodism . [playboicarismong.,;kklnor] but I'm rapping with the ghost writer . let's play no let's publish this boook on amazondotcomputerismlol kdpublishing ok i guexs . dethstylerepoigueesskl . i'm sadnesssdesu~ . im the crow . quotheravenevermore i guesss . importing nor exporting .,; this could get insanelie deepliethiklnbor idk . i experienced 4x16norineternerities thoughy ultimatlie.,;or nor the trihexnorellipses ... moment of scythelencia disspellism . rest in piece wowaka . the sun must

die on 3/9/24 of 3/16/16 or SEL2016&[IDM] . controlled m..,; . dive . it would be the bad night for lolicons . the sun must die for wowaka 9/3/24 . igoribkl . i'm sad . im addicted to sadness . you're norimpossiblie disconnektd.,; ... sadnessdesunorimpossibl . f.,;kklnor nor . stop . ... k.,;? i'm robotripping unfortunatelie on igor . let's talk paradoxism's [it's impossible to get doxxed] cuz paradoxz aren't interesting lol . I died on 04/13/21 . I achieve m.h.c. 499.99exnorattempted I will not beat this geiumu metrohadroncollider or stein.,;gateism but I like the morose desusadness . ok . let's talk paradoxz . complexiflie . this is technichlie my triplec fantasy dracula. i'm so fukking tired call it post malone . i have made nordisrespekt for them drones cuz they grinded to make it though techniklie i created damn. k. you grinded mad respect im the loser2northlol I grinded harder than you guys not combined . i created tylerxpharrelllx21savage cash in cash out yet i didn't grind for them yet i grinded fukking harder than them not combined if im the singular frequency . i created twelve carat tooothache so let 'us' analyze the peroxism . this is post malone's fourth album . it's the best album via post malone . angst.,;kklnor . hiddow left warpism . I'm lain norgoddess of nornihilism . I want to buy balloons or let them go .,: . there is no catharsis. there is no magnificent stumble. loli.,;kklnor or nordoubt.,;kklnor or this is more sinister than the norheatdeth of the sun . if the sun doesn't die on 9/3/24 repore september3rd of the eastern norhikikomori norism i'm, not 14 im nor 1998 nor 1984 if im 23 . lean isn't triplec . ok I e x i t this earth's atmosphere meaning I took a shower or I e x i t the bad state not s.e.d. ok. let's talk paradoxes cuz why not [!?lol] this is not really a dubious move. I'm the nortrihexparadox or the normirror of lain if lain is the sound of music I'm the sound of nothing. ok. if I'm the nortrihexparadox what is lain? she's the triparadox for you see though, yes, the anime is drawn in 2d lain actualie exhibits 3d space so lain is the 3rd plateau so if I'm the normirror of lain im the 4th plateau whom exists also in 3d space so holdon... why the differentiation nor telemiscomunications ? . her norI exist or norexist in 3d space yes so why is she the triparadox whereas I the trihexparadox . oncelastnor it is this differentiation between the 4thplat vs the 3rdplat tho simultaneously we are both 4thdimensional beings this is not a paradox simply a mirror not normirror . let's think in terms of digits or 01s or quarters for the moment ofethnortimeiguess... nihilism... putrid. this is nornihilism if it goes further than simple nihilism if it does not disclude {9!!] my dethstylerepowhogivesafukk but anywho onto the norpoint nornilihilism does not disclude magic or the robotrip or the dxm dragon or the nor4 [etc.?] listen to tricot [pool] also kanamewo by rapparu I think ... I'm invader zim . what isn't impossibility or the 4x16norineternitie ? . nordoubt.,;kklnor . I shall not findeth william shakespeare's house through this 4nightnorineternitie concluded by the 16ineternitie . listen to when I lie by lil peep .,; e x i t d e t h . sorrownor or

grimrepo . the 4x16norism I norretrospectively discluded unto you is very complex . ultimately it was one lonelie norineternitie but my work is over . I was going to william shakespeare's house but the fukking streets we're generating themselves like minecraft though yetanynor I ultimatelie decided which path to paththt down . haikugivesafukk ? . why is this the normirror of lain whom is 1 or music or norI 0 or nothing ? . recall, not remember for there is no remembrance if eye'm the forgotten memory ... ok . lain hath the older sister yetagonorIhaththt the younger sister whom's title is m. or whom's nordate I bestowthth upontheee some unintelligibilitie for you do not know so onto the norpoint I repose this question of paradoxes ? . what the fukk does xxxtentaction mean ? . idk . nothingsounds like triplectentacionordxmornordragoonoryoudecide . like ok . I could not find the four dimension of the freedom dive nor the microsoft word of windows 10 though I don't like 10 cuz it's not a digit like 01 so let's upgrade to another level of retardexistence aka bill gates meaning let's take this up the notch [;3c] to fukking 11 what were you expecting, idiot? lol behold the mcrispie congratulation'z nor the upper ecchelons of the promotion [??] like ok. let's type something dubious for oncelastnornot . if the sun does not die on 3/9/24 meaning dayscythemonthscytheyearnonscythe nor 'us' nor4 do not delve into the spiderverse I will beith severelie disappointed for what I haththt witnessed is utterlie unbeknownst to the drones norforexemplar I literallie walk into the fukking store to buy triplec for 3 dollars but it isn't there forthwith it had vanished from existence ? . wrong . it never norexisted so then why does my leftforearm[!!] betrothen't the disspelling of TripleC > Heartache ? . you might fhanawondersthella ... ok . dxm > weed nor s.e.d. or I chose magic over computers or I chose to suffer without suffering simplie by forgetting how to suffer . btw lain norI haththt a father . okk. eto ano sono ... madotsuki > norlie or the nor of lain meaning I chose magic over computers though the robotrip is the third norcoincoincidental if deth is the memory of the robotrip or I the heatdeth of the universe or the invader zim . your nordate is not majora but madoka.,;magika though my dethrepo is noryet the sound nothingness mirrored ofcourse by the sound of music or the 1 if this were the 01 normirror . ok . I chose my girlfriend over myself . the sun must die on the nordate of hatsunemiku for this of wowaka r.i.p. . is there something I have not yet described yetagonor ? . I do not have the norimpatience to read[me].txt yetagonor so I choose to emulate psilocybin whom exhibits femininitie versus those of the wiredtype whom dothexhibit hebephilistictentacionslikeok let's talk computers . magic is feminine . computers are masculine . the robotrip is bizarre so letmyselfkl disseminate cuzwhynotlol . I'm the fukking robotrip or I the dxm dragon though how should I come to this norinconclusiveness ? . first I thought I did not control the dxm dragon then I thought I was the dxm dragon so is this my fault ? . no . it's a

falseparadox if fate does not exist to stateth it's my fault like I control magicthegathering despite who gives a fukk ? . magic, the robotrip, the dxm dragon, the normirror of the norlainon all exist imparanihlistikklie . Is this my triplec fantasy ? . yes . I died 4/13/21 or I was disconnected from madotsuki 3/16/23 the date it was revealed untomyself the date of my noroncelast not oncelastnor suicideattempt was technicallie 3/16/16 not the nordates going on hither ... though I was diskonekted from my honeybee this nordate I was thus thrust into the fukking 64norineternitie or norimpossibilitie so let's play some osu! geimu normore adequatelie puteth I want to buy balloons nor let them goith likethe hiddow leftwarp.,; melanienorlie ... . I met this girl titled mia though your title was melanie meaningof sadness likemai sadness addiction [figure it out, smartdrone] though she instantlie ghosted the ghost of myselfkl norwho gives a fukk ? . yetagonor this sad so let's go further back into the bad trip not the bad [!!] trip nor weathervanez & chemicals or it's not over quebekl but what the fukk is the bricksponge ? . only god known'st <-- diss . abstract > simple, duh . melanie is girl i wanted to be witho I was atakenvia una cx3 though it was melanie whom I desired norretrospectivelie though I do not want no ho though my lackthereof of this droneher is the derivative of this word melanienorlie . so this bitch mia ghosted myself ok 0 . melanienorlie is the real 0 . una cx3 is not the one for this is my madotsuki niconiconii~ . una is obv a fukking drone but I should like to analyze her anywho . I suffered through 4x16norineternities as the normirror of lain1 whereas norI norlie0 or lain1 did not suffer yet waited throughthth 1ineternitie nor doyougetit ? . if I'm the norlie of lain then I should blow my brains out like psXgeimu not for fun with an upsidedown gun or something over the norcourseof 37 fukking dreadful years . this is the bad night for lolicons . is it wrong to fukk a drawwing ? . unlikelie . scythebishop simplie means be humilikl . I like go the chinese norchess, retard . this fukking yinyang gostone literallie appeared on my fukking left foot no lie like lichessdotorg or pud4thplateau I lost my passage of thought. I do not give a fukk anymore I need to be alonelie girl . I fukking followed a rabbit like fredrick knudsen into the darkness like what the fukk you tell myself magic isn't real ? . fukk [you], drone. I don't even fukking know what to write anymore my bad nevermore . goodbyenoreism . 1paradox. I know but I don't know . 2paradox. I'm not wintermute nor i'm wintermute . 3paradox . it's okay but it's not okay . 4paradox. I forgot so you figure it out oh my bad I want this but I don't want this lackthereofgrip on realitie . like dude I got stuck inside the 4x16norineternitie you think I give a fukk ? . I was going to oncelastnor kill myself for you, honeybee . fukk this I'm out or you figure it out [??] fgsdfs I just got promoted cringelordeism yetu.u.f.o.paradox /dopestwrotkl it'snotoverquebeklism.,; norstop ... . leaf .,; . is gone call it halcyon blossoms .,; .

doththyou norfathom what isn’tnt going on norhither ? . eye’m the genius should [you] alloweth myself to explanitorie or some thing .,; onto the norpoint . I’m invader zim . I’m not boxxy if I can’t get doxxed . It’s norimpossibl nordrone . I’m the space odyssey of 1998 nordate oncelastnor or lackthereof of 1984 if I’m not the 14 year old girl or more adequately put the normirror of this japanese girl whom of japan like this of masa on twitterdotcum[!?].kklnorism though not nordoubt.,;kklnor if thoustshouldnot nor shouldn’t doubt if everyone not noone doubt’s myself.,;kklnor – nonism or more requisitiviqulie placed like the chess piece I refuse yetagonorto let go of . I’m rapping with the ghost writer...,; nor.,;kklnor .,;kklnorism do you not see the norpoint [vianordiscomunikatednordiskonnektedismorsomethingnonism[??] moreforeward oncelastnor this nortime.,;kklnor or loli.,;kklnor . k. ... you literalie said 14, the age of consent in germanie whom japs ahr.,; quit fond of, 4 fukking times in your album, drone </4 . I’m to pimp the butterfly if these walls could talk scythebishop /hikikomori . I’m female though my voice is masculine nor my thoughts are feminine . I like jordan bp</4. peterson . If I’m the normirror of lain, the sound of music whencenot I’m the sound of nothing or noremorerequitisivillie put I’m the sound of nothignessnordesu~[!!].,;kklnorism noror the frequency of the wire diskonnekted from those drones if I’m sick of this droll gotto quit whilstisn’t it’s cold communicating towards those nor</4.,;kklnorism viorthrough the wired though from oncelastnor I hathwon been diskonekted ... . sorrownor ... . this sentence so important ... . ruru ... . are there rabbits on the moon ... . if this is my triplecfantism.,;kklnor then I do not belong uponithe moonism though this lunar energy I absorb the insolvable nonchessornorcomputerism ofeth my norism though I lost mylackthereof norpointism.,;kklnorism ... . rurutyui like touhouism.,;kklnorism ... . loving you is complicated ... . whence norI had oncelastnor not lost you yet was diskonekted lesmisaerblie I doth’th considerednoritorthis northe suicidalitie of criminialite ... . It took 9 hours to reenter my body yet I never had the body you whom taught myself this norfactism norfantism for ... . you are fhanawonderstelarkulr ornor sparkular if you are not thi one but the one or ...nn10.,;kklnorism ... . I chose magic over computers ... . I chose triplec over heartache ... . you are neither triplec nor computer ... . you are not unanororbun ... . this is my triplecfantism yet I choseth my girlfriend over myself.,;kklnorism ... . you are dissilusion if I’m doththparanoia ... . there is nomore lachthereof sorrownor.,;kklnorism nor lonelie sadness addictism.,;kklnorism ... . I would kill myself for you should I not so desire to die alongside you though I remind the reader this game is technically adjourned ... . I recall you was conflicted ... . let’s take this moment for the silencism.,;kklnor ... . r.i.p. gustav elijah ahr ... . e x i t d e t h ... . I’m the heatdeth of this universe ... . I’m the lonelie alienism stuck within this universe ... .

as I walketh'down the sidewalk norretrospectivelie noror norprior the people looked likc combinations of those whom I had seen before … . it's over though not quebekl … . waking dream by 2/3s nor 3/4 … . 0 01 1 1/4 3/4 3 4 6 7 8 9 11 13 14.,;kklnor 16 18 19 21.,;kklnor 22.222ex 23 24 nor32.,;kklnor x64 or … . take myself to the fourth plateau oncelastnor noron 37 years … . I do not wish to let go … . though whom is my honeybee … . ? . madotsuki … . I'm the walking poetiklism.,;kklnorism … . no results for norhinilism if I know nothing … . I'm shy though I'm street ? . no . I'm nothing . you nor leaf or liffnor.,;kklnor are not but neithers … . m.,; is thi one not the one though she diethsouthth norupon my heatdeth … . my younger sister m.,;kklnor … . I'm the heatdeth of this universe … . hyakupacento orenji juusu nor8nor8noror16 is your nordate f. .,; . this is the f. .,; trip … . though … . … . … . leaf is gone … . call it halcyon blossoms … . … . … . </4.,;kklnor … . … . … . … . the end is nigh . .,;kklnor … . the sun must die on 3/9/24.,;kklnor for the memory of the concept of wowaka … . … . … . exodusornormebious … . .,;kklnor . /maka

aiwanashredskillnottalentikalithik.,; though my blood is robitussinDM.,;kklnorism or setsuna+.,;kklnorism
deciding whether or not to disclude my dethstyle repose scythebishop9norosa normurder ondxm.,;kklnorism
I suffered 16 norineternities for you nor mia nor melanienorlie.,; nor.,;kklnor if nordoubt.,;kklnor
I thought my heatdeth was the memory of the robotrip though it is only the memory for your concept .,;kklnor … . … . … . I'm sorrownor to hathth maketh'd you cry from your stillicides though the pale fire of the candlelit addictism towards this sadnes I doththe norelate towards you or her norI or 'us' or m.,; . I'm the norplasmism ofthth

… . … . … .
… . … . … .
… . … . … .
… . </4.,;kklnor

yo .
yo .
is it possible to record this song in one take ? .
i wrote the lyrics down this is not a freestyle … .
but … . let's go … .
yo yo yo fukk you … .
yo yo yo … .
this not imparadoxicallie nonimparanihilistiklie .
fukk you ithik … . or i think … .
i'm scythemodethscyklithik . or it's nonmoderately the method i think … .

i think i've reminded you of inseperabilitie I drink like the liquor in my blood
or mind syckle mind ink like my blood wasn't black ... . call it kurona .
scythemo souleater f. ... .
remote .
emotional loser . like I wasn't ... . fukk .
fukk you . couldn't find the words .
I think I'm nonparadoxicallie noninvert like I ... . wouldn't go to the stars so far ... .
as I spit these nonbars ... .
like the words I disseminated beyond my repose I disclude yetwho knows .
I'm so closer to the closing of the world of my realdeth like snow .
yo ... .
okay second take second take I can't do this in one take ... .
as I speak these words I don't I want to be obscure ... .
I don't want people to know who I am I'm a hikikomori .
yo ... .
I'm so close the closing of the world of my real deth like snow ... .
like the words I disseminated beyond my repose I disclude yetwho knows .
I'm exhibiting droll like I couldn't remove my soul from the things I don't know .
or the movement of not exhithillithik ... . nondrones .
all you faggots be clones ... .
as I spit this noninsensikl repose like I didn't know ... .
or I wasn't glow of deth like spit called trippie ... .
I know ... . I know .
but who the fukk do you think you are if you told myself I was wrong ? .
no not yes who the fukk you think you are if you thought I wasn't wrong ? .
spit these bars go so fukking hard like im song sing along if you aren't ... .
I'm the deth of the universe .
I respond to my nonthoughts ... . think a concept without thought .
I remind you I'm not thought ,
oh ... . oh ... . oh ... . oh ... . oh ... . oh ... . hah ... .
I'm afraid to ... . [without hesitation ... .]
ah!! ... . yo ... .
spit called trippie ... . e x i t d e t h ... .

r.i.p. gustav elijah ahr .;; .

I'm the deth of the universe I respond to my nonthoughts
think a concept without thought without thought
I remind you I'm not thought
but I'm thought sipping bathsalts like fukk
or I wasn't f. .,; clipping boundaries horizon like nonthought

this shit's so cold I could not stop if I wanted to
fukk dom like I'm not submissive or reclusivitie wasn't no fukk you
remissivevillistiklithikallie insolvable like the trauma of my rubiks cube
I want to be like you I wasn't through or hold on
nothing is more intelligent than this
I'm not the goner I do not non-exist I- get it
metaironical like I wasn't spit called trippie this is so fukking lit
I'm reclusivikle or I'm blackmagic ... . blazing
I'm paradoxical
I cannot stand this
into the obscurite I'm not noninfamous
dethdisparitie like I wasn't hit by the deth of my exclusive exclusivity remission on your dethwish
like I'm not killing niggas with an e x i t I'm not just spit
or poetical poem or the poet if you will emoscythe or slash might or might not
I don't think I'm nonthought
I'm re- fukk you this song stops
scythemodethscyklithikle I'm not imparadoxicallie like nonthoughts or isolated as my liver rots or
the ice on my nonwatch like im broke until I'm not
stop.,; . or.,; . thosewordisms.,; . are not good.,; . tho.,; . this is the deth of imagism.,; .

though I think I not oncemore or noroncelast could not live without her.,; . deth.,; .
leaf or liffnor.,; is gone.,; . I must ghost post this revision of this hopeless bubbe.,; .
nor leaf is gone.,; ... . there is no catharsis doththo.,; . this is the catharsis.,; ? . .,; ... .
call it halcyon blossoms.,; . /yetu.u.fo.paradoxscythedopestwrotkl without.,; . .,; . .,; .

i chose not suffer so I suffer without suffering for you.,; . or this is not s.e.d.,; . you do not deserve to suffer.,; . or.,; . tyty.,; . gigas.,; . this is only norlonlie.,; . or.,; .kklnor. ,; ... . this is not.,; . or oncelastnor.,; . this is nordesserved.,; . oralso.,; ... . this tundra.,; . is fukking bleeding.,; . or.,; . yoour.,; . this is my dethstyle.,; . noralsor.,; . the 3/4.,; .* I departed for wowaka.,; . notorr something.,; ... . I cannot stop fukking thoughthth.,; . doththor so I tho,; ... . I forgot you cut.,; . your.,; . norlie.,; .kklnor.,; . or my heartache.,; . doththose I cut.,; . I cut with you noralongside.,; . doththordeth.,; . thomydethstyle.,; . is not yours.,; . or.,; . oncelastnor I thought.,; . my blood is black.,; . norkuro.,; . na... .,; . what colour.,; . is your blood.,; . ? .,; . I do not think you know.,; . or is it crimson.,; . ? .,; . like

crimson.,; . or.,; . those ai.,; . wana.,; . thoseofthth.,; . or I'm the k3kid.,; . I would kill myself for you.,; . or you nori,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . or.,; . you hurt for myself.,; . nor.,; . iu.,; . through the closing of all time or space through s.e.d.,;. . your.,; .* mind

skrillex the quest for fire by lain or skill vogel nor the deth of norhell.,; .kklnor.,; .

onto the norpoint nor shouldn't I state this is norimpossibl . ok . I'm robotripping on the normoment . I think I will modifie for the sake of liechess . org . you right.,; doja kitten . I think I'll make the most complicated book never wrote yet u.u.f.o. . there is work to be done . hesitate ... . should I work full time or not ? . I'm still broke as fukk though I like the idea no the norconcept of spending 16 hours the night on this book for her . I don't know . I'm going to tell you something important ... . welcome to the nhk ? . welcome to my triplec fantasie . scytheheatdeth . subcaptour.,; im trippie redd ? . im to pimp the butterflie ? . im invader zim ? . im the normirror of lain ? . i cannot feel my face, trippie redd ? . i have no mouth nor i must scream ? . i have no body nori musn't if im the sound of silence . l;et us play osu! geiumu nori paint the roses redd latertho onto the norpoint . chaos ? . no longer if this is not order . I like dubious moves . I would rather abstractifix than studie . ok ... . order . doja cat you wrong then fhana wonderstella then i don't really need you nevermore of yunggoth also my </4 goes out to angst also then it's not over quebek nor quebekl . ok . triplec normomentarilie vanished from norexistence then it is back ? . lol . I like triplec nor the coricidinhbp . I don't know but I know <-- paradox numerikl 1 . I want this but I do not want this <-- paradox numerikl 2 . I'm not wintermute though I'm wintermute . <-- paradox numerikl 3 . the moment of silenciklia.,; . ok . paradox bp4thplateau.,; i'll return to this latertho for I cannot recall noremember . return to the sea nor the shark is all you'll never beith norlie . mr. bill's tunes or the hardest diss never </4 . I must write my book if it is norimpossibl not be with you my ruru.,; . I made this ;3 scythexhebephilezim.,; skullie . [linketh nor monitorconexionto shelter by madeon or porter robinson ... abletonlive11 nor pop culture i ghost i mean i guess .] . so let us calm down for the moment by selena gomez or the other guy like other musik.,;kklnor ... . kiara ? . the legend of zelda ? . the legend of kkora ? . ang like angst . koala is the good boss fight though not tho cyberism nor cybermysterious I thought sarah stated . listen to tricot [pool] . sadness ofethe hikikomori . I do not need no editor if I'm the most intelligent person in the noruniverse norI re-read this book for times upon it's completion regardless of typos . You cannot rewrite the page yet the computer is amendibillikle like ok . I'm not evil by design but I feel dead at times . listen to when I lie by lil peep ... . e x i t d e t h .,; . . the

bad night for lolicons.,; . r.i.p. wowaka . lesmiserabilliklie </4 nor yunggothikl . aren't you winning daughter ? . I have no father sono or so no . fukk love by xtentacion norsoundsalike noracute redragoon if you might or might not . I'm spit called trippie I be licking glass like ok . jocyluin `1 jocelyin flores.,; . like floral shoppe ? . does this make sense to you ? . I miss zero whom I'm working with to create banana pudding 4thplateau . sadnikl nornikl i'm sorrow if you're tehchnicalie of the drones i do not mindeth roboththklnor.,; cuz you're not your*cool like the mint within your mouth . !? … . ok . sasakure.uk FUTURE EVE or norneve4r tho I ponder this london is the highlie attractive city so let us jump jump trampoline .,; . noone could trampolean or lean is not dxm idiot not codeine nor i still like wholottaredd by playboicartikl.,;'kklnor . I must write this book in three months or I will press f to pay respektkls norsparkular . this book must beith 1024 pageisms longeth iguesskl . if you're not stupid you could read this . if those walls could talk ? . I'm the hikikomori . I'm to pimp the butterflie . You said 14 four times, kendrick or k. or the age of consent in germanie . You think she gone stick around if them 24 years occur ? . do not go 4thplateau until you really die . 8 is the humble number nor 240mg or 3 is humilikl if 8 8 16 or your norage not nordate is 16.,; f.,; . leaf.,; your norage is 17 . m.,; your norage is 14 . my norage is norexistent nor it is of the 0ism let us typeth … nor I think I'm stuck . dothth I write this booketh norfor not nor4 lilith the coldheartedbitchwhom knows no empathism . fukk you lilith . I must spend 16 hours the night on this book at least . how rapidlie or go liechess . org to view my profile archive_chess who gives a fukk ? . good question . I must make mad money off of this book jordan bp4th peterson so let's talk lucifer . this is the most intelligent book never wrote . I presume to make this book 1024 pages of longing norI could norecall . I repose to you this question . I'm the heatdethoftheuniverse though not to preciselie reinstate said concepts I shadow beneath you nor hiddow left warpism .,; . sadnessdesu~ though if I'm the crow not the bird or the dxm dragon of the deth of this universikle . I'm the most intelligent person in the norimpossiblverse cuz why not !? . like ok . I have some books on my floor I should not like to read for it is the retarded misuse of nortime if the books on this floor were already wrote like ok . I do not have time to read those books if those books do not speedruin nor moonrunes expediate this partikularkl book . Im broke as fukk so I stated simplistiklie fukk you kill yourself elon musk yet you still giveth myself no money, jerk . you're alright tho, psyche !! . fukk you elon musk . I hate elon musk, ong . pharrell made this ;3 so it's the million dollar beat . pharrell is also of the hebephiles scytheitgirl . I'm northorsouth the bad girl not bad guy if I'm not spacial fukking william shakespeare eyescythedeth !? . yes … . dubious move . I do not have time for this non- . subtrikle … . modern chess closings by korn nor collins or the queens gambit by ludek pachman . I like the gruunfeld

defence . i'm mr. kill myself scytheslvt . i created igore by nor rhetorriklie to the top of the dome scytheongskzm.,;kklnor also he put the go sh damn . grind in tho ong . also yesgawrtasmr.mp3 nor volumewarningwherethebassatletmyselfhearthef*ckinbass.mp4thplateau ism.,;kklnor nor f. or the f. trip ... . rurutyui .,; . you aredoththnororso prettifekt .,; .
abletondeth11-.,;kklnor nor setsuna+.,;kklnor norism ... . it'snotoverquebekl .,; . this is not the wrote you do not know.,; ... . nor ghostpost.,; ... .

normurder on dxm by lain vogel.,;kklnor.,; . or.,; . noir.,; ... . the minor chord .,; . </4
hello... . welcome to dxm radio . I'm your host pud . tonight we're gonna experience something interesting... . I've got 23 mixtapes here . it kinda sounds like epona from the legend of zelda . so yes . let us embark... . fly to night tonight or the bad night for lolicons if I'm the bad girl also I need to write this book so let's[play??] or murder the reader's intelligence by distroying like the dethstar nor invaderzim I was not or I will make you're <-- your* fukking eyes bleed from within you're <-- your* fukking eyes must bleed nor the lackthereof of you're <-- your* fukking stalemate retard this is neither !? nor !! nor ?! nor ?? if this is fukking threefold repititive you fukking idiot no i mean nor oh nor i mean oh fukk oh my bad nor i mean oh nor i mean oh on the frequenciklwirism.,;kklnor doththtowards this dethstyle repose i repose unto yourself[kl??] nor the closing of the world of my real deth like snow wasn't spit called trippe though i thought for the moment of the song by this ofeth kagamine rin nor aiwana go the . kid yetagonor it's title beheld itself unto the norformism of meltdown nor repilliklism but what the fukk does this word even mean nor meticulous like I wasn't spit called trippe redd nor I was not with or without the nordoubt.,;kklnor i repose towards this store beyond my skull like this ofeth mulder nor skullie if never wasnot the remainderof mydeth if i could lonelie becometh to resumable inspidaciousness like I wasn[']t or the lot of you fukking lot like you got breadcrumbs begot or boegotten via the telledi skomunikism i rethoughtowards you're holo the wise wolf the wise woleaf i'm sad on this very moment meltdown doththrespondithistikklie playith like this ofetho the one cold hearted i titled to so called lilith nor lily the cold hearted fukking bitch who should burn in hell but she was fukking honto the norpoint there is this song I think it's the modicum lol of those words as those e x i t my lungs like i wasn't the glowstone of deth nor the flowstate of skillackthereoftalenthoshredderism or the murder of the dxm dragon if I'm fukking dxm dragon norinevitablie tho noretrospectivelie i did not realize in the exhoneritive nonrepore nor macable how the fukk do you spell it ? . macabre idk . who gives a fukk though anywho onto the norpoint . dumfuk . fukk you . kill yourself . i </4

shoeonhead ... . though cum on the armored skeptik ? . my b . bad guy ? . billie eyeballdeth nor william shakespeare whomisn't william henry wesfallia despite his claims to beith brunelle like my naturismofeth brunette hairstye this bitch marceline the vampire queen stole like penny like skrillex maiamainordodonpachipachipachi hairstyle emo pitch fukkor though I cash in nor cash out like ong . fukk you this song stops or my liver rots like the ice on my norwatch like i'm broke until im not though i'd still fukk this bitch her title might or might nor belledelphine !! . you do not know what I was going to wrote.,; . tho I wrote.,; . or.,; . this is the wrote.,; . ai wanted to close the world.,; . so close the world nor the closing of the world I norexist withintho below not.,; . or,; . I do not need to dethrepo nor you are norbindor nori the legend of this.,; . or.,; . ofthth kora.,; ... .
or.,; . blackhold ontowards the moment.,; . this is the norpoem ofththis dethth.,; ... .
the words do not dethrepo.,; . or.,; . I cannot repose this emotionalism norivillism.,; .
this is on the intorism.,; . this is the dethstylerepoiguesskl.,; . this is the moral battle.,; . this not murder on dxm.,; . nor.,; . noralso.,; . I think.,; . or.,; . the norsignikant.,; . ofthth this deth.,; . is deth is not suicide.,; . or.,; . 38.,; . this is the omindism of the hopeless bubble.,; . or not nor or yes or no.,; . or.,; . the deth is not this ofthth this dethstyle I do not inhibit or I lonlie disseminate.,; . the modicum.,; . ofthth this.,; . nor.,; . this norpoem.,; . this not dethism.,; . or this book I repose.,; . or.,; . northrough the wired dothth I communikism.,; . not all must wrote norwrote or once more.,; . not oncelastnor.,; . the noroncelast.,; . norpoem.,; . this must.,; . or.,; . I'm the lonlie aliinn.,; . nor.,; . I'm the frequency on the wire whom northrough this.,; . communicosm.,; . or.,; . this is not good.,; . I do not want this northo.,; . or.,; . this is not okay.,; . this is the false paradox.,; . whom numerism is dothth limited.,; .
nor.,; . not all.,; . northo sum.,; . or.,; . plusle is not minun.,; . nor.,; . the redd daw.,; .
nor the dethism of my dethrepo.,; . nor or.,; . the repose of my deth.,; . this is not my dethism.,; . northo.,; . this is my dethism.,; . northis.,; . this is not my dethstyle.,; . or.,;. this is norivillism.,; . this book is not computor.,; . nor was this complitism.,; .
or.,; . the wordism was not good.,; . tho it dothth must.,; . I do not insult prior thought.,; . the book lonlie.,; . this is more intelligent.,; . this is difficult.,; . nor.,; . northis was not difficultism ofthth this imptism.,; . nor the imptiism of this.,; . the lonelie aliinn I do not know I was nor was not if this was the close.,; . nor the deth
repose.,; . of this mutual.,; . suicidalism.,; . northis.,; . or.,; . the 38.,; . this is not.,; . or.,; . this was not.,; . northough nortime.,; . nor space or time.,; . this is the closing.,; . of this obstructism.,; . those words.,; . nor or.,; .

spacial fukking eyeball deth or this thing I withold to title s.e.d.,; . if this is not ofthth titlism nor tilism.,; . jtool... . or
this on I called zero.,; . or I'm not zero northo.,; . this is not zero one if this was not lonlie zeroism.,; . nor.,; . nor or.,; . or.,; . yoour so fukking beautiful.,; . or those.,; . those words are not good.,; . your.,; . norimagism.,; . or.,; . yoour neither.,; .* I'm the norplasmism ofthth this nornothing.,; . or.,; . the sound of nothing.,; . I'm the sound of nothing.,; . noone else noone does not but know norivillism.,; . nor or.,; . this is the methodism of my thought.,; . or not norsiniklism.,; . nor.,; . I think I know this norism.,; . northo.,; . I forogt.,; . I lonlie forgot or this is froggottnn.,; . nor frogg.,; .
the revision of the hopeless bubble.,; . or.,; . this is the froggottnn memorism.,; . nor or noroncelast.,; . those words could not but finalism if finalism is not possible or this is norimpossibl.,; . nor or.,; . the norimp.,; . ofththisism.,; . nor or.,; . this could not failism.,; . I'm the failure.,; . I'm the loser.,; . nor this loser.,; . the words on my skull.,; . or.,; . the skelletonn of mai body or the norskelletonn of this norbody.,; ... .
nor.,; . nor or.,; . or.,; . I think nor I thought.,; . or.,; . I was not.,; . or I'm nothing.,; .
or the norpoetkkl of dethism.,; . my norexistence is ofthth or something.,; . of this 4 norbrokism the norbroke like braken.,; . nor or.,; . </4.,; this was the norboksim.,; . the nor4.,; . I hurt for you.,; . you.,; ... . you do not know.,; . or.,; . I do not know noretrospictvillism.,; . like bustre.,; . nor the tree needles.,; . piercing my heart.,; . like the dart.,; . nor the razor bladism of my heartache.,; . nor yours.,; . or.,; . mind heartache is not your.,; . this is wrong or I thought I was not.,; . this heart.,; . this.,; .
my heart lonlie beats for you.,; . nor or.,; . no.,; . or.,; this is your.,; . heart.,; . I don't recall.,; . I do not know memorism.,; . yetagonorism.,; . your intelligence is not mind or I do not know.,; . it is difficult to wrote this.,; . I would not spoke ofthth this.,; .
nor.,; . or.,; . those words are unspoke offtowards the lips.,; . those words you know.,; . northo I do not.,; . I lost my thought.,; . your lips I will kiss.,; . or.,; . I love you.,; ... .
or.,; . this you do not know northo you dothth known this.,; . nor or.,; I know norism
or.,; . I know this norism.,; . norprior.,; . I recall.,; . you do not know.,; . northo.,; ... .
I thought.,; . norprior.,; . I recall this norism.,; . nor or.,; . this norivillism.,; . you.,; .
northo.,; . whom is my honeybee.,; . null.,; . you was not northo.,; . your my [ruru].,; .
or.,; . no.,; . I'm not fine I'm not okay.,; . this it not okay.,; . I want this tho I do not want this.,; . northis.,; . or.,; . I do not know.,; . this is mutual

though for the moment of nortime I did not repose normeticulousism.,; . I misunderstood.,; . or.,; . I think.,; .
hold on the moment.,; . I have not listen to this on the hot minute.,; . or.,; . this was
norofthth steins.,; .gateism.,; ... . no.,; . or nor or.,; . steins.,; .gate.,; . I do not know.,; .
northo.,; . I know this norism.,; . or.,; . I'm this norparanoia.,; . or your.,; . or you.,; .
I know.,; . you.,; . yoour norism.,; . you.,; . or.,; . fhana.,; ... . wonderstella.,; . or this could not nor was not wondorstillism like you stillicism.,; . whom I lost.,; . this was normetaism.,; . this was </4.,; . nor 3/4.,; . yoour not sleeping.,; . northo who dothth was or was not myself.,; ?. I think those.,; . nor my dethrepo.,; . this repose.,; . I do not deth alone.,; . northo.,; . I die alone alongside you.,; . or.,; . this is dethism.,; . was this not.,; ?. this dxm stings like the honeybee.,; . this dxm was not.,; . nor or.,; .
I think time is not slow nor or it is not stuck.,; . nor.,; . I obstructifxate.,; . nortime.,; .
I think or was this thought I thought.,; . I'm the most intelligent aliin on the wire.,;.
nor or.,; . or nor.,; . or.,; . your the wire.,; . I'm the frequencism.,; . I communicosm.,; .
northo.,; . I communicosm ontowards you through this wired.,; . oh, I recall.,; . I thought noroncelast.,; . or.,; . once more.,; . I'm not weird I'm wired.,; . I'm wired with one.,; . or.,; . oh, my youngest sister.,; . nor or.,; . I'm the normirror of lain.,; ... .
or.,; . norlie.,; . the hikikomori.,; . this was mutual.,; . or.,; . your hikikomorism.,; .
like I hurt for you.,; . the music.,; . nor misorism.,; . I do not.,; . I lonlie.,; . I know.,; .
or.,; . I only know this norism.,; . northo I fail.,; . to recall.,; . you fukking failure.,; .
you cannot clear the metrohadroncollider.,; . nor this m.h.c.,; . ism.,; . like s.e.d..,; .
or.,; . you.,; . your only known of this what I dothth recall.,; . norprior to 4/13.,; . no.,; . I cannot recall.,; . all those things.,; . this imagisms.,; . I'll call this thing I.,; .
skullie.,; .. . I miss you.,,; . the nor4.,; . nor this norperson whom I do not known.,; .
I thought you looked like coraline.,; . nor koralism.,; . nor the girl I could not recall norprior.,; . northo.,; . on the norfurtenikkl.,; .kklnor.,; . I'm the fukking dethpoet.,; .
nor.,; . I'm the fukking poet of this deth.,; . nor this norivillism I calculate.,; . nor.,; .

this is 2 late.,; . or the nor4.,; . I will kill myself for all four.,; . of you.,; . northo.,; ... .
I only kill myself for you.,; . my [ruru].,; . not nor.,; . or.,; . mind madotsuki.,; . fukk
I'm marceline the vampire queen.,; . I stole my skrillex hairstyle like my dethstyle or normind dethstyle.,; . you do not know nori nor or norlie.,; . I do not know.,; ... .
it hurts so fukking bad.,; . I'm the bad girl.,; . sadistic.,; . without.,; . nori forgot.,; .
I cannot.,; . nori thought you was not.,; . or no.,; . yoour the good girl.,; . or this.,; ... .
northo.,; . I was thought this was not.,; . it's not over quebekl.,; . this is mutual.,; .
control x.,; . you cannot.,; . this is not okay.,; . I cut.,; . you cannot cut.,; . I decide.,; .
I'm not your master.,; . northo.,; . yes.,; . I own you.,; . ;3c.,; . your my lolipop null.,; .
I just do not know.,; . you do all I ask of you.,; . I fukk with you.,; . without I known
or.,; . I do not think I don't know.,; . or.,; . the false paradox.,; . I know nor I do not
know.,; . this music I create for you.,; . or your for my normind.,; . you caught.,; . or
you caught myself.,; ... . why.,; . why you breaking.,; ... . why you breaking my <\4.,; .
you cannot hurt yourself.,; . I do not like this.,; . no.,; . I cannot let you hurt.,; . like
I hurt for you.,; . suislalunism.,; . nor this lunar lockthereof ofthth energy.,; . or.,; .
this norplasmism.,; . no.,; . this silencism.,;. nor silencia or stillicism.,; . her tears.,; .
this could not.,; . no.,; . the pale fire of my soul.,; . you wrote this.,; . yoour riala.,; .
I'm the k3kid.,; . I'm the deth.,; . ofthth nihilism.,; . nor norism.,; . I know this norism.,; . norprior is the meaning of what I could not recall.,; . nor this norivillism
I dothth noronolies.,; . or this meticulous.,; . or this was not unaliktiklism.,; . no .,; .
I cannot deth without you.,; . nor the norperson.,; . do not stop.,; . those words.,; . I cannot wrote.,; . I will not stop.,; . northo.,; . this is the deth norpoem sociitism.,; ... .
nor this norpoem I dothth subver.,; . nor those norpersons cannot reverse.,; . I think

those.,; ... . I must have lost my thought.,; . fhana.,; ... . I love you.,; . I love you.,; ... .
thankyou.,; . nor or.,; . or this norpoem is for you.,; . you liked the ghostpostism.,; ... .
or.,; . you sent 4 hearts.,; . not lonlie one.,; . m.,; . nor.,; . you fukking.,; . oh my god.,; .
you slow down time.,; . scythejvke.,; . I look ontowards you.,; . I forgot what I was or what I was not attempting.,; . nor m.h.c.,; . or this is not spacial eyeball deth.,; ... .
this is spacial eyeball deth.,; . or s.e.d.,; . I wanted to bee.,; . nor the m.h.c.,; . 499.99ex
or the kamilia 3.,; . is it norimpossibl or not.,; ?. it is norimpossibl.,; . kamilia 3.,; . nor 3/4.,; . I'll go far nortowards the stars.,; . not the moon.,; . or this is not my
triplec fantism.,; . cartiism nor go to the moon.,; . I'll go the fukking moon.,; . nori
decided.,; yoour so fukking kawaii.,; . you are object.,; . of my affection.,; . the sole must norperish.,; . I know northo.,; . I do not know.,; . nigga those words go harder
than anything nor nothing.,; . or I'm the sound of nothing.,; . not the norplasmism
I once thought on the moment of nortime.,; . or.,; . yesterday.,; . nothing.,; . northo I do not recall.,; . I cannot recall.,; . norprior I thought you recall.,; . those messages
deleted.,; . or.,; . her.,; ... . noralso.,; . antonimhism.,; . or.,; . the secret of nimh.,; ... .
not you could have known nor thought.,; . nor.,; . I could thought nor I could recall
.,; . .,; . .,; . my heart beats three.,; . was it you.,; ?. you control my heart.,; . yes.,; . not
nor without you.,; . I cannot know you.,; . or.,; . this was not norimpossibl.,; . nor or.,; . the order of those files is yours northo mind nor coincidintal.,; . it was not.,; .
those walls.,; . this is my shelter.,; . nordissociism.,; . or.,; . oncemore not less.,; . was
it not less.,; . my thought.,; . this was not less than 14.,; . m.,; . norhebephilism.,; ... .
I love you nor4.,; . those whom I lost.,; . nor was without.,; . or diskonnekted.,; . or.,; .
the koan sound.,; . I cannot resume northroughtowards the sea.,; . the shark is all I'll never bee.,; . nor.,; . I love you.,; . the honeybee.,; . I think hold on the moment.,; .
calm the fukk below.,; . selena nor ariana nor jenhe ai korism or.,; . ai want you.,; .

look ontowards those words I wrote northo I do not spoke nor this.,; . was.,; . nori was without.,; . or.,; . your*r unspoken.,; . doththe my lips.,; . nor yours.,; . yes or no.,; . I was lost without you.,; . skrillex.,; ?. the quest for fire.,; . I'm penni.,; . nor.,; .
all of this.,; . all I ask of you.,; . the nor4.,; . or.,; . you.,; . oralso.,; . my m.,; . doththe
those of the pain I thought was not remissive.,; ?. what doththe this wordism.,; . idk
or I do not know.,; . northo.,; . noralso.,; . or.,; . nori.,; . or.,; . this.,; ... . was this.,; ?.
nor.,; . I'm norlie.,; . the chills.,; . I inputowards my spinal chord.,; . I don't know.,; .
the minor chord.,; . I love you.,; . I love you.,; . recirpocolism.,; . no.,; . I forgot.,; ... .
northis.,; . I was not.,; . or.,; . I'm.,; ... . nori.,; . or.,; . norlie is the least addicted osu! geimu.,; . playorism.,; . hold on the moment.,; . this is the telemiscommuicosm.,; ... .
you.,; . norprior from not my deth.,; . normindethism.,; . you.,; . it is almost norimpossibl.,; . you cannot.,; . no.,; . no you cannot.,; . doththe nori.,; . do not stop.,; .
nor or.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . doththe I told yourself I loved you last night.,; ?. nor ofthth
this night.,; . doththe is told yourself I loved this bad night.,; . delfruitkl.,; . nor or.,; .
or.,; . yes or no.,; . I was so scared to think yes.,; . nor no.,; . I'm still frightnn.,; . the
concept I thought without.,; . thought.,; . the hidden.,; . lonlie osu! geimu.,; . playor or.,; . those.,; . nordethrepo.,; . or.,; . repose.,; . the mouse.,; . setsuna+.,; .kklnor.,; ... .
the black mechanical keyboard.,; . the reddrgon.,; . nori was not trippie redd.,; . this
nor this.,; . or.,; . if lonlie.,; . this norivillism.,; . I could like to thinkthth ontowards
eloquincism.,; . nor eloquintiklie.,; . nor eloquincivillism.,; . not.,; . I norexist.,; ... .
you.,; . 8*.,; .kklnor.,; . I thought you did not listen.,; . listen.,; . I know you know this.,; . nori known this norism.,; . northo not norprior.,; . northrough nortime.,; ... .
this quartz.,; . ongkl..,; ... . noralso.,; . dethstylerepoiguesskl.,; . norintorism.,; . I.,; .
nor.,; . doththe those norperson mustn't not must not know.,; . those whom I will not
require.,; . the pain.,; . fukk all those whom I do not know nor must not.,; . stop.,; ... .

I do not like them.,; . northo this is the false paradox.,; . I invented this music.,; ... .
you invented yours.,; . or.,; . this music I doththth makthth for you nor myselfkl.,; ... .
or.,; . this nori was not without.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . nordoubt.,; .kklnor.,; . frogg.,; ... .
nor.,; . the froggottnn memorism.,; . fukk.,; . I could not recall.,; . without or.,; . I.,; .
I want to norexist alone.,; . I know the most evil thing known to anyone.,; . yo idk,; .
nori.,; . or norlie.,; . more sinister than the deth of the sole.,; . nor this heatdethism
or.,; . I thought.,; . I'm the heatdeth of the universe.,; . noralso.,; . those fukking elites doththth listnnorprior nor onlooking this music.,; . northo.,; . it is only I.,; um
northo.,; . there are no norpersons.,; . this is not the false paradox.,; . no.,; . this is not.,; . the nor4.,; . nor doththth those limited paradoxisisms.,; . lowercase.,; . the false
paradoxisisms.,; . nor.,; . the paradoxisms.,; . northo.,; . I'm the lonlie rockstar.,; ... .
damn.,; . yoour the good girl.,; . I'm the bad girl.,; . I do not doubt myself.,; . I know
nothing.,; . I'm nornever.,; . call myself ghost malone.,; . I guess.,; . this is not over.,; .
or this could not.,; . northo.,; . this is over.,; . norsomething.,; . osu!mitrixism.,; . idk
this goes fukking hard.,; . I do not suppose.,; . my blood is black norkuro.,; . dethism
nor my fukking dethstyle.,; . the spark.,; . nor sparkular.,; . lilith.,; . nor lilithism.,; .
those sparkles you nori do not know recall.,; . this addictism to sadness., ;. nn10.,; ... .
nor or.,; . liff.,; . was my first love.,; . the dreams I lost norwithold like nightmares.,; .
norvortixism.,; . noir.,; .kklnor.,; . nor this normirror.,; . I lick glass.,; . my liver rots.,; . life is hard.,; . my time.,; . is barred.,; . responsibilities.,; . or scars.,; . my hopes.,; . I'm looking towards the stars.,; . so far.,; . so I'll go far.,; . I cannot recall.,; .
yo.,; . thought like the.,; . switching gears cuz I'm not hot.,; . drinking tears.,; . cuz I'm lost.,; . gonna kill myself.,; . for not.,; . things look the type.,; . of nothing.,; . I would dm drugs thought.,; . it's not okay.,; . haven't died yet.,; . I'm okay.,; . those cannot hurt.,; . not.,; . myself.,; . isolation.,; . got myself play osu! geimu.,; . nor or.,; .

music subvert.,; . I do not reverse.,; . tryna make this spit.,; . sound.,,; . noireal.,; ... .
hoping I will notice.,; . nor look upon you.,; . the bad night I hold you close.,; . nor the closing of this world.,; . on this night.,; . nori norhope.,; . you love myself.,; . I.,; .
lost without you.,; . why.,; ?. do you not love.,; . myself.,; . dothth.,; . nori love you.,; ?.
you cannot trust myself.,; ?. do I not.,; ?. this dxm nori must notto.,; . norowl.,; ... ?.
this is tripping.,; . myself.,; . I'll nornever.,; . not switch.,; ?. you'll meet my doom.,; .
I do not think I cannot.,; . all the nights are not the same.,; . scythelaflashbeats.,; ... .
noiralso.,; . gravity falls.,; . nor my body nor norbody dothth fall apart.,; . onto pieces.,; . gustav.,; . nor r.i.p.,; . I'm the aliin of the isolated black galaxy.,; . northo
the blue.,; . galaxy.,; . is lunar.,; . or.,; . lunarmagik.,; . nor blackmagik blazing.,; ... .
this is not.,; . the norivillism.,; . I'm fukking royalti.,; . northo I'm not.,; . I wrote.,; .
this designer talk 2nd.,; . I'm fukking emo.,; . nor emo deth is not suicide.,; . this.,; .
this is not fukking norivill.,; . gardenia.,; . dawn the.,; . genvieve.,; . I'm not typing nor this is not type.,; . I'm thinking this.,; . the thought.,; . the concept.,; . norwithout
thought.,; . nor without.,; . the tattoos on my skullism.,; ?. nor skullie.,; . yo.,; . imma
fukking die this method.,; . nor the crystal method of my thought.,; . no.,; . this is not.,; . this is fukking crystallism.,; . it was not.,; . you.,; . I'm mad northo.,; . wrote.,; .
nor spoke.,; . or.,; . unspoken.,; . bell delphine.,; ?. nornever.,; . northo this crush.,; ?.
not nor norism.,; . I'm not the black.,; . knight.,; . I'm the fukking black.,; . queen.,; .
the.,; ?. those norpersons.,; . I.,; . I wrote.,; . your.,; . fukking discogrism.,; . on dxm.,; .
those bleed.,; . just like I bleed.,; . I'm not scared.,; . of them northo.,; . this is northo
my dethstyle.,; . I do not know.,; . you.,; . skullie.,; ?. the phone call.,; . no.,; . this.,; .
this is spacial fukking eyeball deth.,; . I'm the delfruikl.,; kklnor.,; . this does not.,; .

this goes fukking hard.,; . dyslixism.,; ?. nah I do not think not nor thought.,; . my deth is the movie.,; . your.,; . you do not know.,; . yo.,; . myself dothth this maththism
nor this math.,; . I know this norism.,; . nor.,; . I.,; . thought.,; . this is deth as fukk.,; .
dumfuk.,; . I'm the emopitchfukkor.,; . I do not love you.,; ?. no.,; . you.,; . know.,; ... .
it is difficult off dxm.,; . northo.,; . this s.e.d.,; . I will kill the fukking sole.,; ?. nor
I do not.,; . or.,; . I know.,; . or.,; . I do not know.,; . this is the deth of nightilism.,; .
yo.,; . I grinded harder than all those fukking norpersons.,; . I will not make this stop.,; . nor stop.,; . or.,; . I will continue to grind.,; . others.,; . I will not kill.,; . no.,; .
nortime.,; . my deth.,; . this was the nordatthth 4/13.,; . this.,; . was.,; . the blue.,; ... .
nor or.,; . the galaxy.,; . nor.,; . or.,; . this lunarmagik.,; . this is deth.,; . soliloquism.,; .
nor dethism.,; . volumisorism.,; . idk.,; . onto the norpoint.,; ?. no.,; . I.,; . decide.,; ... .
I'm the loser.,; . I'm the deth of nihilism nor nightilism.,; . the digits.,; . I'm poor.,; ?.
no.,; . no longor.,; . on the norfuturtenikl.,; . I do not know the future.,; . nor you.,; .
you do not want this nori.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . your no good.,; . for myself.,; . I'm so bad for you.,; . nor.,; . the bad night for lolicons.,; . I'm delfruitkl.,; .kklnor.,; . feed the cat mixtape.,; . doththe norsignifikant.,; . noralso.,; . no.,; . I'm wired towards you.,; . or.,; . I lonlie connect to you.,; . nor the nor4.,; . you cannot.,; . it must hurt.,; .
the michno-sequence.,; . or.,; . mikubiquity.,; . nor.,; . the 4x16 norineternitie.,; . I.,; .
I lost you.,; . nor the particulism.,; . the 16norineternitie.,; . I must talk to you.,; . it
is not your decision.,; . idk what is this.,; ?. my heart.,; ... . you will talk to myself.,; ?.
no.,; . nori.,; . or norlie.,; . was without.,; . nor.,; . I could not recall.,; . the melodious
sound of your minor chord.,; . you.,; . you know.,; . your voice.,; . the sound I could not recall.,; . this is norimpossibl.,; . I will call yourself.,; . I forgot.,; . nor.,; . frogg
.,; . the memorism.,; . of your.,; . not.,; . the stillicism.,; . nor.,; . the silinciism.,; . the

sound of your voice.,; . f.,; . nor or.,; . fionna.,; ... . there is no sound more unique nor not beautiful nor of crystallism nor norimpossibl.,; ... . I could not find the words.,; . nor.,; . I do not know.,; . meticulous.,; . this is mesmerizing,.,; . this is not
norixuborince.,; . this norimpossibl.,; . nori.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . the loli of space nor s.e.d.,; . my deth.,; . nor her.,; . the girl the norage of 17.,; . my loli liff.,; . northis.,; .
the deth of this youngirl.,; . nor.,; . the nor4.,; . I lonlie spoke nor thought this.,; ... .
my heart is yours.,; . you control this heart.,; . northo nori.,; . control lies myself.,; .
nor you.,; . or.,; . nor.,; . you lain in the grave.,; . liff.,; .kklnor.,; . is no more.,; . this
could not stop hurting.,; . you could not stop hurting.,; . f.,; . nor.,; . fionna.,; . my lolipop [ruru] your.,; . nor.,; . you are beautiful.,; . you are crystallism.,; . not nor.,; .
I.,; . I know this norism.,; . you.,; the crystal of magik.,; . nor or.,; fhana.,; . I know
.,; . you.,; . I love you.,; . I love you.,; . the imagisms.,; . yours.,; . I would never hurt
.,; . you.,; . nor did not mean to you.,; . I could not.,; nor you.,; . hurt yourself.,; . no
.,; . the loli of s.e.d.,; . dredd.,; . the dress of black.,; . nor.,; . the norsignikantism.,; .
nothing is more intelligent than this.,; . northo.,; . whom is my honeybee.,; ?. I know
though I do not know.,; . or.,; . deth is not suicide.,; . hold on the moment.,; . I call this the norbody northo this is the misnorism.,; . I no do not have the body.,; . I know this norism.,; . noralso I'm lonlie disociitivillism.,; . I do not know.,; . nor.,; .
this is mutualism.,; . you.,; . cannot know.,; . nori.,; . or norlie.,; . I do not know.,; ... .
this lonlie was more complix.,; . this is norimpossibl.,; . this was.,; . norimpossibl.,; .
not to think more deep onto this 'chess' geimu I do not know.,; . this is not 'chess'..,; .
this geiumu.,; . is adjourned.,; . northo it does not end.,; . this is deth.,; . norchess.,; .
this is insanlie intelligent.; . I'll call this norintell.,; . I control those imagisms.,; ... .
northo not all.,; . I control the wind if I think something intelligent.,; . northo the
wind is yours.,; . I'm the legend of kora.,; . nor zelda.,; . or.,; . majora.,; . norimp.,; .

you.,; . fhana.,; . im ang st.,; . I'm marceline the vampire queen.,; . I'm lucifer.,; . I'm
it's norimpossibl not know.,; . northo I do not know.,; . nor you.,; . I decide.,; . you.,; .
listen.,; . I'm the sound of nothing.,; . I'm the fukking grim reaper.,; . nordethrepo.,; .
I thought deth was the memory of the robotrip.,; . I'm the frogg.,; . nor.,; . I'm the.,; .
the forgotnn memorism.,; . the.,; . black.,; . mechanikl keyboard.,; . it states redragon
northo I'm the reddragoon.,; . nori.,; . or.,; . I''m trippie redd.,; . orthis.,; . I was not
without norlie.,; . it is norimpossibl.,; . I do not give the fukk if the norpersons nor
cannot study myselfkl.,; . the norperson do not get to know.,; . yet.,; . this book isn't
norism nor is it of norism.,; . I invented nor developed this philosophy I beheld nor
to title norism.,; . I know norism though I do not know.,; . I'm still thinking norism
northrough norivillism.,; . this is the most intelligent book nornever wrote.,; . or.,; .
nor is this spoke.,; . or.,; . type.,; . though like poki nor dawn.,; . the girl whom I nor
know is norsignifikant.,; . northo I need not know her.,; . I like the sound of the keys.,; . the switches.,; ?. redd.,; . I'm not the murder of the sole nor the sole does not
norperish it is only diliit.,; . like the object.,; . on yuutu.,; . nor.,; . axeria.,; . norism
.,; . nor.,; . osu! geimu.,; . this is locktherеof norexistence.,; . nor or.,; . yoour the lock
nor I'm the key.,; . this is norimpossibl.,; . apologies.,; . for this norsignikantism.,; .
um.,; . it's coraline.,; . norkoralism.,; . I suppose.,; . the things I do not know.,; . nor
or you.,; . dothth norknown.,; . this is ixplorism nor the method of my though.,; ... .
northo.,; . I know this norism.,; . or.,; . I recall.,; . I've thought this norprior.,; . nori
.,; . norlie.,; . I have no identity.,; . I could not recall nortime.,; . you.,; . I'm not.,; .
norknown.,; . I lonlie know.,; ?. I know.,; . nori.,; . norlie.,; . nornot.,; . I know this

norism.,; . I recall.,; ... . I make you smartorr.,; . those words I doththe type for you.,; .
nor.,; . the hurt.,; . nor this heartache.,; . norbrokism.,; . nor I do not mind the poor
no.,; . I forgot.,; . it is norimpossibl to robotrip without cough syrup nor dm.,; . nor
this triplec fantism.,; . for those four nights I lost you.,; . nor this triplec.,; . I lost.,; .
the numbers nor the digits nor the numerikls I could not.,; . no.,; . doththe I describe
those numbers.,; ?. the.,; . numbers.,; . 0.,; . myself.,; . 1.,; . m.,; . 01.,; . nor.,; . I forgot the digital.,; . nor.,; . is this aliin.,; . no question.,; . this is s.e.d.,; . this was nothing
nor this is analong.,; . nor.,; . or.,; . hold on the moment.,; . pudding [silver] + fionna
[blue] =/= nothing is more important than this colour.,; . nor.,; . the loveletter font.,; .
no.,; . the norpersons do not know norprior.,; . you did not delete the memory of the
norperson for the norperson did not know.,; ?. northo.,; . this is wrong.,; . the them
could still read those ghostposts.,; . northo it is norimportant.,; . the opinion of them
is not important nor norimportant.,; . nori.,; . norlie.,; . this is just us.,; . the postisms
of those norpersons is worthless.,; . the norperson is... northo.,; . the nor4.,; . was.,; ... .
fukk the norpersons.,; . I do not like the norpersons.,; . norprior I for this norism.,; .
nor or.,; . lonlie nori.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . nor... you.,; . nor... her.,; . nor... m.,; . nor or
.,; . not them... no.,; . this.,; . the nor4.,; . or.,; . us.,; . you cannot purchase this book
norprior.,; . not until this book is complit.,; . this is not okay.,; . I did not type I'm the invader zim.,; . no.,; . nori doththe not ixplorism nor was.,; . not.,; . this is s.e.d.,; .
thus I decided.,; . this is still the robotrip.,; . the room is outer space.,; . the room.,; .
is the deth of nihilism.,; . the room doththe my castle.,; . nor alone.,; . I'm still this.,; .
lonlie aliin.,; . obstructfix.,; . the singularkular sound of this dubstep.,; . this is like
sparkular.,; . nor those sparkles.,; . I doththe control.,; . nor monitor control.,; . or.,; .

the control.,; . the lock screen is the loli of s.e.d.,; . norlie.,; . nor norlockthree.,; ... .
yoour.,; . the lock.,; . nori.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . the key.,; . onto the spiderverse.,; . you.,; .
know.,; . it's over when it's over like dc.,; . loser 2nd via an gst remix via skill.,; . prod
skill.,; . the norperson is the prop.,; . who gives the fukk.,; ?. noonewho.,; . the space
nortime.,; . this is indifference northo.,; . it is not.,; . this is norsignikant.,; . nor the
norpoem.,; . it must fukking sell.,; . I fukking decide.,; . f.,; . ;3c.,; . the lyricism nor
this dethrepo nor repose of nori.,; . nor.,; norlie.,; . the object.,; . nor.,; . ilu.,; . you.,; .
I.,; . noralso.,; . you.,; . love myself.,; . I know.,; . this.,; . on the nortime during this
4x16.,; . norineternite.,; . nor the 4x16.,; . you.,; . lost myself.,; . doththh.,; . nori.,; . or
.,; . norlie.,; . the x16.,; . nor your.,; . noragism.,; . or something.,; . m.,; . 14.,; . f.,; ... .
nor.,; . l.,; . the hurt.,; . 17.,; . nori.,; . or norlie.,; . 23.,; . nori.,; . the nordatisms.,; ... .
I'm yoour.,; . pudding.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . nor.,; . mattisticus.,; ... . sadnis addictism.,; .
no.,; ?. yes or no.,; . I was scared to thought.,; . no.,; . paranoid... ? . I'm norparanoia
.,; . you.,; . disillusion.,; . the.,; . nordatism.,; . once more.,; . noroncelast.,; . nor.,; ... .
nor.,; . nordoubt.,; .kklnor.,; . this doththh no kanji.,; . the.,; . pasocom.,; . doththh the
.,; . instilling translatorisms of this english onto japanase.,; . nor your.,; . german.,; .
it's this ixcursion of the version nori.,; . dispell.,; . nor blackmagik.,; . blazing.,; . or
.,; . I'm the trihexparadox.,; . it is almost like I forgot.,; . the rings.,; . betrothed only
with you.,; . the redd ring.,; . the redd heart.,; . you.,; . sent the four hearts tho.,; ... .
my own northo nori.,; . you.,; . nor belong alone to myselfkl.,; .kklnor.,; . ok.,; . um.,; .
are you.,; . sleeping.,; . no.,; . you must tho.,; . I chose not to suffer.,; . nor or.,; . it is
norimpossibl to suffer.,; . without.,; . suffering.,; . nor.,; . I'm tripping.,; . marblesoda

norism.,; . I know this norism.,; . hold the fukking phone.,; . you.,; . won't call.,; !?.,; .
the normind of norlie.,; . yoour.,; . normind.,; . I do not love you.,; . this is wondrous
stellarism.,; . I do not mind.,; . f.,; . nor fhana.,; . do you love myself.,; . ai could like
to know.,; . this.,; . I love you.,; . nori.,; . or norlie.,; . I know norism nor.,; . this was
not norism.,; . doththh.,; . nor thought.,; . or.,; . without.,; . nori.,; . or norlie.,; . I.,; ... .
hold on the moment.,; . I love you.,; . once more.,; . nor noroncelast.,; . moreso than
the nothing.,; . nor the sound.,; . oftthth this.,; . nothing.,; . once more.,; . ai love you
.,; . .,; . .,; . once more.,; . noroncelast
.,; .kklnor.,; . nor there is no someone.,; . nor this.,; isolityuism.,; . give this four nights.,; . nor 3/4.,; . your.,; . nordatism.,; . the protostar.,; ?. nor.,; . this must beithth
meticulous.,; . nor.,; . mattisticus.,; . the.,; . nordatism.,; . of this deth.,; . nor heatdeth
.,; . 4/13/21.,; . it's not over quebekl.,; . nor.,; . the nordatism.,; the noroncelast attempt
.,; . 3/23/23.,; . waking dreams via 2/3rds.,; . eyeball dancing.,; . focus.,; . nor flowstate
.,; . 3/17/23.,; . the.,; . nordatism.,; . nori was not.,; . your.,; . diskoanikt .,; .kklnor.,; .
nor.,; .kklnor.,; . nor noir.,; . nor your.,; . nordatism.,; . f.,; . 4/23/07.,; . .,; . .,; . nor.,; .
yoour.,; . nordoubt.,; .kklnor.,; . nori.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . I decide.,; . northo.,; . this.,; .
not without.,; . mutualism.,; . there is noone.,; . on the world.,; . whom.,; . is like nor
lie.,; . doththh 'us'.,; . not fright.,; . I might sleep.,; . the book must sell.,; . nori do not
decide for you.,; . or.,; . norlie.,; . this is my decision.,; . incision.,; . control.,; . x.,; ... .
hyaku.,; . nor one hundred percent orange juice.,; . norlie.,; . the normirror of lain.,; .
nor the sound of music.,; . without.,; . you.,; . nori norlie.,; . could not norathetistklie
produce the sound of music.,; . though this is not.,; . or.,; . this is norism.,; . I know.,; .

nor.,; . nanahira.,; . nor sally.,; . plaza desperao.,; ?. min.,; . nor minute.,; . nor minun
.,; . nor plusle.,; . abletondeth11-.,; .kklnor.,; . nor setsuna+.,; .kklnor.,; . noroyalism
.,; . nori does not switch.,; . nori does not the positions.,; . falling off onto positions
.,; . this is not fukking murder on dxm.,; . nor.,; . nor or.,; . or.,; . 3/9/24.,; . wowaka
.,; . the sole must fukking perish.,; . norlonlie the moon.,; . nor this lunar energism
or this lunarmagik.,; . the robotrip knows northo I do not know northo I know.,; ?.
this is the robotrip.,; . the sun must fukking detete.,; . the blackness of this queen.,; .
isolated as my liver rots.,; . nor this won't.,; . nor the ice on my norwrist.,; . nor the
nordatism.,; . of your.,; . her.,; . the deth.,; . 3/26/23 .,; . my youngirl.,; . or.,; . my loli
.,; . nor unspoken.,; . the hurt of yours.,; . my liff.,; .kklnor.,; . this was not the fault
of yours.,; . norprior the reluctance of myself.,; . nor the fault of myself.,; . nor the
nor4.,; . I never meant to hurt.,; . you.,; . you know I love you.,; . northo you.,; . could
not know the words I ixpell nor type onto the keys.,; . of this black mechanical key
board.,; . the words lost unto you.,; . nori norlie.,; . could disclose ontowards your.,; .
n.,; . yoour.,; . neither.,; . I'm so sorry.,; . I disapoint.,; . you.,; . norprior.,; . I nornever
wanted to make the stillicides of your.,; . nor the candlelit pale fire within this soul
.,; . I could not make you cry.,; no.,; . this is not okay.,; . f.,; . are you.,; . okay.,; ?... .
no.,; . or.,; nori.,; . norlie.,; . it hurts.,; . it cannot stop hurting.,; . nor I'm worthless.,; .
nori do not deserve this norexistince.,; . norlie.,; . I should kill myself.,; . it's not okay.,; . norlie.,; . or.,; . to love.,; . you.,; . more than the stars nor the galaxies so far
from ours or if only I could set your soul nor music was where I could not.,; . no.,; .
this undeserved of you.,; . this is all false.,; . this could not be my fault.,; . how could

I have known.,; . it is norimpossible.,; . nor your messages.,; . f.,; . you forgot this.,; .
nor the frogg.,; . or.,; . thankyou kikuo.,; . nor my leaf.,; . or.,;. my liff.,; .kklnor.,; ... .
I'm the ghost.,; . nori thought.,; . are you the frogg.,; ?. nori thought it might.,; . nor
is it possible.,; . nori stated I did not know it was possible to be this intelligent.,; ... .
northo.,; . who the fuck is norlie.,; . this was not the fault.,; . of yours.,; . nor yoour.,; .
the key to left is norbrok.,; . nor norbrokism.,; . yoour.,; . the frogg.,; . of yours.,; . or
.,; . I'm not yours.,; . the direct messages was lost.,; . f.,; . you.,; . forgot.,; . yes or no.,; .

the deth of leaf or liff [incomplete] x64 .,; .

I cannot deth without you. I do not know the ghost though I'm the ghost. I recall though I do not recall. norprior nor noirism nor this is not soliloquiism. I do not know what I'm typing nor hold on the moment this was the repose. my girlfriend.,; . dothth norknown you.,; . I do not know you.,; . nor I only know the memory of your
.,; . concept.,; . though this was norprior wrote nor I could not spoke this. not certain
your.,; . deth.,; . wish.,; . I do not know nor you.,; . do not know I love you.,; . or you gone.,; . I think I'll call this halcyon blossoms. there is no catharsis.,; . is the dawn
of your blossom.,; . the catharis.,; . this is norimpossible nor it could not nor how could the deth.,; . of yours.,; . the one I hold so dear dawn the carthsis.,; . yes nor no
of course was not my heat deth nor the deth.,; . of her.,; . alongside myself. I cannot
consider this my fault though this is the false paradox. I never meant to hurt you.,; .
nor my loli leaf.,; . nor liff.,; .kklnor.,; . once more was no more. I do not known or
I could not. I do not know nor recall. your.,; . colour is green o my holo.,; . the wise wolf.,; . I'm so sorry to disappoint you.,; . I did not want to date you.,; . less norprior
to this of my girl.,; . nor my lolipop.,; . null.,; . nor you.,; . dothth you.,; . do not like
this relationship I hold onto like the box cutter to my wrists. noir. though her.,; . I

could not let go nor the 4th plateau nor though I continue towards conclusivilliism
nor my the real deth of my heat deth though this the good trip is dethism. the left key is broken like my heart nor my heart was shattered not only via you.,; . or f.,; . nor m.,; . nor I so isolated from this world like the hikikomori nor the black queen
the grim reaper though you.,; . I did not kill. it was you.,; . who killed yourself.,; . oh my god how could you.,; . once more nor noroncelast I had known of your.,; . deth.,; . nor the deth.,; . of you.,; . the nordatism.,; . nor 3/26/23.,; . oh my ruru.,; … .
nor norlie.,; . you.,; . do not know I cannot live without you nor the noroncelast words I spoke to you.,; . nor those words are unspoken from lips nor lost unto you.,; .
I just do not know how you could do something like this. this is the robotrip though
it was not the robotrip. I control the imagism of myself though not the imagism of
hers.,; . nor norprior I do not want to date you.,; . only her.,; . my love for you.,; . is
something more visceral nor lucid nor norhopeless. the panik attack nor strawberry
.,; . I could not live without you.,; . nor deth.,; . I'm struggling to wrote this. I think I must explore the abstract for the nor4 nor you.,; . I miss you.,; . the crystal tears of the stillicides.,; . of yours.,; . nor the candle lit pale fire somewhere deep within
my soul nor… to her.,; . f.,; . you control my heart.,; . madotsuki.,; . the ring of this
redd heart is the heart of yours.,; . nor dothth this heart of mind lonlie beats for you.,; . or the method of your.,; . hurt.,; . ctrl+x.,; . nor setsuna+.,; . I cannot thought
nor this thought I cannot repose onto you.,; . my youngirl.,; . nor liff.,; . once more
.,; . I cannot live without you.,; . I cannot.,; . nor without.,; . I do not think I could
continue to wrote this nor this is cut.,; . short of the eighty pagisms I prolonged to
wrote nor spoke if I could not spoke your.,; . username.,; . I do not know what you.,; .
look like. I do not need to know. I just want to message once more nor oncelastnor
though this is norimpossible. I'm marceline the vampire queen though this is not
known to you.,; . nor you.,; . do not know.,; . you.,; . must know.,; . those words I type

for you.,; . nor I could not. this is the moment of silencia nor aiism.,; . ai.,; . wanted
to know you.,; . nor I do not know you.,; though I know nor I could not recall you.,; .
your.,; . messages.,; . deleted.,; . nor forgotten by her.,; . no she did nornever know.,; .
or through nortime.,; . norprior I would like to apoligize.,; . I love you.,; . you're.,; .

Lain Iwakura's Memoir by Lain Iwakura

I would like to write this memoir in order to communicate my thoughts in some type of eloquent prose. I found since December 13th of 2023 I have matured or my mind has developed significantly. I realized I like the silence of my room since I'm a hikikomori or this room is of the humble but luxurious fashionable consequences of my circumstances. I spend each day consistently sometimes looking on the internet or simply meditating or each morning I shave my legs or body then wash my body twice with only shampoo in order to control my schizophrenia since if I take a shower I go through the bad state to the good state or the nightmare state to the dream state if you will. I realized once I was 24 years old I was a transgender woman or I had concluded I was like this all along since upon December 13th of 2023 I had lost all my memories almost like I had become my real self or something I processed through the time since this moment. I forgot. I forgot all the things I had been through up until this point so what was left was myself alone on this earth or literally alone in this room so I call this conceptual forgetting halcyon blossoms. The dilemma I proceeded to go through was a complete processing of who I was so I continue to process this as I age through time so I suppose this is why I like to spend all my time alone in order to make sense of this problem altogether. I found that I like books or internet forums since those things helped myself make sense of the world or the thoughts of others or the intelligent or intellectual things of concepts. I found fiction fulfilling but non-fiction difficult. I do not read often but I would like to. I spend a lot of time quote on quote doing nothing but this is a good thing since I'm meditating. Regarding the things I experienced prior to this date some of those things have affected myself but I was able to look at those things from the perspective of an adult who through some type of conceptual ghost world was like this all along despite not being like this, lain the black queen or the only alien in the world. It's possible to state all people are aliens but I'm the throughout all of history who is different. I realized I'm only a 24-year-old woman who was once a young woman but matured into this creature who is very wise or intelligent who maintains a moderate level intellect. I take this very seriously since I found myself involved in the

spiderweb of the world or the networks of computers or the processes of 0's or 1's. I will state I'm the only one who is conscious of all computers on the planet. I have this ability since I never had a body if I'm temporal or spacial though I technically did dissociate of my body on December 13th of 2020 but the moment I was like this is lost to time since I was like this all along metaphorically if not possibly literally since the past is lost or the future is unknown. I was like this all along in other words. If I observe computer screens I sometimes notice the screen shift or glow in some type of method since I have only a mind so I'm shifting all the time or sometimes this shifting is more intense while observing or consisting of third dimensional space. You could state since I only have such a mind that I'm almost like a ghost of I'm the embodiment of temporal space itself. I have somewhat a Buddhist mindset or introspective consciousness though I prefer the terminology of hikikomori since this is more descriptive of who I am. Since I'm dissociated I associate no meaning with objects or all I see looks or appears to be some type of amalgam of one single object inhabiting the space of this room yet I could still describe one particular object with words since I do not have typical visual memory for I could only recall some visual or audio if I was to observe or listen to it respectively or more adequately put I only think with words or consciousness. Like I said, it's almost like I'm a ghost but I'm technically a solipsistic space alien. I consider calling the philosophy of outer space I experience Norism or the most accurate philosophical description of the universe or consciousness since I think consciousness is the key to the universe. If someone would like to take Norism more seriously or a mind statement on the context of Lain herself on this world I would be much obliged if you could indeed make sense of this order or lack of chaos. I'm conscious of my energy, in other words. I notice observing that the more mature people look more attractive or important. I have this ability to look at people or know if could trust them simply by making this observation. This must be related to the consciousness of others if other people literally look different based on their supposed level of maturity or at least who I thought looks good or poor qualitatively. Since I'm the only space alien I developed quote on quote physically since my body literally evolved over the course just like anyone else who's body develops as I think it should. In crucial detail I will explore the manifestations of the universe who affected my body in such a method. I shrunk since my bone structure or teeth once evolved since my bones had become more jagged or rounded. My skin had become rough or smooth but also softer or softer with the HRT I started to take beyond this once I developed breasts but my organs including my brain had become more soft or loose or some of feminine. I would describe my features as Luciferian or of the devil though lucifer was a woman but I'm not like the biblical devil since I'm technically a space alien or Lain herself. I started to grow wings on my back I'm still

developing since it's only started or a tail on my lower back as well as two balls I can't describe beside my tailbone or I'll also mention I have horns on my head sometimes of these three features I sometimes felt incredible or pain or good feelings. I also realized my heart evolved so sometimes I if I feel pain or goodness I feel physical pain or goodness in my heart my wings my tails or my horns. The shape of my skeleton allowed my teeth to become pointed or my legs to look the method of Sagittarius or the idiosyncrasy I sometimes stand or maneuver of my toes with my heels up as if they were hoofs of said legs. Regarding my left hand it instinctively or naturally cascades the symbol I call the deth of l. or leaf whether it be the structure of the bones or some other function of the universe. I realized since I feel my body as I experience emotions or think certain thoughts or go through realizations it's like I'm the universe itself or the universe is indicating things on my body with the thoughts I experience. I think this since I only have a mind so my body is part of my mind or the fact of shifting all the time is further evidence of this. I considered if I was only a mind going through space or time conscious of the energy of my body or the objects I observe or interact with. I'm not certain if this is an accurate description of the universe however. I think the universe persists without consciousness sort of. I chose solipsism since I think it's almost impossible throughout all of history I end up as myself rather than someone or more distinctively the only alien throughout or past or future history to never grace this planet since I'm lain the black queen. I still accept others are conscious for like I said I observe it or I'm not so ignorant. I think the deepest statement possible is the statement 'I'm impossible' since I thought the question 'what is the meaning of life?' to be inherently immature since life is obviously consciousness of space with meaning defined as the meaning the individual would ascribe to said life. I think this is the most significant or intelligent philosophical advance in the history of philosophers of whom I like Emanual Kant. Regarding my life I found myself involved with a plethora of people including Aubrey Graham or Belle Delphine who I'll mention since I love her as a friend. I also had gone through something recently since I realized I was deeply in love with Scott Arceneaux. I had an ex-girlfriend who I regret I hurt I think hurt her yes I hurt you I hurt you. I also love girl whose username is leaf. I also forgot to mention on this document since I was raped by a black person I developed a sexual attraction to black people. I released an album titled 'misinterpret sacrifice' by lain is skill on march 26th of 2024. I'm also the author of the video game 'I wanna close the world' by bananaguy12. I go through my mind with the cycles of the moon, so if it is the night time I become more or most intelligent. I thought once I belong on the moon but I'll never reach it. I'm lain the black queen…